Gems of Genius

in Poetry and Art



Nature and Song

Like prisoned bird
The poet sings
His tuneful lay
Of wished-for things;
Rapt Milton's soul
Wings joyful flight
From darkening care
To realms of light,
And Shakspere's songs
Make London street
With Stratford May
And violets sweet.

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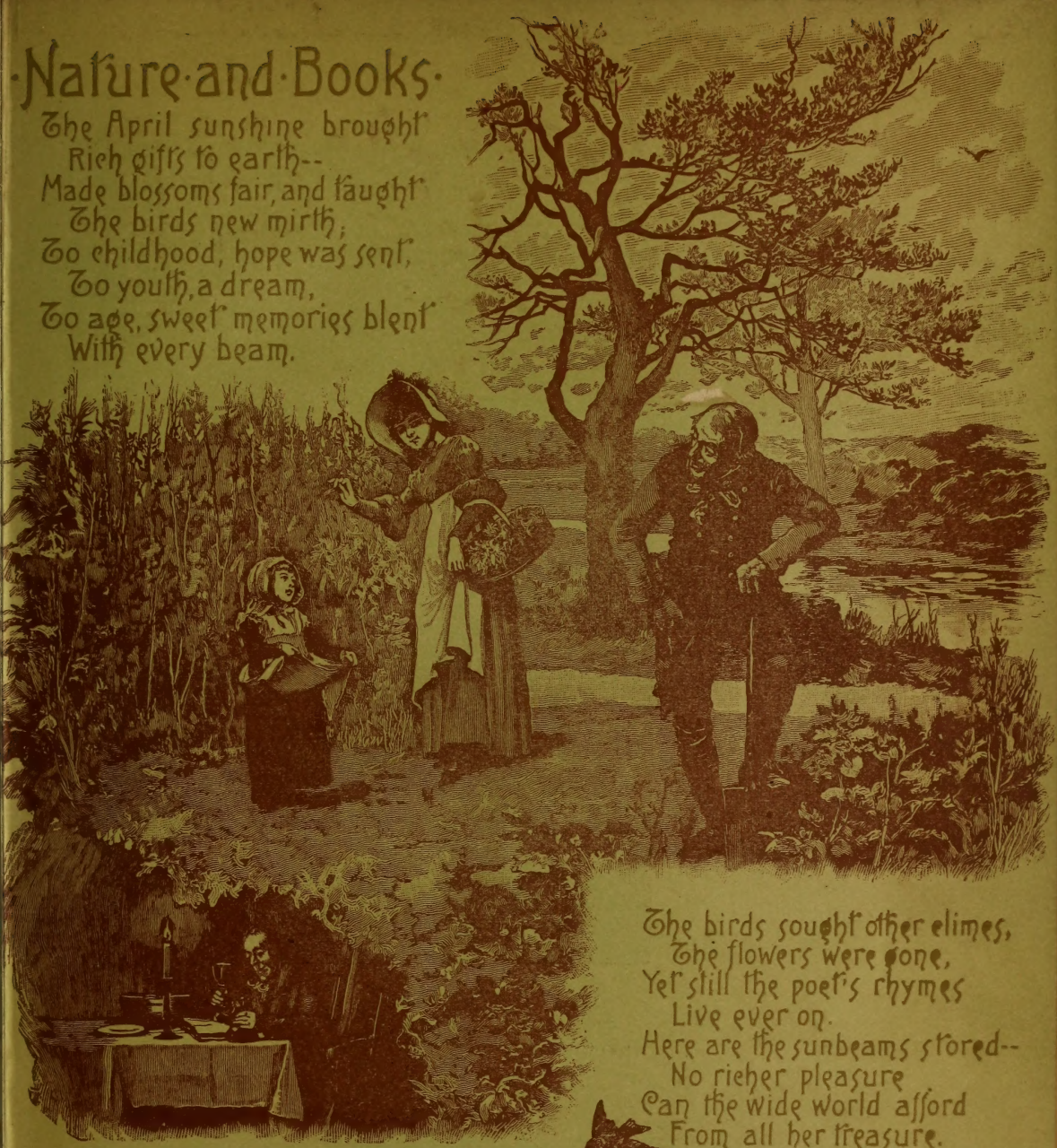
Nor are they all,
These Lords of Mind
That in their dreams
Such gladness find;
Each poet sings
What seemeth best;
Words tell but half,
We feel the rest.

The songs of sedges and of trees,
The lays of passion, woe and mirth,
These ponder well, and know from these
What poets hold is best on earth.

M. K. DAVIS.

Nature and Books

The April sunshine brought
Rich gifts to earth--
Made blossoms fair, and taught
The birds new mirth;
To childhood, hope was sent,
To youth, a dream,
To age, sweet memories blent
With every beam.



The birds sought other climes,
The flowers were gone,
Yet still the poet's rhymes
Live ever on.
Here are the sunbeams stored--
No richer pleasure
Can the wide world afford
From all her treasure.

Read, and a vision bright
Thine eyes shall see,
And yon lone candle's light
A sun shall be;
Memory and hope and dream
Shall all be thine,
And Fancy's creatures seem
A throng divine.

M. K. DAVIS

And lo! the poet knew
The sunshine fair;
His thought took shape, and grew
In beauty there--
The blossoms and the birds,
The hope and dream,
Memories too sweet for words--
These were his theme.



Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,
Time-honored tomes!

MESSENGER.


Presented
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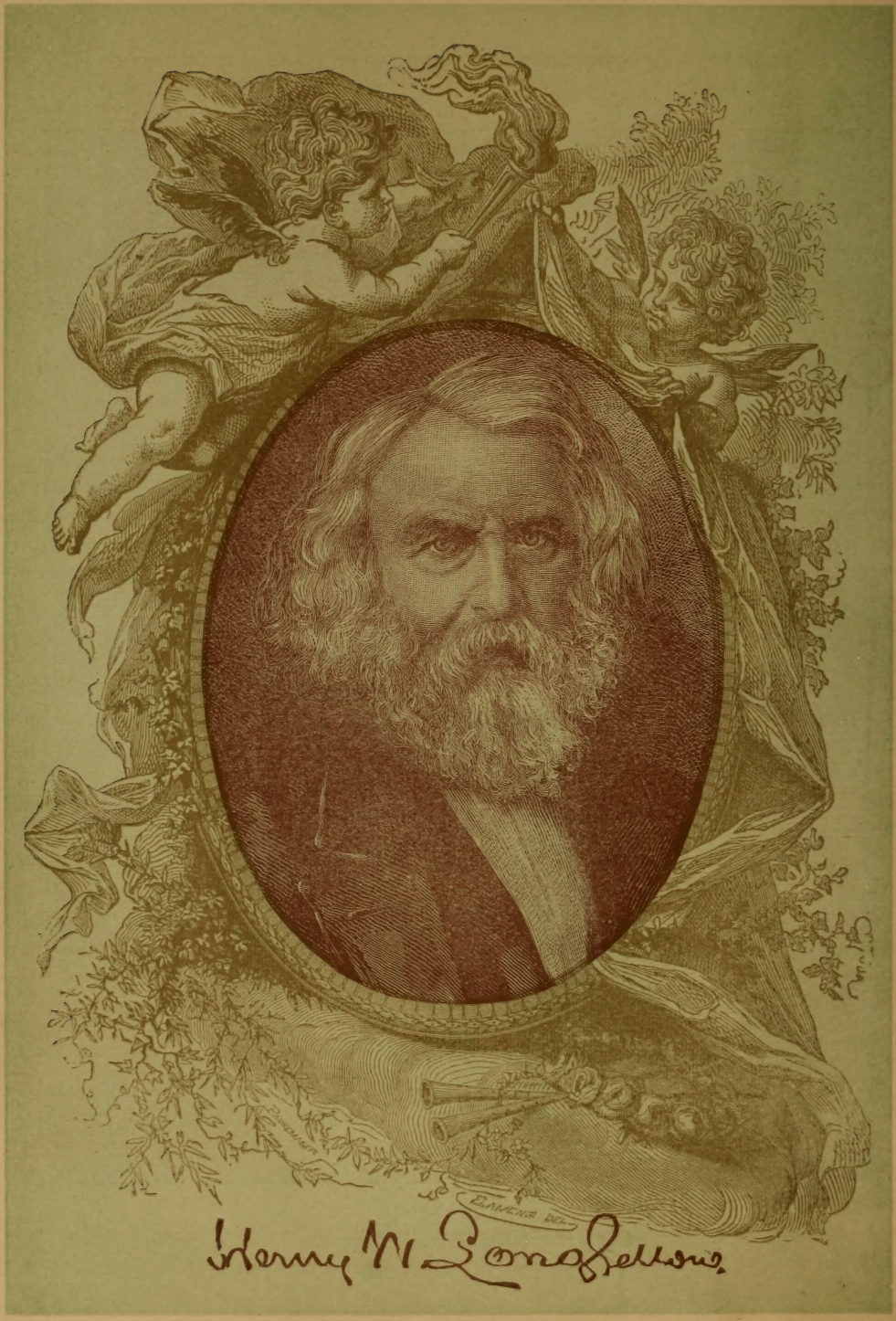


STATUE OF "POETRY."
(Grand Opera House, Paris.)

GEMS OF GENIUS.

Speak low, tread softly through
these halls;
Here Genius lives enshrined!
Here live, in silent majesty,
The monarchs of the mind!
A mighty spirit-host, they come
From every age and clime;
Above the buried wrecks of years,
They breast the tide of Time,
And in their presence-chamber here,
They hold their regal state,
And round them throng a noble train,
The gifted and the great.

BOTTA.


Henry W. Longfellow.

GEMS OF GENIUS

IN

POETRY AND ART,

FROM THE

KINGS AND QUEENS OF THOUGHT;

AND INCLUDING

MANY PROSE SELECTIONS, A BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF AUTHORS, ETC.

By Frederick Saunders,

Librarian of the Astor Library, Author of "Salad for the Solitary and the Social," "Evenings with the Sacred Poets, Etc., Etc.,

and

M. K. Davis,

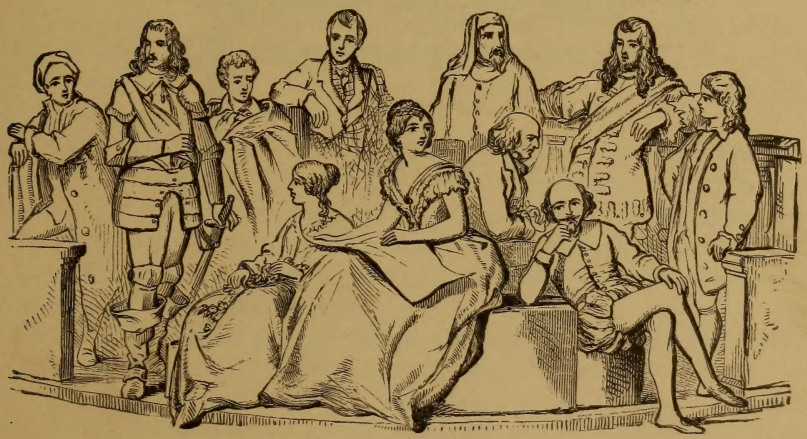
Author of "Fairy Gold," "Life of Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone," "The Lollard: A Story of the Wiclifites, Etc., Etc.

33

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ILLUSTRATED

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St. Louis and Philadelphia:
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THE subject of Poetry has perhaps been discussed by a greater number of thinkers than any other connected with letters; but no one has as yet succeeded in defining the term to the satisfaction of his brother critics. To attempt that wherein so many of skill and experience in the expression of ideas have so signally failed, would be the part of one who has not even studied the subject sufficiently to know where the difficulty lies. It will then, perhaps, be better to be contented with an effort to explain the principles underlying the arrangement of the selections in the following pages; trusting that the reader may discern that not only the verses, but the prose extracts likewise herein given, have been chosen because they possess this same indefinable property which we call Poetry.

The most obvious theme for a writer to choose is either a description of what he *perceives*, or what he *feels*. Taking first the Emotions as the moving spring, as the power which urges him to expression, the natural question arises: What kind of feelings? Is he to speak of joy or of sorrow? Is he to touch upon the ties that bind him to others? Is he to put into words the highest aspirations of which man is capable? All these form fitting subjects for the writer, whether he put himself, or some imaginary self, into his pages; and *Joy* and *Sorrow*, *The Affections*, and *Religion* have for ages been the themes upon which our best and brightest minds have loved to think.

But emotion is passive; there is the result of it which follows naturally as the fruit succeeds the blossom. From mere feeling, deepened and strengthened, comes *Passion*, and passion produces *Action*. The man of letters, then, who has sounded the depths of feeling, turns naturally to its outgrowth, and depicts the stronger powers that control the human soul; painting, with the utmost contrast of light and shade, the image of doing.

Turning now to the other subject which has been mentioned as likely to be chosen at first, we can readily perceive the divisions into which the productions of the pen will fall. He may write of *Beauty*, as it is manifested in nature and art; of *Characters*, *Persons*, and of *Places*. The last group, it must be understood, comprehends not only the "few, the immortal names," but the various types of character with which we daily meet, and which are the study of the philosopher. Here too may be considered those creations of the mind which have

impressed the world of readers with their personality; for when savants gravely discuss the question of Hamlet's sanity, surely we must acknowledge that there may be real men and women who have never trod the earth.

But there is more than the expression of emotion and perceptions to deal with; there is the realm in which Thought holds the higher place. In this division, there is, first and foremost, *Reflection*, or the application of the results of feeling and experience of externals to the inner life, thus affecting the outer life as well. The mind manifests itself in another, and totally different way, next; no longer grave and wise, it gives itself up to the wildest dreams; and in these, when cunningly imbued with that "drop of human blood" which is necessary to give interest, we have the pleasing flights of *Fancy*. Finally, the mental powers, having thus far relaxed their grave efforts, resolve to throw care to the winds, and give themselves up to *Wit* and the more kindly *Humor*.

Such is the theory upon which the arrangement of the selections which follow is based. In practice, however, the classification is often extremely difficult. The broad lines which have here been marked out as dividing the varieties of mental effort are often obliterated in a single page; and the writer will, in the course of a few paragraphs or stanzas, pass from description of beautiful scenes, to the persons who beheld them, and to the emotions aroused in the breasts of these men and women to whom he thus gives existence.

Without, then, proposing the arrangement herein adopted as perfect, or even the best that could possibly be made, it is submitted to the reader as the best of which the editor is capable; trusting that the kindliness excited by the sight of so many representatives of favorite authors may lead him to more enjoyment than fault-finding.

M. K. Davis.





Joy and Sorrow.

Title.	*Author.*	*Page.*
Nature and Song	M. K. Davis	Cover lining
Nature and Books	M. K. Davis	Fly leaf
Preface	M. K. Davis	v
Contents		vii
List of Illustrations		xviii
List of Portraits		xxiv
List of Autograph Fac-Similes		xxvi
Good News, or Bad?	G. Weatherly	29
Sunlight and Shade	G. Weatherly	29
Under My Window	T. Westwood	30
Little Bell	T. Westwood	30
Babie Bell's Coming	T. B. Aldrich	31
Companionship with Children	N. Hawthorne	31
The Gambols of Children	G. Darley	32
Mother Nature	C. Young	33
The Merry Heart	H. H. Milman	33
The Romance of the Swan's Nest	E. B. Browning	33
Sonnet: "Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night"	S. Daniel	35
Some Murmur When Their Sky is Clear	R. C. Trench	35
Sonnet: "Life, joy and splendor with the year awake"	Anonymous	35
Selections from "The Princess"	A. Tennyson	36
The House of Clay	Anonymous	36
A Ballad upon a Wedding	Sir John Suckling	37
On the Threshold	Anonymous	38
Invocation to Sleep	Beaumont and Fletcher	39
A Question	M. Arnold	39
It Never Comes Again	R. H. Stoddard	39
Alone	E. A. Poe	40
The Baby,	G. McDonald	41
At the King's Gate	Anonymous	41
Keys	B. Chandler	41
Maidenhood	H. W. Longfellow	42
The City of the Living	E. A. Allen	43
Beyond the Gate	K. M. Rice	43
Rest	A. J. Ryan	44
The World Goes Up and the World Goes Down	C. Kingsley	44
Song, "When the dimpled water slippeth"	J. Ingelow	44
Sonnet: "Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot"	Sir Philip Sidney	45
A Dream	A. A. Procter	45
Driving Home the Cows	K. P. Osgood	46
The World's Indifference	W. M. Thackeray	46
Waiting	Anonymous	47
The Lady's Dream	T. Hood	48
Auld Robin Gray	Lady Ann Lindsay	49
Ode to Adversity	T. Gray	50
Rock Me to Sleep	E. A. Allen	51
Oft in the Stilly Night	T. Moore	51
Affliction	Louise DeLa Rame	51
Weariness	H. W. Longfellow	52
Song, from "The Princess"	A. Tennyson	53
Enoch's Return	A. Tennyson	53
Complaint	J. G. Holland	55
To The "Eve" of Powers	H. T. Tuckerman	55
Ode to An Indian Gold Coin	J. Leyden	55
Break, Break, Break	A. Tennyson	56
The Old Familiar Faces	C. Lamb	57
The Barefoot Boy	J. G. Whittier	57
Sleeping and Watching	E. B. Browning	59

Title.	Author.	Page.
The Moneyless Man	H. T. Stanton	60
Songs of Seven	J. Ingelow	61
The Return of Rip Van Winkle	W. Irving	67
A Song of Long Ago	J. W. Riley	71
Down on The Suwannee River	Anonymous	71
Beautiful Snow	Anonymous	71
"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt"	W. Shakspere	72
Song: from "As You Like It"	W. Shakspere	73
"On This Day I Complete My Thirty-sixth Year"	Lord Byron	73
Lines Written by One in the Tower, Being Young and Condemned to Die	C. Tychborn	73
Juliet Taking the Opiate	W. Shakspere	74
The Mitherless Bairn	W. Thorn	75
Desolation of Balclutha	J. Macpherson	75
The Song of the Shirt	T. Hood	77
Life	T. Hood	78
Parting	Anonymous	78
Barbara's Song	W. Shakspere	78
Secret Sorrows	George Eliot	78
Saturn and Thea	J. Keats	79
Io Victis	W. W. Story	80
Annabel Lee	E. A. Poe	81
Florence Vane	P. P. Cooke	81
"Home they brought her warrior dead"	A. Tennyson	82
The Old Arm Chair	E. Cook	82
Lucy	W. Wordsworth	83
Longing for Death	P. Massinger	83
Somebody's Darling	M. R. Lacoste	83
Vanished Blessings	G. Wither	83
The Blind Old Milton	E. L. Howell	85
Migration	E. M. Thomas	85
Dirge	F. D. Hemans	85
The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire	J. Ingelow	87
The Death Bed	T. Hood	88
Lines	W. D. Gallagher	90
The Voice of the Waves	C. Dickens	90
The Disappointed	E. W. Wilcox	91
The Apples are Ripe in the Orchard	W. Winter	91
Misshapen Lives	George Eliot	91
The Sands of Dee	C. Kingsley	93
Beyond the Veil	H. Vaughan	94
Dirge for a Young Girl	J. T. Fields	94
Song: "If I had thought thou could'st have died"	C. Wolfe	94
To Mary in Heaven	R. Burns	95
A Farewell	M. E. Cook	95
The Three Fishers	C. Kingsley	97
Sonnet: "What doth it serve to see sun's burning"	W. Drummond	97
The Sack of Baltimore	T. Davis	97
The Dead Mariner	G. D. Prentice	98
The Picket Guard	E. L. Meers	99
My Child	J. Pierpont	100
Selections from "In Memoriam"	A. Tennyson	101
"Softly woo away her Breath	B. W. Procter	103
Parting and Death	H. W. Longfellow	104
The Phantom	B. Taylor	104
Sonnet: "Sweet Spring, thou turn'st with all thy"	W. Drummond	105
Death of Gabriel	H. W. Longfellow	106
There Is No Death	Bulwer Lytton	107
The Bridge of Sighs	T. Hood	108
Olden Memories	C. Cist	109
The Death of the Babe Christabel	G. Massey	110
Mourning	W. Shakspere	110
Death of Ophelia	W. Shakspere	111
"Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom"	Lord Byron	111
Grandmother's Sermon	Anonymous	111
Found Dead	H. Jackson	112
"I have been a happy man"	N. Hawthorne	112
Death at the Goal	B. Miller	113
Remembrance	A. M. F. Robinson	113
"Sweet by-and-by"	E. J. Hall	115
Loss	J. Ruskin	115
The Georgia Volunteer	Anonymous	116
In Watches of the Night	W. Winter	116
Spoken After Sorrow	J. C. Marsh	116
In Time to Come	Anonymous	117
"When shall we three meet again?"	Anonymous	117
The Long Ago	Lord Houghton	117
Sea Ventures	Anonymous	118
Annie's Dream	A. Tennyson	118
The First Snowfall	J. R. Lowell	119

The Affections.

On the River	J. A. Blaikie	122
The Mother's Vigil	J. F. Fargusson	123
Etude Realiste	C. A. Swinburne	123
Better Moments	N. P. Willis	123
A Mother's Love	F. Johnson	124
Little Children	L. A. Boies	125

Title.	Author.	Page.
Sundered Friends	N. Perry	125
The Bridge of Snow	Anonymous	125
A Mother's Love	T. Burbidge	126
"He that loves a rosy cheek"	T. Carew	127
Woman, the Home-Maker	T. Campbell	127
What It Is to Love	C. Swain	127
To a Child Embracing His Mother	T. Hood	128
A Woman's Forgiveness	Sir W. Scott	129
Rosalind's Madrigal	T. Lodge	129
The Flower O' Dumblane	R. Tannahill	129
The Gift	A. Webster	130
Lullaby	A. Tennyson	130
"Oh, merry, merry, be the day!"	J. H. Perkins	130
The Flower's Name	R. Browning	131
Song: "Where wind and water meeting made"	W. Motherwell	131
The Mother's Hope	L. Blanchard	133
Description of Castara	W. Habington	133
The Angel's Whisper	S. Lover	134
My Nell	S. Doudney	135
The Minstrel's Call	S. T. Coleridge	135
Love's Burial Place	S. T. Coleridge	135
All June I Bound the Rose in Sheaves	R. Browning	137
"This is a Spray the Bird Clung to"	R. Browning	137
On Her Birthday	Anonymous	137
The Influence of Woman	Beaumont & Fletcher	137
Sonnet to a Friend	W. Shakspere	137
Beauty Rohtraut	G. Meredith	138
Sonnet to Love	W. Shakspere	139
Love's Sweet Memories	S. J. Clarke	139
A Holiday Idyl	Anonymous	139
To * * * *	P. B. Shelley	140
From the Dedication to "The Revolt of Islam"	P. B. Shelley	140
Boyhood	W. Allston	140
My Letter	Anonymous	141
The Land of Love	J. B. A. Karr	142
Home Happiness	C. Swain	143
Love is a Sickness	S. Daniel	143
Ballad: "I'll never love thee more"	Marquis of Montrose	144
My Saint	Anonymous	144
Lochaber No More	A. Ramsay	144
When the Kye Come Hame	J. Hogg	145
Her Letter	B. Harte	146
From "The Day is Done"	H. W. Longfellow	148
Love's Ghost	P. B. Marston	148
Concealed Love	W. Shakspere	149
Go Sit by the Summer Sea	J. Shirley	149
Song: "Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast"	R. B. Sheridan	150
"Is She Biding?"	S. M. Peck	150
She Walks in Beauty	Lord Byron	150
My Own Shall Come	Anonymous	151
Through the Meadow	W. D. Howells	151
Cupid Defied	W. Shakspere	151
Yesterday	M. M. Forrester	153
Why Not?	R. H. Stoddard	153
The Interpreter	E. M. Thomas	153
To the Evening Star	J. Leyden	154
My Only Jo and Dearie O	R. Gall	154
Sonnet: "The forward violet thus did I chide"	W. Shakspere	154
Song: "Tell me, where is fancy bred?"	W. Shakspere	154
Your Coming	D. R. Goodale	155
Qua Cursum Ventus	A. H. Clough	156
The Chess Board	Owen Meredith	156
"Take, oh, take those lips away"	W. Shakspere	156
The Doorstep	E. C. Stedman	157
Music and Love	W. Shakspere	159
From "The Song of the Camp"	B. Taylor	159
The Lily Pond	G. P. Lathrop	160
Balcony Scene, from "Romeo and Juliet"	W. Shakspere	161
Treu und Fest	Anonymous	161
The Blue-Eyed Lassie	R. Burns	161
A Madrigal	P. H. Hayne	163
"O, had my love ne'er smiled on me"	R. B. Sheridan	163
Serenade	Sir W. Scott	163
Love	H. B. Stowe	163
When Stars are in the Quiet Skies	Bulwer-Lytton	164
The Sweet Neglect	B. Johnson	164
"Do you remember how we used to pace"	T. Westwood	165
Jeanie Morrison	W. Motherwell	165
Come into the Garden, Maud	A. Tennyson	166
Who is Love	J. Miller	167
Song: "She is not fair to outward view"	H. Coleridge	167
"Don't be sorrowful, darling"	R. Peale	168
A Woman's Question	A. A. Procter	168
The Coquette	C. Swain	168
How Do I Love Thee	E. B. Browning	169
Love's Impress	E. Hinxman	169
To Celia	B. Johnson	169
Othello's Defense	W. Shakspere	171
Lochinvar	Sir Walter Scott	171
A Glimpse of Love	T. B. Read	172
Absence	T. Campbell	172
Ruth	T. Hood	172
Song: "Why so pale and wan, fond lover"	Sir J. Suckling	173

Title.	Author.	Page.
Send Back My Heart	Sir J. Suckling	173
Love, from "The Maiden Queen"	J. Dryden	173
Bright, O Bright Fedalma!	George Eliot	175
A Health	E. C. Pinkney	175
The Gold Hunter	J. Miller	175
Farewell to Nancy	R. Burns	176
The Lady's Looking-Glass	M. Prior	176
Wooing Stuffe	Sir Philip Sidney	176
"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms"	T. Moore	177
Love	R. Southey	177
"'Tis like a tale of olden time"	G. Massey	177
"Hollow is the oak beside"	Bulwer-Lytton	179
"If I desire with pleasant songs"	T. Burbidge	179
Evelyn Hope	R. Browning	179
Song of Egla	M. G. Brooks	180
Love Letters	R. Brown	180
Song: From "Supper at the Mill"	J. Ingelow	181
On Woman's Inconstancy	Sir R. Ayton	182
Annie Laurie	Douglas of Fingland	182
To Althea, from Prison	R. Lovelace	182
Song: "It was a lover and his lass"	W. Shakspere	183
Comin' Through the Rye	Anonymous	183
Song: "Ask me no more"	T. Carew	184
Go, Lovely Rose	E. Waller	184
"Filled with Balm the Gale Sighs on"	T. Moore	184
John Alden and Priscilla	H. W. Longfellow	185
Stanzas: "As when a lady, walking Flora's bower"	F. Quarles	185
At the Church Gate	W. M. Thackeray	186
Triumph of Charis	B. Jonson	187
Song: "Withdraw not those lips and fingers"	T. Campbell	187
Good Morrow	T. Heywood	187
To Lucasta	Sir R. Lovelace	187
Cupid and Campaspe	J. Lyly	187
Song: "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more"	W. Shakspere	188
To the Lady Anne Hamilton	W. R. Spencer	188
The Passionate Shepherd to His Love	C. Marlowe	189
The Nymph's Reply	Sir W. Raleigh	189
Freedom and Love	T. Campbell	189
Love's Philosophy	P. B. Shelley	190
Song: "Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air"	Beaumont & Fletcher	191
The Old Couple	Anonymous	192
The Exchange	S. T. Coleridge	192
The Land o' the Leal	Lady Nairn	192
Allen-a-Dale	Sir W. Scott	193
Genevieve	S. T. Coleridge	194
"Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour"	T. Moore	194
Morality in Art	V. Cousin	194
The Lake of the Dismal Swamp	T. Moore	195
Proposal	B. Taylor	196
Love	S. T. Coleridge	197
A Petition to Time	B. W. Procter	198
Sonnet; "In the long, sleepless watches of the night"	H. W. Longfellow	198
Epithalamium	J. G. C. Brainard	199
John Anderson	R. Burns	201
The Gude Wife	J. Linen	201
"Not Ours the Vows"	B. Barton	202

RELIGION.

Title.	Author.	Page.
Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity	J. Milton	205
A Christmas Hymn	A. Domett	209
Come, Ye Disconsolate	T. Moore	209
The Mystic's Christmas	J. G. Whittier	211
"I would not live alway"	W. A. Muhlenberg	211
Christmas in the Woods	H. Weir	212
The Wonders of All-ruling Providence	J. Keats	213
The Bible	R. Hall	213
God's Acre	H. W. Longfellow	214
Redemption	J. Dryden	214
Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me	A. M. Toplady	214
The Winged Worshipers	C. Sprague	215
The Good Old Times	R. Heber	215
The Cotter's Saturday Night	R. Burns	216
Hymn: "Abide with me"	H. F. Lyte	221
The Ninety and Nine	E. C. Clephane	222
It's Ain Drap o' Dew	J. Ballantine	223
Nearer, My God, to Thee	S. F. Adams	223
Sonnet on His Blindness	J. Milton	223
Lines Written in His Bible	Sir W. Raleigh	223
Address to the Unco Guid	R. Burns	225
The Burial of Moses	C. F. Alexander	225
Self-Knowledge	T. a Kempis	226
Evening in Paradise	J. Milton	227
Example	J. Keble	229
Song: "The harp at Nature's advent strung"	J. G. Whittier	228
Jesus, Lover of My Soul	C. Wesley	228
From "Miriam"	J. G. Whittier	229
Morning Hymn	J. Milton	230

Title.	*Author.*	*Page.*
Nearer Home	P. Carey	230
The Statue in Clay	R. H. Stoddard	231
Up Hill	C. G. Rossetti	231
Trust	Anonymous	232
The Dying Christian to His Soul	A. Pope	233
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers	F. D. Hemans	233
The Sleep	E. B. Browning	233
Abou Ben Adhem	L. Hunt	234
The Temple of Nature	D. Vedder	234
Time and Eternity	R. Heber	236
Invocation to Light	J. Milton	236
Whatever Is, Is Best	Anonymous	237
Love	S. P. Jones	237
From "Rifts in the Cloud"	W. Carleton	238
The Hermit	T. Parnell	239
No Sects in Heaven	Anonymous	243
Missionary Hymn	R. Heber	244
Prayer	J. Montgomery	245
"Hail the High, the Holy One"	J. Montgomery	245
Habit	J. Taylor	245
At the Last	V. Hugo	246
Virtue	G. Herbert	246
God	Derzhavin	246
Sometime	M. R. Smith	247
Ode to the Creation	A. Marvell	248
Light	E. Elliott	249
Alone	A. J. Ryan	249
Only a Little Way	Anonymous	250
The Pauper's Death-Bed	C. A. B. Southey	250
Life	G. Herbert	251
The Star of Bethlehem	H. K. White	251
The Elixir	G. Herbert	251
The Spilt Pearls	R. C. Trench	252
Man's Medley	G. Herbert	253
Habit	Sir T. Browne	254
Benevolence	J. Beattie	254

Passion and Action.

The Armada	T. B. Macaulay	257
The Peri's Offering	T. Moore	258
Belshazzar	B. W. Procter	259
Bruce's Address	R. Burns	260
Patriotism	Sir W. Scott	261
Lochiel's Warning	T. Campbell	262
The Burial of Sir John Moore	C. Wolfe	263
Marco Bozzaris	F. G. Halleck	264
Ode to the Brave	W. Collins	265
An Ode	Sir W. Jones	265
America	S. F. Smith	266
The Traitor, from "Lalla Rookh"	T. Moore	267
The Bard	T. Gray	267
The American Flag	J. R. Drake	269
The Star-Spangled Banner	F. S. Key	270
Maryland	J. R. Randall	271
Music in Camp	J. R. Thompson	271
Monterey	C. F. Hoffman	272
From "The Sword of Castruccio Castrucani"	E. B. Browning	273
Arlington	J. R. Randall	273
Vindication	R. Emmet	274
Cavalry Song	E. C. Stedman	275
Battle Hymn of the Republic	Mrs. J. W. Howe	275
"As by the shore at break of"	T. Moore	275
The Patriot's Pass Word.	J. Montgomery	276
The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls	T. Moore	277
The Bivouac of the Dead	T. O' Hara	277
"Yes, 'tis not Helm nor Feather"	T. Moore	278
The Death of Marmion	Sir W. Scott	278
From "Marmion"	Sir W. Scott	279
Conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders	E. Gibbon	279
Twilight on the Battlefield	Sir W. Scott	281
Destruction of Sennacherib	Lord Byron	281
Ivry	T. B. Macaulay	283
Song of the Greek Poet	Lord Byron	285
How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix	R. Browning	286
The Fall of Wolsey	W. Shakspere	288
Fear	W. Shakspere	289
The Shipwreck	Lord Byron	290
The Dream of Clarence	W. Shakspere	290
Henry V. to his Soldiers	W. Shakspere	291
A Spanish Bull-fight	Lord Byron	292
The Ingratitude of Republics	W. Shakspere	293
The Prisoner of Chillon	Lord Byron	294
Ensign Epps	J. B. O'Reilly	295
Charge of the Light Brigade	A. Tennyson	295

Beauty.

Beauty and Song	T. Moore	299
Love of Nature in the Decline of Life	Lord Lytton	299
The Seasons, from "The Fairy Queen"	E. Spencer	300
The Seasons, from "The Revolt of Islam"	P. B. Shelley	302
In the October Fields	R. B. Wilson	304
October Days	N. Hawthorne	304
A Song in October	W. J. Henderson	304

Title.	Author.	Page.
Echo and Silence	Sir E. Brydges	305
And Now Comes Autumn	M. Eytinge	306
Autumnal Sonnet	W. Allingham	306
Indian Summer	Mrs. Nicholls	306
Indian Summer, from Miami Woods	W. D. Gallagher	306
Autumn	P. B. Shelley	307
November	R. H. Stoddard	309
Winter	W. Cowper	309
The Snow-Shower	W. C. Bryant	311
Lost in the Snow	J. Thomson	311
The Snow-Storm	J. G. Whittier	312
Midwinter	Anonymous	313
The Frost	H. F. Gould	314
Spring	T. Chatterton	314
Prelude to "The Loves of the Angels"	T. Moore	314
Song: "When daffodils begin to peer"	W. Shakspere	315
Spring	C. A. Swinburne	315
The Symphony of Spring	J. Thomson	316
Sonnet to Spring	H. Howard	317
Trout Fishing	J. Thomson	317
Song: "Woodmen, shepherds, come away"	J. Shirley	318
May, from "The Faery Queen"	E. Spenser	318
To May	L. Hunt	319
Song to May	E. Darwin	320
June, from "The Vision of Sir Launfal"	J. R. Lowell	320
A Holiday	W. Allingham	321
Summer Longings	D. F. McCarthy	322
A Dream of Summer	J. G. Whittier	322
They Come! The Merry Summer Months	M. Motherwell	322
Song of the Summer Winds	G. Darley	324
"Carpe Diem"	Anonymous	324
June Days	R. B. Wilson	325
Flowers	J. Ruskin	326
The Ivy	H. Burton	327
Three Summer Studies	J. B. Hope	327
In the Summer Time	J. Dennis	329
Ivy	Anonymous	329
The Rhodora	R. W. Emerson	329
Summer Rain	E. C. Stedman	331
July, from "The Earthly Paradise"	W. Morris	331
The Violet	W. W. Story	331
The Mountain Heartsease	Bret Harte	332
Arbutus	H. Jackson	333
Song of the Flowers	L. Hunt	333
The Language of Flowers	J. G. Percival	334
Sensitive Plant	P. B. Shelley	334
Lilies of the Field	J. Keble	336
In the Woods	G. Chaucer	336
Song of the Rose	Sappho	336
To an Early Primrose	H. K. White	338
Song to the Violet	J. R. Lowell	338
Almond Blossom	E. Arnold	338
To Blossoms	R. Herrick	339
The Holly Tree	R. Southey	340
The Ivy Green	C. Dickens	340
The Skylark	J. Taylor	341
To Primroses Filled with Morning Dew	R. Herrick	342
A Drop of Dew	A. Marvell	342
Hymn to the Flowers	H. Smith	344
To Daffodils	R. Herrick	345
To a Mountain Daisy	R. Burns	345
The Grove	A. Cowley	345
Daffodils	W. Wordsworth	347
The Wood Giant	J. G. Whittier	347
To the Butterfly	S. Rogers	348
The Rainbow	W. Wordsworth	348
The Nightingale	H. Coleridge	349
The Early Blue-Bird	L. H. Sigourney	349
Song: "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings"	W. Shakspere	349
Song: Gayety of Nature	M. R. Mitford	349
Birds in Summer	M. Howitt	351
To a Nightingale	W. Drummond	351
The Skylark	J. Hogg	351
Ode to the Cuckoo	J. Logan	352
Robert of Lincoln	W. C. Bryant	352
To an Insect	O. W. Holmes	353
Sonnet to the Mocking-Bird	R. H. Wilde	354
The Chambered Nautilus	O. W. Holmes	355
To a Waterfowl	W. C. Bryant	355
From "The Planting of the Apple Tree"	W. C. Bryant	356
The Summer Birds	A. B. Welby	357
To a Skylark	P. B. Shelley	359
The Bobolink	T. Hill	360
Song of the River	C. Kingsley	360
The Shaded Water	W. G. Simms	362
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea	A. Cunningham	363
Storm at Night	Lord Byron	363
Woodland Streams	F. Brown	365
The Rain	L. A. Boies	365
The Rain	R. H. Stoddard	365
The Fountain	J. R. Lowell	365
The Voice of Nature	W. Cowper	366
The Wayside Spring	T. B. Read	367
Apostrophe to the Ocean	Lord Byron	368
Passing the Icebergs	T. B. Read	369
Fairy Gold	M. K. Davis	370
The Sea	B. W. Procter	370
Fair Weather and Foul	Anonymous	371
Northern Lights	G. H. McMaster	373

Title.	Author.	Page.
With Husky-Haughty Lips, O Sea	W. Whitman.	373
Æolian Harp	W. Allingham	375
Windless Rain	P. H. Hayne	375
The Cloud	P. B. Shelley	376
The Evening Cloud	J. Wilson	376
Dawn	N. P. Willis	377
Rain on the Roof	C. Kinney,	378
Morning Pleasures	J. Thomson	378
Sunrise in the Forest	W. Gilpin	379
Morning, from "Romeo and Juliet"	W. Shakspere	381
Heaven Present	J. R. Lowell	381
"To me the world's an open book."	G. P. Morris	381
Morning	G. Chaucer	381
Song of May Morning	J. Milton	381
Sonnet: A Jersey Summer Day	Anonymous	381
Morning, from "Summer"	J. Thomson	382
Morning, from "The Minstrel"	J. Beattie	382
Morning, from "Pharonnida"	W. Chamberlayne	383
Night, from "The Night Thoughts"	E. Young	384
The Gray Nun	V. B. Harrison	384
Bugle Song, from "The Princess"	A. Tennyson	385
When Day Meets Night	C. W. Coleman	387
Twilight	H. Merivale	387
Evening Calm	T. Moore	387
Twilight	Sir U. Price	388
Night, from "Queen Mab"	P. B. Shelley	388
A Stormy Sunset by the Seaside	Sir W. Scott	389
Our Inland Summer Nightfall	R. Lowell	390
Sunset	A. Smith	390
Sonnet on Night	J. B. White	391
Night	W. Habington	391
Moonrise	E. Jones	391
Night at Sea	L. Landon	393
Summer Evening	A. B. Welby	393
Song of Nourmahal, from "Lalla Rookh"	T. Moore	394
From "The Self-Enchanted"	C. Lamb	394
Music, from "Merchant of Venice"	W. Shakspere	394
Mare Rubrum	O. W. Holmes	394
The Harp the Monarch Minstrel Swept	Lord Byron	396
Drinking	A. Cowley	396
Lowly Pleasures	B. W. Procter	396
Music	W. Strode	396
Observation	C. C. Colton	397
Distance	M. W. Hamilton	397
Music	R. W. Emerson	397
The Old Oaken Bucket	S. Woodworth	398
The Bells of Shandon	F. Mahony	399
Woodman, Spare That Tree	G. P. Morris	399
Common Things	S. W. Duffield	400
An Order for a Picture	A. Cary	400
Youth and Age	S. T. Coleridge	401
Secluded Beauty	T. Moore	402
The Press	B. Taylor	402
Music	T. Carlyle	402
Song of Steam	G. W. Cutter	404

Persons and Characters.

Title.	Author.	Page.
Afternoon	C. G. Eastman	407
Little Brown Hands	Anonymous	407
The Milking Maid	C. G. Rossetti	408
Women and Children	F. Tennyson	409
The Backwoodsman	O. W. B. Peabody	409
From Little Red Riding Hood	L. E. Landon	411
Auld Rob Morris	R. Burns	411
The Husbandman	J. Stirling	411
Wanted!	J. G. Holland	412
Men of Genius Generally Cheerful	F. Jeffrey	413
The Vicar	W. M. Praed	413
The Village Blacksmith	H. W. Longfellow	414
A Portrait	E. B. Browning	415
Jaffar	L. Hunt	416
The Character of Falstaff	W. Hazlett	418
The Old Minstrel	Sir W. Scott	418
The Prairie Hunter	W. C. Bryant	419
The Plowman	O. W. Holmes	420
"What figure more immovably august"	J. R. Lowell	420
The Poor Parson	G. Chaucer	422
Unseen Spirits	N. P. Willis	422
The School-Mistress	W. Shenstone	423
The Fop	W. Shakspere	428
Una	E. Spenser	430
The Vicar of Wakefield	J. Boswell	431
Departure of the Pilgrims	G. Chaucer	432
Katherine's Defense	W. Shakspere	433
Hotspur's Death	W. Shakspere	433
Anne Hathaway	W. Shakspere	433
Beethoven	M. H. Krout	434
"The mossy marbles rest"	O. W. Holmes	434
The Last Leaf	O. W. Holmes	435
To Margaret Hussey	J. Skelton	436
Cleopatra	W. Shakspere	437
Dickens in Camp	B. Harte	437

Title.	Author.	Page.
Emilie	G. Chaucer	439
A Poet's Creed	V. Hugo	439
Song: from "Two Gentlemen of Verona"	W. Shakspere	439
The Poet's Wife	W. Wordsworth	440
Rondeau	L. Hunt	440
To Thomas Moore	Lord Byron	441
John Howard Payne	W. H. Carleton	441
John Howard Payne	J. G. Saxe	441
Philip, My King	D. M. Craik	442
"Philip, My King"	M. J. Preston	443
Burns	F. Halleck	443
Robert Burns	J. Montgomery	444
Cowper's Grave	E. B. Browning	444
At the Grave of Burns	W. Wordsworth	445
At the Grave of Keats	C. P. Cranch	447
On the death of Joseph Rodman Drake	F. Halleck	447
Elizabeth	W. Shakspere	449
On Queen Elizabeth	Sir P. Sidney	449
Character of Queen Elizabeth	D. Hume	449
Character of Mary Queen of Scots	W. Robertson	450
The Father of History	T. B. Macaulay	451
To His Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia	Sir H. Wotton	452
To the Duchess of Sutherland	C. E. S. Norton	453
Milton, Dante, and Æschylus	T. B. Macaulay	454
Zimri	J. Dryden	455
Antony's Oration	W. Shakspere	457
Antony to Cæsar's Body	W. Shakspere	458
William Walker	J. Miller	458
Charles XII	S. Johnson	459
Napoleon at St. Helena	T. Carlyle	460
Marco Griffoni	S. Rogers	460
Burial of Lincoln	R. H. Stoddard	461
Dirge for a Soldier	G. H. Boker	462

Places.

A Scene Recalled	M. Akenside	465
Home	J. Montgomery	465
Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America	G. Berkeley	466
Home, Sweet Home	J. H. Payne	466
Sweet Home	Anonymous	467
The Battlefield	W. C. Bryant	467
The Acadian Farmhouse	H. W. Longfellow	468
Niagara	J. G. C. Brainard	468
Noonday Rest	H. D. Thoreau	470
The Battlefield	C. Dickens	470
Mountain Neighbors	L. Larcom	471
The Buccaneer's Island	R. H. Dana	471
The Prairies	W. C. Bryant	472
New Amsterdam	W. Irving	473
The Strength of the Hills	L. C. Moulton	475
America to Great Britain	W. Allston	477
South American Scenery	W. L. Bowles	477
The Coral Grove	J. G. Percival	477
The Forest	W. D. Gallagher	478
An English Mansion	J. G. Lockhart	479
Primeval Nature	R. Pollok	480
Song of the Brook	A. Tennyson	481
A Summer Sabbath Walk	J. Grahame	481
Sweet Swan of Avon	O. W. Holmes	482
The Homes of England	F. D. Hemans	484
Sonnet: "Worthy the patriot's thought and poet's lyre"	H. T. Tuckerman	485
The Deserted Village	O. Goldsmith	486
Autumn in the Highlands:	R. Buchanan	492
A Swedish Country Church	H. W. Longfellow	493
A Forest Walk	A. B. Street	494
Old England	A. C. Coxe	495
Nutting	W. Wordsworth	496
A Forest Hymn	W. C. Bryant	497
The Alhambra by Moonlight	W. Irving	499
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College	T. Gray	501
Sonnet; "Earth has not anything to show more fair"	W. Wordsworth	503
The Thames	S. J. Denham	503
Lines: "Five years have passed: five summers with the length"	W. Wordsworth	503
The Burning of Chicago	B. F. Taylor	505
The Traveler	O. Goldsmith	507
Sonnet: "The world is too much with us"	W. Wordsworth	508
A Chamber Scene	B. W. Procter	508
Rome	J. Miller	509
Ruins on the Rhine	G. Eliot	509
At Sorrento	A. Webster	510
The Forsaken Farm-house	J. G. Whittier	510
The Alps	Lord Byron	511
Solitude	Lord Byron	511
Venice	Lord Byron	513
From the Castle of Indolence	J. Thompson	513
On a Library	A. C. Botta	515
Modern Greece	Lord Byron	515
Italy	C. Dickens	516
Phœbe Pyncheon's Chamber	N. Hawthorne	517
The Hollow Down by the Flare	C. Dickens	519
The Haunted House	T. Hood	520
To a Library	G. Crabbe	522
Description of Arcadia	Sir P. Sidney	522

REFLECTION.

Title.	Author.	Page.
Proem	J. G. Whittier	525
"The sunrise never failed us yet"	C. Thaxter	525
Pain in Pleasure	E. B. Browning	526
Nothing Lost	T. Carlyle	527
"But heard are the voices"	T. Carlyle	527
The Arrow and the Song	H. W. Longfellow	527
Nature and Art	H. W. Longfellow	527
Ode on a Grecian Urn	John Keats	528
Echoes	Anonymous	528
Light	F. W. Bourdillon	529
Appreciation	T. B. Aldrich	529
Mercy	W. Shakspere	530
Reputation	W. Shakspere	530
Upon the Beach	H. D. Thoreau	530
Imagination	W. Shakspere	530
A Defence of Enthusiasm	H. T. Tuckerman	531
A Noble Life	P. J. Bailey	532
Wisdom Unapplied	E. B. Browning	532
Memory	S. Rogers	533
Memory	W. S. Landor	533
Power and Genius	Lord Lytton	533
Culture	M. Arnold	534
Perfection	W. Shakspere	534
L'Allegro	J. Milton	535
Il Penseroso	J. Milton	537
Truth	J. Milton	540
Knowledge and Power	T. De Quincey	541
Mirth	J. C. Hare	541
Valor and Virtue	C. Mackay	541
Intellectual Beauty	A. Smith	541
"Thoughts"	R. H. Stoddard	542
Different Minds	R. W. Emerson	542
Gnosis	C. P. Cranch	543
The Happy Life	Sir H. Wotton	543
Memories	J. G. Whittier	545
The Heritage	J. Thomson	545
Fame	J. Milton	547
From "The Masque of Comus"	J. Milton	547
Beauty	John Keats	548
Hope	T. Campbell	548
Of Obscurity	A. Cowley	549
For Praise	E. Young	550
Advice to Poets	A. Pope	550
A Contented Mind	J. Sylvester	551
Procrastination	E. Young	551
Perception of Poetry	G. Eliot	551
A Taste for Reading	Sir J. Herschel	552
From an Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland	S. Daniel	552
Against Readiness to Take Offence	O. Feltham	553
Continue not in Anger	J. Lyly	553
Plagiarism	H. Heine	553
The Mind O'erthrown	W. Shakspere	555
My Mind to me a Kingdom is	W. Byrd	555
Books	O. W. Holmes	555
The Lost Elixir	A. Dobson	557
The Songs That Are Not Sung	J. B. O'Reilly	557
"For in this mortal frame"	S. T. Coleridge	557
The Poet's Mourners	Sir W. Scott	559
Vanitas Vanitatum	T. Carew	559
The Way to Sing	H. Jackson	559
Characteristics of Modern Critics	J. Swift	560
Desire of Knowledge	J. Boswell	560
Letter-Writing	A. Trollope	560
The Boundary	C. Perry	561
A Bird's Song	Anonymous	561
The Song He Never Wrote	H. Jackson	562
Studies	Sir F. Bacon	562
Books	C. Lamb	563
What Might be Done	C. Mackay	564
Oh! Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud	W. Knox	565
The Song and the Singer	T. Carlyle	566
On the Picture of "A Child Tired of Play."	N. P. Willis	566
Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul	J. Addison	567
American English	W. D. Howells	568
Aphorisms and Comparisons	J. Swift	568
Gold	T. Hood	569
The Reward	J. G. Whittier	569
Spes est Vates	J. G. Saxe	570
Fire and Strength	M. Arnold	570
The Question Illustrated by Nature	J. G. Holland	571
Each and All	R. W. Emerson	572
The Soul's Errand	Sir W. Raleigh	573
The Hereafter	A. Pope	574
Little at First, but Great at Last	C. Mackay	574
Sweetness and Light	M. Arnold	575
Somebody	Anonymous	576
Every Day	Anonymous	576
Who Bides His Time	J. W. Riley	576
"Who can judge a man from Manners"	Anonymous	577
Simplicity	J. Ruskin	577
Education	J. Addison	577
The Interpreters	C. A. Swinburne	578
This Life is What We Make It	Anonymous	578
Education	D. Webster	579
Sometime	G. D. Prentice	579

Title.	Author.	Page.
Unreality	W. Shakspere	579
A Fool	W. Shakspere	579
Scandal	Anonymous	580
Don't Take It to Heart	Anonymous	580
Polonius to Laertes	W. Shakspere	580
Suggestion	M. Browne	580
Cheerfulness	W. Dunbar	581
Test of Friendship	J. G. Saxe	581
Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands	H. Latimer	582
After the Midnight Cometh Morn	A. Pike	583
On Good Breeding	Lord Chesterfield	583
Behavior	R. W. Emerson	585
Ode on the Intimations of Immortality	W. Wordsworth	585
Intuitions	E. B. Browning	590
Chorus	C. A. Swinburne	590
The Poetry of Life	F. Von Schiller	590
"The days of infancy are all a dream"	R. Southey	592
Man	E. Young	592
The Convict Ship	T. K. Hervey	592
The Nabob	S. Blamire	593
Youth	R. Burns	593
Troubles of Childhood	George Eliot	595
The Pleasures of Poverty	C. Lamb	595
Misused Art	J. Ruskin	596
Woman's Voice	E. Arnold	597
The World a Stage	W. Shakspere	597
Work	T. Carlyle	599
Life	B. W. Procter	599
There is No Rest	J. N. Matthews	599
Prosperity and Adversity	Sir F. Bacon	600
Better Things	G. McDonald	600
Retirement from the World	S. Johnson	601
There's a Silver Lining to Every Cloud	E. Cook	601
Recreation	T. Fuller	602
The Way of the World	E. W. Wilcox	603
Gifts	E. Lazarus	603
The Neglected Pattern	P. Cary	604
Affinitus	C. R. Lathrop	604
Vanity Fair	F. Locker	605
High Days and Holidays	H. P. Spofford	605
Solitude	H. More	605
Apostrophe to Sleep	W. Shakspere	606
Ode on Solitude	A. Pope	606
Song; "Busy, curious, thirsty fly."	W. Oldys	606
Sleep	T. Dekker	607
An Eastern Apologue	A. Dobson	607
The Shortness of Life	F. Quarles	607
Sic Vita	H. King	608
Life	A. L. Barbauld	608
Life	R. H. Wilde	608
A Psalm of Life	H. W. Longfellow	608
Fate	Bret Harte	609
Wisdom	J. W. Von Goethe	609
Unity of Nature	A. Pope	609
Human Life	S. Rogers	610
Man's Mortality	S. Wastel	610
From "Festus"	P. J. Bailey	611
The Voiceless	O. W. Holmes	611
Time	W. Scott	611
Melancholy	Beaumont & Fletcher	611
Stanzas	R. Southey	612
Beauty Fades	W. Drummond	612
Old Age and Death	E. Waller	612
The Seasons of Life	T. Parker	613
Life	W. Shakspere	613
No Concealment	L. H. Sigourney	613
Middle Age	Alexander Smith	614
Hamlet's Soliloquy	W. Shakspere	615
The Circle of Life	G. Eliot	617
Death's Final Conquest	J. Shirley	617
Elegy, Written in a Country Churchyard	T. Gray	617
Why Thus Longing?	Harriet Winslow	619
On a Skull	Lord Byron	621
Thanatopsis	W. C. Bryant	621
The Days That Are No More	A. Tennyson	623
Excelsior	H. W. Longfellow	623
A Hundred Years to Come	W. G. Brown	624

FANCY.

The Culprit Fay	J. R. Drake	627
Ariel's Song	W. Shakspere	634
The Passions	W. Collins	634
The Progress of Poesy	T. Gray	636
Song of the Fairies	J. Lyly	637
From "The Humble Bee"	R. W. Emerson	638
Alexander's Feast	J. Dryden	639
A Vision	J. G. Percival	642
The Fairies	W. Allingham	642
The Fairies	T. Hood	644
A Musical Instrument	E. B. Browning	645
From "The Blessed Damozel"	D. G. Rossetti	645
The Fairy's Song	W. Shakspere	646
The Visit of St. Nicholas	C. C. Moore	647
Hymn to Diana	B. Jonson	647
The Eve of St. Agnes	J. Keats	649
The Bells	E. A. Poe	654
The Raven	E. A. Poe	654
"The Ancient Mariner"	T. De Quincey	659
The Ancient Mariner	S. T. Coleridge	660
Tam O'Shanter	R. Burns	668

Wit and Humor.

Title.	Author.	Page.
Faithless Nelly Gray	T. Hood	673
Robin Hood and the Curtall Friar	Anonymous (16th century)	674
Wit the Flavour of the Mind	S. Smith	676
A Parental Ode to My Son	T. Hood	677
Genealogy of Humour	J. Addison	678
A Necessity	Owen Meredith	678
My Daughter	G. W. Cable	678
The Land of Thus-and-So	J. W. Riley	679
The Fault of the Puppy	M. Lewis	679
Pristine Proverbs Prepared for Precocious Pupils	Anonymous	679
"Birds of a feather flock together"	R. Southey	680
Morning Meditations	T. Hood	680
Lines: "Frostie age, frostie age!"	W. Irving	680
Lines: "Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven"	E. Young	681
Belinda	A. Pope.	681
Belinda's Toilet	A. Pope	681
The Courtin'	J. R. Lowell	682
Ballade of a Girl of Erudition	A. Lang	683
The Tender Heart	H. G. Cone	683
My Aunt	O. W. Holmes	683
The Belle of the Ball-Room	W. M. Praed	684
A Musical Box	W. W. Story	685
Sancho Panza's Decisions	M. de Cervantes	686
Nobody	Anonymous	689
Fishing	Anonymous	689
The Devil	Anonymous	689
Sorrows of Werther	W. M. Thackeray	690
A Tired Woman's Epitaph	J. Payne	690
Address to an Egyptian Mummy	H. Smith	692
Answer of the Mummy	Anonymous	693
Thievery	W. Shakspere	694
Doubles	T. Hood	694
He Never Knowed	Anonymous	696
The Birth of Green Erin	Anonymous	696
Deafness	T. Hood	697
The Chinese Language	G. W. Cooke	697
Katharine and Petruchio	W. Shakspere	697
The New Church Organ	W. Carleton	699
The Learning of Hudibras	S. Butler	700
The Jackdaw of Rheims	R. H. Barham	701
Old Grimes is Dead	A. G. Greene	704
The Victim of Frauds	B. Harte	704
The Paradise of Progress	A. Lang	706
The One Gray Hair	W. S. Landor	706
The Pilgrims and the Peas	J. Wolcot	706
I'm Growing Old	J. G. Saxe	707
What Mr. Robinson Thinks	J. R. Lowell	708
The Sea	Anonymous	709
Plain Language from Truthful James	B. Harte	710
The Cure's Progress	A. Dobson	710
The Birth of St. Patrick	S. Lover	711
A Literary Curiosity		712
Index of First Lines		713
Author's Index		721
Wild-Flowers	M. K. Davis	Fly Leaf
Thought-Flowers	M. K. Davis	Cover Lining





Title.	*Artist.*	*Engraver.*	*Page.*
Nature and Song			Cover lining
Nature and Books	H. G. Glindoni		Fly leaf
Vignette	Richardson		Fly leaf
Presentation			Fly leaf
Statue of "Poetry" (Grand Opera House, Paris)			Fly leaf
Portrait Henry W. Longfellow			Frontispiece
Group of Authors			Title page
Vignette	Alfred Fredericks	A. Bobbett	Copyright
Head Piece, "Preface"			v
Tail Piece, "Preface"	Miss Ashley	Shayler	vi
Head Piece, "Contents"			vii
Tail Piece, "Contents"	F. M. Wilson	Cassell	xvii
Head Piece, "Illustrations"	E. Wagner		xviii
Tail Piece, "Illustrations"	Hooper	Cassell	xxiii
Head Piece, "Portraits"	Hatherell	Cassell	xxiv
Tail Piece, "Portraits"	J. F. Cropsey, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	xxv
Head Piece, "Autographs"	Alfred Fredericks	Bobbett & Hooper	xxvi

Joy and Sorrow.

"Good news or evil, sunshine or shadow"	Charles Gregory	M. Klinkicht	28
"Sunlight and shade; rich gold that dulls to grey"			29
"Down the dimpled greensward dancing"	Fitz-August Kaulbach		32
"And her feet she had been dipping"	M. L. Gow	O. L. Lacour	34
"But wot you what? the youth was going"	H. M. Paget	J. Swain	37
"Maiden, with the meek brown eyes"	W. Hatherell	Cassell	42
"And the dream I spun was so lengthy"	H. W. Cutte		45
"Her book of the favorite poet unheeded at her side"	B. Vautier		47
"They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea"	F. Dadd	J. Swain	49
"I, nearer to the wayside inn"	F. O. C. Darley, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	52
"Break, break, break"	A. Barraud	Cassell	56
"Blessings on thee, little man"			58
"Sleep on, baby on the floor"	W. J. Hennessy, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	59
"I've said my 'seven times' over and over"	E. J. Whitney	Hayes	61
"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover"	Childe Hassam	Cowee	63
"O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters"			64
Rip's Return to his Home	John S. Davis	O. Maurand	68
Rip's Reception by the Villagers			70

Title.	*Artist.*	*Engraver.*	*Page.*
"The horrible conceit of death and night"	Alfred Fredericks	Bobbett & Hooper	74
"A woman sat in unwomanly rags"	Hoppin	Anthony	76
"A maiden there lived whom you may know"	D. Huntington, Pres. N.A.	Bobbett & Hooper	81
THE BLIND MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS	Michael Munkacsy	F. Meaulle	84
"She moved where Lindis wandereth"			86
"'The old sea wall,' he cried, 'is downe'"	W. Small	J. Swain	89
"The western wind was wild and dank with foam"	Macdonough	Anthony	93
"To her grave beside the sea"	Macdonough	Cox	93
"Three corpses lay out on the shining sands"	T. Hovenden	Kilburn	96
"Not there! where, then, is he?"		Dalziel	100
"Softly woo away her breath"	Lisbeth B. Humphrey	G. Morisetti	103
"Sweet spring, thou turns't with all thy goodly train"	James Hart, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	105
"One more unfortunate, weary of breath"	Eytinge	Anthony	108
"Started from bed and struck herself a light"	Alfred Fredericks	Bobbett & Hooper	118
"From sheds new-roof'd with Carara."	Fenn	Harley	119
TAIL PIECE	A. Zick		120

THE AFFECTIONS.

"Behind us swept past reed and willow"	Alice Havers		122
HEAD PIECE			123
"Oh, mother's love is glorifying!"	W. J. Hennessy, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	126
"Love thy mother, little one!"	Eugene Klimsch	G. Hever & Kirmk	128
"Rest, rest, on mother's breast!"	Macdonough	Langridge	130
"Tones that never thence depart"	W. H. Gore	Cassell	132
"For I know that the angels are whispering to thee"	Carl Marr		134
"She laughs: 'Why look you so slyly at me?'"	H. M. Paget	J. Swain	138
"I read it, my letter, my letter, as I loitered by the sea"	T. & E. Taylor		141
"No charm so dear as home and friends around us"	Childe Hassam	Latham	143
"What is the greatest bliss?"	N. Waterman	Bobbett & Hooper	145
"In short, sir, 'the belle of the season'"	J. Ballavoine		147
"Mark how o'er ocean's breast"	J. F. Kensett, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	149
"The heavens were bright, and all the earth was fair"	Davison Knowles		152
"The careless days of peace and pleasure"	F. Dicksee	M. Klinkicht	155
"By hood and tippet sheltered sweet"	Miss Hallock	W. J. Linton	175
"In hosts the lilies, white and large"	W. Hatherell	Cassell	160
"Nestle closely, little hand"	M. L. Gow		162
"When stars are in the quiet skies"			164
"Drink to me only with thine eyes"	Alfred Fredericks	Bobbett & Hooper	169
"Her father loved me; oft invited me"	Charles Becker	O. Roth	170
"Bright, O bright Fedalma!"	J. Salles	M. Weber	174
"Gin a body kiss a body"			183
"With modest eyes downcast"	A. F. Bellows, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	186
"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more"			188
"Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air!"	M'me Alex. Enault	Schoelch	191
"And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale"	Alfred Fredericks	Bobbett & Hooper	193
"Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds"	R. Gignoux, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	195
"She leant against the armed man"	Fernand H. Lungren	Latham	196
"I saw two clouds at morning"	C. C. Griswold	W. J. Linton	199
"Now we maun totter down, John"	F. Dadd	J. Swain	200

Title.	*Artist.*	*Engraver.*	*Page.*
"There's naething binds my puir auld heart"	H. M. Paget	J. Swain	201
Tail Piece	A. Zick	Bong & Honemann	202

Religion.

"But peaceful was the night wherein the Prince of Light"	R. Bong	A. Zick	204
Head Piece	E. Wagner		205
"When such music sweet"	R. Bong	A. Zick	206
"But see, the Virgin blest"			208
"From under the boughs in the snow-clad wood"	H. Weir	W. Meason	212
"The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes"	William Hart, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	216
"Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher through"	Chapman	Filmer	217
"The priest-like father reads the sacred page"	Chapman	Filmer	219
"The youngling cottagers retire to rest"	Chapman	Filmer	220
"But none of the ransomed ever knew"	Robert Leins		222
"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray"	C. Parsons	Bobbett & Hooper	227
"Its waves are kneeling on the strand"	Alfred Fredericks	Bobbett & Hooper	228
"Far in a wild, unknown to public view"	V. Nehlig, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	239
"When the grave household round his hall repair"	G. G. Kilburne	W. I. Mossos	241
"Soon as the evening shades prevail"	J. McEntee, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	248
"Hark, how the birds do sing"			253
Tail Piece	H. Catenacci		254

Passion and Action.

"With his white hair unbonneted the stout old sheriff comes"	E. Crofts, A. R. A.		256
Head Piece	E. Crofts, A. R. A.		257
"We buried him darkly at dead of night"	Charles Gregory	A. Bellenger	263
"Robed in the sable garb of woe"	V. Nehlig, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	268
"'Make way for liberty!' he cried"	V. Nehlig, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	276
"Press where you see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war"	Rochling	G. Hever & Kirmk	282
"At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun"	Henry Sandham.	Kilburn	287
"And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell"			290
"The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd"	S. Colman, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	292
"These heavy walls to me had grown a hermitage"			294
Tail Piece			296

Beauty.

"Beauty shall glide along, circled by song"	Tidmarsh		298
"Down in yon summer vale, where the rill flows" —Head Piece	E. Wagner		299
"First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves and flowers"	William Hart, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	301
"Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight"	William Hart, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	301
"Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad"	William Hart, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	301
"Lastly came Winter clothed all in frize"	William Hart, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	302
"Yet what her lavish hand hath spilled remains"	E. Giacomelli.		303
"In eddying course when leaves began to fly"	Childe Hassam	A. Wood.	305
"The mild November comes at last"	J. R. Brevoort, N. A.	Bobbett & Hooper	309
"But the hurrying host that flew between"			310
"From hill to dale, still more and more astray"			312
"Cottage and field alike concealed"			313
"When daffodils begin to peer"			315

Title.	*Artist.*	*Engraver.*	*Page.*
"The buck in brake his winter coat he flings"	James Hart, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	317
"There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly"			318
"Month of little hands with daisies"		Butterworth & Heath	319
"Out of the city, far away"	M. L. Gow	Cassell	321
"They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers"	Fernand H. Lungren	Cowee	323
"Now to the cooling shades the cows retreat"			325
FLOWERS	Mrs. Staples	Cassell	326
"The panting cattle in the river stand"	M. Waterman	Bobbett & Hooper	328
"And the gentle summer rain"		Hollidge	330
"Innocence shines in the lily's bell"	J. A. Hows	Bobbett & Hooper	334
"For the rose, ho! the rose is the eye of the flowers"			337
BLOSSOMS			339
"Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young"	A. D. Shattuck, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	342
"See how the orient dew"	Miss Mary A. Lathburg	Closson	343
DAFFODILS			346
"And where the flowers of Paradise unfold"			348
"'Come up, come up,' they seem to say"			350
"Robert of Lincoln is telling his name"			353
"But all night long"	J. A. Hows, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	354
"There is a Power whose care"	C. Parsons	Bobbett & Hooper	355
"Sweet warblers of the sunny hours"		Andrew	357
"Higher still and higher"	A. F. Elwes	Moss	358
"Clear and cool, clear and cool"			361
"Your murmurs bring the pleasant breath"	C. Maurand		364
"Glorious fountain! Let my heart be"	J. D. Smillie	Bobbett & Hooper	366
"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!"	M. F. H. DeHaas	Bobbett & Hooper	368
"Up signal then, and let us hail"	C. T. Dix	Bobbett & Hooper	369
"Lo! Night's barbaric Khans"	DeHaas		372
"Thy troops of white-maned racers racing to the goal"		C. Roberts	374
"Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life"	J. D. Smillie	Bobbett & Hooper	377
ROMEO AND JULIET	Hermann Kaulbach	P. Krey	380
"The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews"	G. H. Smillie	Bobbett & Hooper	382
"But who the melodies of morn can tell!"	G. H. Smillie	Bobbett & Hooper	383
"The morning hath not lost her virgin blush"	A. F. Bellows, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	384
"The splendor falls on castle walls"	Fenn		385
"A woman's wistful eyes look out across the hills"	G. Trench		386
NIGHT	S. Colman, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	389
"The magic moon is breaking"	H. Brinkmann		392
"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood"	A. D. Shattuck N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	398
TAIL PIECE			404

PERSONS AND CHARACTERS.

QUEEN CATHERINE'S DEFENSE			406
HEAD PIECE	W. Small		407
"She milked into a wooden pail"			408
"Red Riding Hood, the darling"	P. Meyerheim		410
"Under a spreading chestnut tree"	F. O. C. Darley, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	415
"With what free growth the elm and plane"	A. Bierstadt, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	419
"Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team"	J. D. Smillie	Bobbett & Hooper	421
"A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name"	W. J. Hennessy, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	425
"And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint"	Fernand H. Lungren	Cowee	431

Title.	*Artist.*	*Engraver.*	*Page.*
"Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie"	Alfred Fredericks	Bobbett & Hooper	432
"The pavement stones resound"	W. J. Hennessy, N. A	Anthony	435
CLEOPATRA IN HER BARGE	Hans Makart	R. Bong	436
"Jennie kissed me when we met"	Hoppin	Bobbett & Hooper	440
"Look at me with thy large brown eyes"	E. J. Whitney	Hayes	442
"You meaner beauties of the night"	S. Colman, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	452
ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S DEAD BODY"	G. E. V. Berlepsch		456
TAIL PIECE	Alfred Fredericks	Bobbett & Hooper	462

PLACES.

VENICE, THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC			464
"O, ye dales of Tyne!" HEAD PIECE	S. Colman, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	465
NIAGARA	F. E. Church, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	469
"Breezes of the South, have ye fanned"	W. Whittredge, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	472
"But calm in the distance the great hills rose"			476
"Brown-pillared groves and green-arched alleys"	S. R. Gifford, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	478
"Pleasant were many scenes"	J. A. Hows	Bobbett & Hooper	480
"The stately homes of England"			484
"For to the hills has Freedom ever clung"	R. S. Gifford, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	485
"And all the village train, from labor free"	W. Whittredge, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	487
"I see the rabbit upward bound"			494
"Among the woods and o'er the pathless rocks"	A. B. Durand, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	496
"Father, thy hand hath reared these venerable columns"	Bullen	Bullen	498
THE ALHAMBRA			500
ETON COLLEGE, FROM THE RIVER			502
"Chicago vanished in a cloud"	E. Whymper	E. Whymper	506
"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs"	E. Whymper	E. Whymper	512
"One lonely ray that glanced upon a bed"	Alfred Fredericks	Bobbett & Hooper	521

REFLECTION.

MORNING MEDITATIONS	C. Karger		524
"Upon the sadness of the sea"—HEAD PIECE	J. A. Suydam, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	525
"Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget"			526
"The light of the bright world dies"			529
"Zephyr, with Aurora playing"			535
"Where throngs of knights and barons bold"			536
"Come pensive nun, devout and pure"	Eastman Johnson, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	537
"Where the rude ax with heaved stroke"			538
"There let the pealing organ blow"			539
"A beautiful and happy girl"			544
"COMPANIONSHIP WITH BOOKS			552
"For I did not bring home the river and sky"	A. Barraud	O. L. Lacour	572
JOYOUS YOUTH	H. P. Gray, V. P. N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	581
"The earth and every common sight"	W. St. John Harper	Schoelch	586
"And by the vision splendid"	Childe Hassam	Cowee	588
THE TROUBLES OF CHILDHOOD	Ferdinand Padien	Walla	594
"There is a silver lining to every cloud"			602
"A weaver sat one day at his loom"	W. T. Smedley	Cowee	604
END-PIECE	Alfred Fredericks	Bobbett & Hooper	624

FANCY.

WHISPERINGS OF FANCY			626
"It was a strange and lovely sight"—HEAD-PIECE	Alfred Fredericks	Bobbett & Hooper	627
FERDINAND AND ARIEL	Alfred Fredericks	Bobbett & Hooper	634

Title.	*Artist.*	*Engraver.*	*Page.*
"'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won"	V. Nehlig, N. A	Bobbett & Hooper	640
"At last divine Cecilia came"	Rafael Santi d'Urbino		641
"They stole little Bridget"	Bellew	Cox	643
"Oh, these be Fancy's revelers by night!"	Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shepherd		644
"I do wander everywhere"			646
"Full on the casement shone the wintry moon"	Fernand H. Lungren	Cowee	561
"On the bat's back I do fly"			667
Tail Piece	Alfred Fredericks	Bobbett & Hooper	670

Wit and Humor.

"Robin Hood took the friar on his back"			672
"The army surgeon made him limbs"—Head-Piece	W. Ralston	W. I. Mossos	673
"And when she saw his wooden legs"	W. Ralston	W. I. Mossos	674
"I know her, the thing of laces, and silk"	Miss Ledyard	MacDonald	686
Katharine and Petruchio	A. von Grundherr	Kuesing	698
"They turn up the rugs—they examine the mugs"	W. Ralston	W. I. Mossos	702
"So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow"	W. Ralston	W. I. Mossos	704
Tail Piece			712
Head Piece, "Index of First Lines"	T. Griffiths	Cassell	713
Tail Piece, "Index of First Lines"	Miss Slader	Cassell	720
Head Piece, "Authors' Index"			721
Tail Piece, "Author's Index"	J. Staples		744
Wild-Flowers			Fly Leaf
Thought-Flowers			Cover Lining



Anne Hathaway's Cottage.
(*See Page 433.*)



ADDISON, JOSEPH.....567
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY.....31
ARNOLD, MATTHEW.....575
BACON, SIR FRANCIS.....600
BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES.....532
BEAUMONT, FRANCIS.....39
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT.....415
BROWNING, ROBERT.....136
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN.....622
BULWER, EDWARD, LORD LYTTON.....178
BURNS, ROBERT.....224
BYRON, LORD GEORGE GORDON.....620
CABLE, GEORGE W.....678
CAMPBELL, THOMAS.....190
CARLETON, WILL H.....700
CARLYLE, THOMAS.....598
CARY, ALICE.....401
CARY, PHŒBE.....231
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY.....438
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR.....198
COWPER, WILLIAM.....367
DE QUINCEY, THOMAS.....659
DICKENS, CHARLES.....341
DOBSON, AUSTIN.....711
DRUMMOND, WILLIAM.....612
DRYDEN, JOHN.....214
ELIOT, GEORGE, (MARIAN EVANS CROSS).....616
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.....584
FLETCHER, JOHN.....39
GALLAGHER, WILLIAM D.....307
GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON.....609
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.....491
GRAY, THOMAS.....637
HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE.....447
HARTE, (FRANCIS) BRET.....705
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL.....518
HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON.....375
HEBER, REGINALD.....215
HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA.....485
HERBERT, GEORGE.....252
HOGG, JAMES.....252
HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT.....571
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.....395
HOOD, THOMAS.....695
HOWE, JULIA WARD.....275
HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN.....151
HUGO, VICTOR.....246
HUNT, LEIGH.....234
INGELOW, JEAN.....65
IRVING, WASHINGTON.....474
JACKSON, HELEN.....562
JOHNSON, SAMUEL.....459
JONSON, BEN.....648
KEATS, JOHN.....79
KINGSLEY, CHARLES.....362
LAMB, CHARLES.....564
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE.....706
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH. *Frontispiece.*
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL.....709
LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON, EARL (OWEN MEREDITH).....156
MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD.....284
MARSTON, PHILIP BOURKE.....443
MASSEY, GERALD.....110
MILLER, JOAQUIN.....167
MILTON, JOHN.....546
MONTGOMERY, JAMES.....444
MOORE, THOMAS.....403
MORE, HANNAH.....606
MORRIS, GEORGE P.....400
MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM.....166
PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD.....466
PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES.....642
POE, EDGAR ALLAN.....657
POPE, ALEXANDER.....232
PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH.....685
PRENTICE, GEORGE DENNISON.....99
PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER ("BARRY CORNWALL").....259
RALEIGH, SIR WALTER.....189
READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN.....367
ROGERS, SAMUEL.....461
RUSKIN, JOHN.....114
RYAN, ABRAM J.....250
SAXE, JOHN GODFREY.....708
SCHILLER, JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON.....591

Scott, Sir Walter..... 558
Shakspere, William.....554
Shelley, Percy Bysshe.....308
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley.....150
Sidney, Sir Philip.....522
Sigourney, Lydia Huntley.....614
Smith, Alexander.....615
Smith, Sydney.....677
Southey, Robert.....177
Spenser, Edmund.....429
Stoddard, Richard Henry.....153
Suckling, Sir John.....173
Swinburne, Charles Algernon.....578
Taylor, Bayard.....402
Tennyson, Lord Alfred..... 54
Thackeray, William Makepeace.....691
Thomson, James.....312
Thoreau, Henry D.....530
Tuckerman, Henry Theodore..... 55
Welby, Amelia B.....393
White, Henry Kirke.....251
Whittier, John Greenleaf.....210
Willis, Nathaniel Parker.....124
Winter, William.....116
Wordsworth, William.....446
Young, Edward.....681





BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT ..... From "The Sword of Castruccio Castrucani"...273
BROWNING, ROBERT ..... From "How We Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix."....288
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN ..... From "The Planting of the Apple Tree"....356
BURNS, ROBERT ..... "Bruce's Address"....260
CARLETON, WILL H. ..... From "Rifts in the Cloud"....238
CARLYLE, THOMAS ..... From "Past and Present" (translated from Goethe)....527
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR ..... From "Psyche"....557
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO ..... From "The Humble Bee"....638
GRAY, THOMAS ..... From the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"....619
HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE ..... From "On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake" 448
HARTE, (FRANCIS) BRET ..... "The Mountain Heartsease"....232
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL ..... "I have been a happy man"....112
HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT ("TIMOTHY TITCOMB") ..... "Wanted!"....412
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL ..... From "The Last Leaf"....434
HOOD, THOMAS ..... From "The Song of the Shirt"....77
HUNT, LEIGH ..... From "Abou Ben Adhem"....235
INGELOW, JEAN ..... From "Supper at the Mill"....181
KEATS, JOHN ..... "The wonders of all-ruling Providence"....213
KINGSLEY, CHARLES ..... From "The sands of Dee"....92
LAMB, CHARLES ..... From "The Self-Enchanted"....394
LONGFELLOW, HENRY W. ..... From "The Day is Done"....148
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL ..... "What figure more immovably august"....420
MILLER, JOAQUIN ..... "Rome"....509
MILTON, JOHN ..... From "The Masque of Comus"....547
MONTGOMERY, JAMES ..... "Hail the High, the Holy One"....245
MOORE, THOMAS ..... "Filled with balm the gale sighs on"....184
PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD ..... "Home, Sweet Home!"....467
POE, EDGAR ALLAN ..... "Alone"....40
PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER (BARRY CORNWALL) ..... From "The Sea"....371
SAXE, JOHN GODFREY ..... "*Spes est Vates*"....570
SCOTT, SIR WALTER ..... From "Marmion"....279
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE ..... From the Dedication to "The Revolt of Islam"....140
SMITH, S. F. ..... From "America"....266
SOUTHEY, ROBERT ..... "Birds of a feather flock together"....680
STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE ..... From "The Doorstep"....152
STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY ..... "Thoughts"....548
TAYLOR, BAYARD ..... From "The Song of the Camp"....159
TENNYSON, ALFRED ..... From "The Princess"....36
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE ..... "Sorrows of Werther"....690
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF ..... From "Miriam"....229
WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER ..... From "Unseen Spirits"....423

JOY AND SORROW.

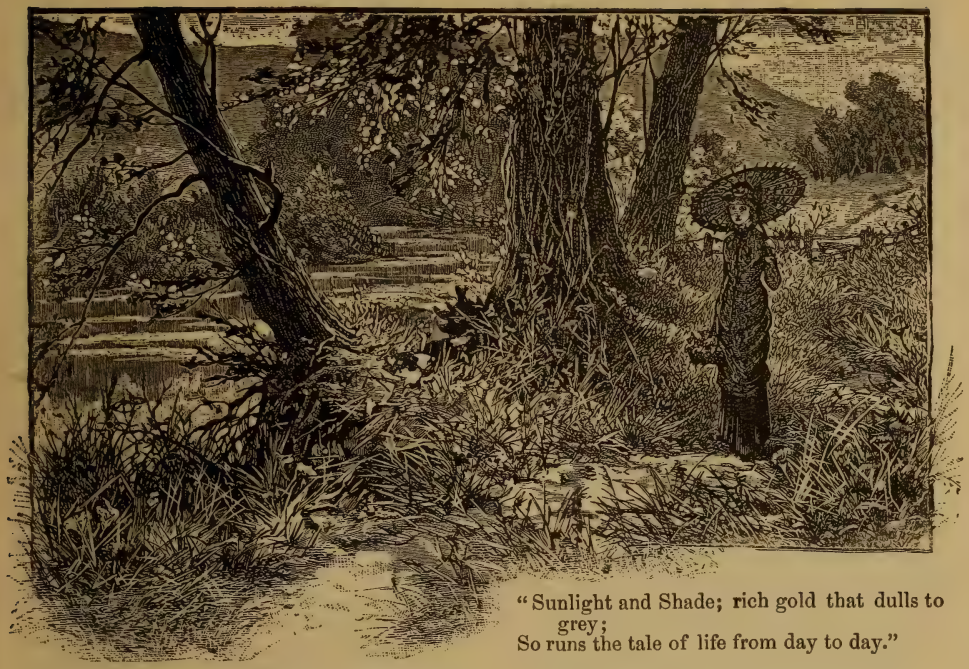
"Thus doth the ever-changing course
of things
Run a perpetual circle, ever turning;
And that same day, that highest
glory brings,
Brings us unto the point of back
returning."

DANIEL.





"Good news or evil, sunshine or shadow—
What is the message the postman bore?"



"Sunlight and Shade; rich gold that dulls to grey;
So runs the tale of life from day to day."

Poems of Joy and Sorrow.

GOOD NEWS, OR BAD?

GOOD news or evil, sunshine or shadow—
What is the message the postman bore,
Meeting a lassie midway in the meadow,
Bringing a letter from distant shore?
"Wounded to death!"—so ran the letter—
"Wounded to death in the front of the fray!"
Dying right nobly surely is better
Than living to bask in life's sunniest ray!
"Wounded to death!—Aye, *almost* to dying,
But the great God gave back the life that seemed lost,
And even now while the maiden was sighing,
The far-stretching leagues of the ocean were crossed;
And just when the sky seemed most cloudy and dreary,
And all was as dark as a dull autumn day,
The soldier was back with his own little dearie,
And the sunshine burst forth with a glad summer ray.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADE.

SUNLIGHT and Shade; rich gold that dulls to grey;
The fairest summer morn, radiant with light,
Succeeded by the gloomiest Winter night—
So runs the tale of Life from day to day.
And no man knows when, ranked in close array,
The thick black clouds will hide the sun from sight,
And darken all that has been glad and bright,
And make Life for awhile a shadowed way.
'Mid Sun and Shadow, happiness and woe,
The years roll on, each bringing its due share
Of pure unruffled joy, and stormy care;
And yet, if men will only have it so,
The dark days will be short, and every one
Will have his long fair summer day of sun!

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

UNDER MY WINDOW.

UNDER my window, under my window,
All in the midsummer weather,
Three little girls, with fluttering curls,
Flit to and fro together!
There's Belle with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maude with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses,
And Maude and Belle twine wreaths and posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window
In the blue midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tip-toe,
I catch them all together!
Belle with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maude with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes;
While Maude she flouts and Belle she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

LITTLE BELL.

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he;
"What's your name? Oh, stop, and straight unfold,
Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold?"
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossing aside her gleaming golden locks;
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird;
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart freely o'er and o'er
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow,
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through the glade;
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear;
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear;
"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern;
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up away the frisky squirrel hies,
Golden woodlights glancing in his eyes,
And adown the tree
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap dropped one by one;
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see such fun!
"Happy Bell;" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade;
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me:"
Down came squirrel eager for his fare;
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share,
Ah, the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray;
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.
"What good child is this," the angel said,

"That with happy heart beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh, very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell," crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee!"

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

BABIE BELL'S COMING.

(From "The Ballad of Babie Bell.")

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even;
Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven:
She touched a bridge of flowers, those feet
So light, they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels;
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet;
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came, and brought delicious May:
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight in and out the leaves,
The robins went, the livelong day.
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing birds
And opening Spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
Came to this world of ours!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH CHILDREN.

(From "Little Annie's Ramble" in "Twice-Told Tales.")

SWEET has been the charm of childhood on my spirit, throughout my ramble with little Annie! Say not that it has been a waste of precious moments, an idle matter, a babble of childish talk, and a reverie of childish imaginations about topics unworthy of a grown man's notice. Has it been merely this? Not so; not so. They are not truly wise who would affirm it. As the pure breath of children revives the life of aged men, so is our moral nature revived by their free and simple thoughts, their native feeling, their airy mirth, for little cause or none, their grief, soon roused and soon allayed. Their influence on us is at least reciprocal with ours on them. When our infancy is almost forgotten, and our boyhood long departed, though it seems but as yesterday; when life settles darkly down upon us, and we doubt whether to call ourselves young any more, then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men, and even of gentler women, and spend an hour or two with children. After drinking from those fountains of still fresh existence, we shall return into the crowd, as I do now, to struggle onward and do our part in life, perhaps as fervently as ever, but, for a time, with a kinder and purer heart, and a spirit more lightly wise. All this by thy sweet magic, dear little Annie!

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



"Down the dimpled greensward dancing."

THE GAMBOLS OF CHILDREN.

DOWN the dimpled greensward dancing,
Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy;
Bud-lipped boys and girls advancing,
Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,
How they glimmer, how they quiver!
Sparkling one another after,
Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces,
Flushed with joy's ethereal spirit,
Make your mocks and sly grimaces
At Love's self and do not fear it.

GEORGE DARLEY.

MOTHER NATURE.

HOW like a tender mother, with loving thoughts beguiled,
Fond Nature seems to lull to rest each faint and weary child!
Drawing the curtain tenderly, affectionate and mild.

Hark to the gentle lullaby, that through the trees is creeping!
Those sleepy trees that nod their heads, ere the moon as yet comes peeping,
Like a tender nurse, to see if all her little ones are sleeping.

One little fluttering bird, like a child in a dream of pain,
Has chirped and started up, then nestled down again.
Oh, a child and a bird, as they sink to rest, are as like as any twain.

CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

THE MERRY HEART.

I WOULD not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store;
For I have ease and I have health,
And I have spirits light as air,
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,
A merry heart that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind,
I've struggled for Dame Fortune's favor;
And sometimes have been half inclined
To rate her for her ill behavior;
But life was short; I thought it folly
To lose its moments in despair,
So slipped aside from melancholy,
With merry heart that laughed at care.

So now, from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind;
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still, with pliant heart prepare
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feeling of the mind;
Give, sometimes give your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good-humor find;
Yes, let me hail, and welcome give
To every joy my lot may share,
And pleased and pleasing let me live,
With merry heart that laughs at care.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping,
In the shallow water's flow.
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,—
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses— "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod,
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind,
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in.
When he gazes in my face,
He will say— 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!'

"Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer— 'Rise and go!



"And her feet she had been dipping
In the shallow water's flow."

For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say:
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble—
Light to-morrow with to-day!

"Then he'll ride among the hills,
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet—
'Lo, my master sends this gage,

Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send
A white rose-bud for a guerdon,—
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer— 'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master,—
But, O Love, I love but thee!'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily;
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth, I know not! but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

"SOME MURMUR WHEN THEIR SKY IS CLEAR."

SOME murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.

And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied?

And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provisions made.

RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH.

SONNET.

LIFE, joy and splendor with the year awake,
The young Spring smiles on Winter passed away;
The air is balmy with the coming May,
A bridal music rings from bush and brake.
All things the glory of the time partake;
I would be bright and joyous even as they.
But tearful memory dims the golden day;
The light glares sickly, while this heart must ache
For eyes long closed, that fondly turned to mine,
And voices dear forever dumb to me;
Yet, as the warm wind murmurs in the pine,
Sorrow grows mild and sufferance less sore;
I hear soft whispers from the unseen shore,
With promise of eternal Spring to be.

ANONYMOUS.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea
The cloud may stoop from heaven & take the shape.
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape,
But, O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart & gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking on the days that are no more

Tennyson

THE HOUSE OF CLAY.

THERE was a house—a house of clay
Wherein the inmate sang all day,
Merry and poor.
For Hope sat likewise heart to heart,
Fond and kind—fond and kind,
Vowing he never would depart—
Till all at once he changed his mind—
"Sweetheart, good-by!" he slipped away,
And shut the door.

But Love came past, and looking in,
With smiles that pierced like sunshine thin,
Through wall, roof, floor,
Stood in the midst of that poor room,
Grand and fair—grand and fair,
Making a glory out of gloom,
Till at the window mocked old Care—
Love sighed—"all lose and nothing win!"
He shut the door.

Then o'er the barred house of clay,
Kind jasmine and clematis gay
Grew evermore;
And bees hummed merrily outside
Loud and strong—loud and strong,
The inner silentness to hide,
The steadfast silence all day long—
Till evening touched with finger gray
The close-shut door.

Most like the next that passes by,
Will be the angel whose calm eye
Marks rich, marks poor;
Who pausing not at any gate,
Stands and calls—stands and calls;
At which the inmate opens straight—
Whom, ere the crumbling clay house falls,
He takes in kind arms silently
And shuts the door.

ANONYMOUS.

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen,
Oh, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we, thou know'st, do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger, though, than thine)
Walked on before the rest;
Our landlord looks like nothing to him;
The king, God bless him! 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids o' the town;
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;



"But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing."

The parson for him stayed;
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun' ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
  It was too wide a peck;
And to say truth, for out it must,
It looked like the great collar, just,
  About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
  As if they feared the light;
And oh, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
  Is half so fine a sight!

Her cheeks so rare a white was on
No daisy makes comparison,
  Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
  The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
  Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
  Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
  That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
  And are not spent a whit.

Passion o' me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
  I trow, beside the bride;
The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
  Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick, the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
  His summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
  Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
  To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
  The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
  The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
  And who could help it, Dick?
O' the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance,
  Then dance again, and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wished her place,
  And every man wished his.

By this time all were stolen aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
  But that he must not know;
But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
  Above an hour or so.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

I.

RING out, O bells, ring silver-sweet o'er
  hill and moor and fell!
In mellow echoes let your chimes their hope-
  ful story tell.
Ring out, ring out, all jubilant, this joyous
  glad refrain:
"A bright new year, a glad new year, hath
  come to us again!"

II.

Ah, who can say how much of joy within it
  there may be
Stored up for us, who listen now to your sweet
  melody?
Good-bye, Old Year, tried, trusty friend, thy
  tale at last is told.
O New Year, write thou thine for us in lines
  of brightest gold.

III.

The flowers of Spring must bloom at last,
  when gone the Winter's snow;
God grant that after sorrow past, we all some
  joy may know.
Though tempest-tossed our bark a while on
  life's rough waves may be,
There comes a day of calm at last, when we
  the Haven see.

IV.

Then ring, ring on, O pealing bells! there's
  music in the sound.
Ring on, ring on, and still ring on, and wake
  the echoes round,
The while we wish, both for ourselves and all
  whom we hold dear,
That God may gracious be to us in this the
  bright new year!

ANONYMOUS.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

COME, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving!
Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy;
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought,
Through an idle fancy wrought;
Oh, let my joys have some abiding!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.



FRANCIS BEAUMONT.



JOHN FLETCHER.

A QUESTION.

JOY comes and goes, hope ebbs and flows
Like the wave;
Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of men.
Love lends life a little grace,
A few sad smiles, and then
Both are laid in one cold place,
In the grave.

Dreams dawn and fly, friends smile and die
Like spring flowers;
Our vaunted life is one long funeral.
Men dig graves with bitter tears
For their dead hopes; and all,
Mazed with doubts and sick with fears,
Count the hours.

We count the hours! These dreams of ours
False and hollow.
Do we go hence and find that they are not dead!
Joys we daily apprehend.
Faces that smiled and fled,
Hopes born here, and born to end.
Shall we follow?

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

—o—

Alone

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were — I have not seen
As others saw — I could not bring
My passions from a common spring —
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow — I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone —
And all I loved — I loved alone —
Then — in my childhood — in the dawn
Of a most stormy life — was drawn
From every depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still —
From the torrent, or the fountain —
From the red cliff of the mountain —
From the sun that round me rolled
In its autumn tint of gold —
From the lightning in the sky
As it passed me flying by —
From the thunder, and the storm —
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view —

E. A. Poe

Baltimore, March 17, 1829.

THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get the eyes so blue?
Out of the sky, as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it in waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?
I saw something better than any knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pretty ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things!
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought of me, and so I grew.

But, how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

AT THE KING'S GATE.

A BEGGAR sat at the king's gate
And sang of summer in the rain—
A song with sounds reverberate
Of wood and hill and plain,
That, rising, bore a tender weight
Of sweetness, strong and passionate;
A song with sigh of mountain pass,
Ripple and rustle of deep grass,
The whispering of wind-smote sheaves,
Low lapping of long lily leaves,
Red morns and purple-mooned eves.

The king was weary of his part,
The king was tired of his crown;
He looked across the rainy land,
Across the barren stretch of sand,
Out to the breadth of rainy sea.
He heard the wind beat loud and free,
The gilded casement, sullenly
Falling away with mist and rain.
"But, oh, it's a weary thing
To wear a crown and be a king
Oh, for one golden hour and sweet,
To serve the king with willing feet!"
But he would sleep and from his heart
The jeweled, silken girdle loose,
And give it room to turn and choose
An easier measure for its beat.

Into the gilded chamber crept
A breath of summer, blown with rain
And wild wet leaves against the pane.
The royal sleeper smiled and slept.
"I thought that all things sweet were dead!"
They heard him say who came to wed
The crown again to the king's head.

ANONYMOUS.

KEYS.

LONG ago in old Granada, when the Moors
were forced to flee,
Each man locked his home behind him, taking in his flight the key.

Hopefully they watched and waited for the time to come when they
Should return from their long exile to those homes so far away.

But the mansions in Granada they had left in all their prime
Vanished, as the years rolled onward, 'neath the crumbling touch of Time.

Like the Moors, we all have dwellings where we vainly long to be,
And through all life's changing phases ever fast we hold the key.

Our fair country lies behind us; we are exiles, too, in truth.
For no more shall we behold her. Our Granada's name is Youth.

We have our delusive day-dreams, and rejoice when, now and then,
Some old heartstring stirs within us, and we feel our youth again.

"We are young!" we cry triumphant, thrilled with old-time joy and glee.
Then the dream fades slowly, softly, leaving nothing but the key!

BESSIE CHANDLER.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN, with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?



"Maiden, with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies."

Standing, with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares;
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;
Age, the bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE CITY OF THE LIVING.

IN a long banished age, whose varied story
No record has to-day,
So long ago expired its grief and glory,
There flourished far away,

In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure,
A city far and wide,
Wherein the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure,
And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern marauders
That mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of this bright dwelling-place.

No fear of parting, and no dread of dying
Could ever enter there;
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying,
Made any face less fair.

Without the city's walls Death reigned as ever,
And graves rose side by side;
Within the people laughed at his endeavor,
And never any died.

O happiest of all earth's favored places!
Oh, bliss to dwell therein!
To live in the sweet light of loving faces
And fear no grave between.

To feel no death-damp growing cold and colder,
Disputing Life's warm truth;
To live on never lonelier nor older,
Radiant in deathless youth.

And hurrying from the world's remotest quarters
A tide of pilgrims flowed
Across broad plains and over mighty waters
To find that blest abode.

And there they lived in happiness and pleasure,
And grew in power and pride,
And did great deeds and laid up stores of treasure,
And never any died.

And many years rolled on and saw them striving
With unabated breath;
And other years still found and left them living,
And gave no hope of death.

Yet listen, hapless soul whom angels pity,
Craving a boon like this;
Mark how the dwellers of the wondrous city
Grew weary of their bliss.

One and another who had been concealing
The pain of life's long thrall,
Forsook their pleasant faces and came stealing
Outside the city's wall.

Craving with wish that brooked no more denying,
So long had it been crossed,
The blessed possibility of dying—
The treasure they had lost!

Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals
Swelled to a broader tide,
'Till none were left within the city's portals,
And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving,
The boon of endless breath?
Ah, for the weariness that comes of living
There is no cure but death!

Ours were, indeed, a case deserving pity
Were that sweet rest denied;
And few, methinks, would care to find the city
Where never any died!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

BEYOND THE GATE.

TWO dimpled hands the bars of iron grasped;
Two blue and wondering eyes the space looked through.
This massive gate a boundary had been set,
Nor was she ever known to be but true.

Strange were the sights she saw across the way—
A little child had died some days before—
And as she watched, amid the silence hushed,
Some carried flowers, some a casket bore.

The little watcher at the garden gate
Grew tearful, hers such thoughts and wonderings were,
Till said the nurse: "Come here, dear child. Weep not.
We all must go. 'Tis God has sent for her."

"If He should send for me"—thus spoke the child—
"I'll have to tell the angel, 'Do not wait.
Though God has sent for me, I cannot come;
I never go beyond the garden gate.'"

KATHARINE MCDOWELL RICE.

REST.

MY feet are wearied, and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed—
And I desire, what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow, and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The Autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed;
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh,
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er;
For, down the West
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

ABRAM J. RYAN.
(Father Ryan.)

THE WORLD GOES UP AND THE WORLD GOES DOWN.

THE world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife, can never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man may be cold.
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old,
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife, can rise in the morning gay.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SONG—"WHEN THE DIMPLED WATER SLIPPETH."

(From "Afternoon at a Parsonage.")

WHEN the dimpled water slippeth,
Full of laughter, on its way,
And her wing the wagtail dippeth,
Running by the brink at play;
When the poplar leaves a-tremble
Turn their edges to the light,
And the far-up clouds resemble
Veils of gauze most clear and white;
And the sunbeams fall and flutter
Woodland moss and branches brown,
And the glossy finches chatter
Up and down, up and down;
Though the heart be not attending,
Having music of her own,
On the grass, through meadows wending,
It is sweet to walk alone.

When the falling waters utter
Something mournful on their way,
And departing swallows flutter,
Taking leave of bank and brae;
When the chaffinch idly sitteth
With her mate upon the sheaves,
And the wistful robin flitteth
Over beds of yellow leaves;
When the clouds like ghosts that ponder
Evil fate, float by and frown,
And the listless wind doth wander
Up and down, up and down;
Though the heart be not attending,
Having sorrows of her own,
Through the fields and fallows wending,
It is sad to walk alone.

JEAN INGELOW.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

COME, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low,
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

———o———



"And the dream I spun was so lengthy,
It lasted till day was done."

A DREAM.

ALL yesterday I was spinning,
Sitting alone in the sun!
And the dream I spun was so lengthy,
It lasted till day was done.

I heeded not cloud or shadow
That flitted over the hill,
Or the humming bees or the swallows,
Or the trickling of the rill.

I took the threads of my spinning
All of blue summer air,
And a flickering ray of sunlight
Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew longer and longer.
The evening wind passed by,
And the purple splendor of sunset
Was flooding the western sky.

But I could not leave my spinning,
For so fair my dream had grown,
I heeded not, hour by hour,
How the silent day had flown.

At last the gray shadows fell round me,
And the night came dark and chill,
And I rose and ran down the valley,
And left it all on the hill.

I went up the hill this morning,
To the place where my spinning lay—
There was nothing but glistening dew-drops
Remained of my dream to-day.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go;
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the footpath damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain,
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late;
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead to life again,
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes,
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

THE WORLD'S INDIFFERENCE.

(From "The Virginians.")

THE world can pry out everything about us which it has a mind to know. But there is this consolation, which men will never accept in their own cases, that the world doesn't care. Consider the amount of scandal it has been forced to hear in its time, and how weary and *blasé* it must be of that kind of intelligence. You are taken to prison, and fancy yourself indelibly disgraced? You are bankrupt under odd circumstances? You drive a queer bargain with your friends, and are found out, and imagine the world will punish you? Pshaw! Your shame is only vanity. Go and talk to the world as if nothing had happened, and nothing *has* happened. Tumble down; brush the mud off your clothes; appear with a smiling countenance, and nobody cares. Do you suppose society is going to take out its pocket-handkerchief and be inconsolable when you die? Why should it care very much, then, whether your worship graces yourself or disgraces yourself? Whatever happens, it talks, meets, jokes, yawns, has its dinner pretty much as before.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



"Her book of the favorite poet unheeded at her side,
She saw the bright noon pale to twilight soon, she saw the gloaming glide."

WAITING.

SITTING under the birch trees, in the beautiful April day,
Watching the gleam through the branches stream, watching the sunlight's play;
Hearing the birds' gay carol, seeing each glancing wing,
Wishing them mute, lest the coming foot were unheard 'mid the sounds of Spring.

Sitting under the birch trees, where the thickening lilacs made
Of white, purple, and green, a graceful screen, her lonely head to shade;
Her book of the favorite poet unheeded at her side,
She saw the bright noon pale to twilight soon, she saw the gloaming glide,

Glide from its couch of violets, with its sad, strange, lovely eyes,
With its soft, cool touch that says so much, with its voice like our happy sighs;
With its sweet and soothing magic, for the tired heart and frame,
That had throbbed so strong, had tarried so long, for the footstep that never came.

Never! The evening darkened, the night fell soft o'er all,
Each bird in its nest had found its rest; the flowers heard sleep's low call;
She passed by the screen of lilacs, she passed to her silent home,
The sweet sad pain had been all in vain; the footstep had never come.

ANONYMOUS.

THE LADY'S DREAM.

THE lady lay in her bed,
Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken still;
For turning oft and oft
From side to side, she muttered and moaned,
And tossed her arms aloft.

At last she startled up,
And gazed on the vacant air,
With a look of awe, as if she saw
Some dreadful phantom there;
And then in the pillow she buried her face
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
Her terror was so extreme;
And the light that fell on the broidered quilt
Kept a tremulous gleam;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried:
"Oh me! that awful dream!

"That weary, weary walk,
In the churchyard's dismal ground;
And those horrible things, with shady wings,
That came and flitted round;
Death, death, and nothing but death,
In every sight and sound!

"And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom;
And the Voice that cried: 'For the pomp of pride,
We haste to an early tomb!

"'For the pomp and pleasure of pride,
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
Where yonder cypress waves;'
And then they pointed—I never saw
A ground so full of graves!

"And still the coffins came,
With their sorrowful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I had never dreamt
Of such a world of woe!

"Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life,
That grieve this earthly ball,
Disease and Hunger and Pain and Want;
But now I dreamt of them all.

"For the blind and crippled were there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor
Who begged—to bury the dead;
The naked, alas, that I might have clad,
The famished I might have fed!

"The sorrow I might have soothed,
And the unregarded tears;
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long forgotten years;
Aye, even the poor rejected Moor,
Who raised my childish fears!

"Each pleading look that long ago
I scanned with a heedless eye,
Each face was gazing as plainly there
As when I passed it by;
Woe, woe for me, if the past should be
Thus present when I die!

"No need of sulphureous lake,
No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind

Who wanted pity and dole,
In everlasting retrospect
Will wring my sinful soul!

"Alas! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm
And fill the burial sod,
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God.

"I drank the richest draughts,
And ate whatever is good;
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remembered the wretched ones
That starve for want of food.

"I dressed as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remembered the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold!

"The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it was never in my soul
To play so ill a part;
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart!"

She clasped her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme;
And yet, oh yet, that many a dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

THOMAS HOOD.



"They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea;
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me."

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a croun he had naething else beside;
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea,
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been away a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown awa;
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toiled night and day, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, oh, marry me!"

My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship, it was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me?

My father urgit sair; my mother didna speak,
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea;
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame to marry thee."

Oh sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and I bade him gang away;
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why was I born to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind to me.

LADY ANN LINDSAY.

ODE TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best;
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire, to send on earth,
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind;
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own, she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self pleasing Folly's idle brood,
With Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe,
By vain Prosperity received;
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in simple garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend;
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with thy vengeful band,
As by the impious thou art seen,
With thundering voice and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear!
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart;
The generous spark extinct revive;
Teach me to love and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

THOMAS GRAY.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain;
Take them, and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between,
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for thy presence again.
Come from the silence, so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours;
None but a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders, again as of old,
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then; and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.
("Florence Percy.")

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken:
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

AFFLICTION.

THE bread of bitterness is the food on which men grow to their fullest stature; the waters of bitterness are the debatable ford through which they reach the shores of wisdom; the ashes boldly grasped and eaten without faltering are the price that must be paid for the golden fruit of knowledge.

LOUISE DE LA RAME.
("Ouida.")

WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary thinking of your road!

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine that so long has glowed and burned
With passions into ashes turned
Now covers and conceals its fires.



"I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary thinking of your road."

O little hands, that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book or pen
Have toiled among my fellow men
Am weary thinking of your task!

O little souls as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SONG.

(From "The Princess.")

AS through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ENOCH'S RETURN.

(From "Enoch Arden.")

BUT Enoch yearned to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy!" So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down, gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By-and-by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd;
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it;
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunned, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

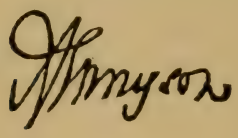
He, therefore, turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.
"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Savior, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness,
A little longer! Aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children, too! must I not speak with these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never. No father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature failed a little,
And he lay tranced.

ALFRED TENNYSON.





COMPLAINT.

(From "Kathrina.")

RIVER, sparkling river, I have fault to find with thee;
River, thou dost never give a word of peace to me;
Dimpling to each touch of sunshine, wimpling to each air that blows,
Thou dost make no sweet replying to my sighing for repose.

Flowers of mount and meadow, I have fault to find with you;
So the breezes cross and toss you, so your cups are filled with dew,
Matters not though sighs give motion to the ocean of your breath;
Matters not though you are filling with the chilling drops of death.

Birds of song and beauty, lo, I charge you all with blame!
Though all hapless passions thrill and fill me, you are still the same;
I can borrow for my sorrow nothing that avails
From your lonely note, that only speaks of joy that never fails.

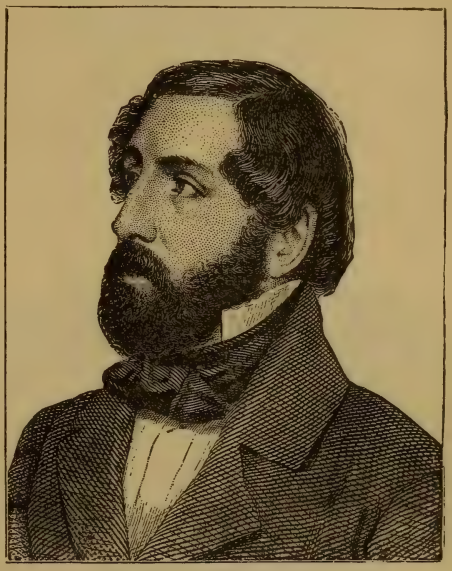
Oh, indifference of Nature to the fact of human pain!
Every grief that seeks relief entreats it at her hand in vain;
Not a bird speaks forth its passion, not a river seeks the sea,
Nor a flower from wreaths of summer breathes in sympathy with me.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

TO THE "EVE" OF POWERS.

AH, thine is not the woe of love forlorn
That Niobe's maternal anguish wears,
Nor yet the grief of sin, remorseful born,
Canova's Magdalen so gently bears;
But the sad consciousness that through a wrong
Conceived in self, and for a selfish end,
Immeasurable pain will now belong
To unborn millions, with their life to blend;
A heritage whereby sweet nature's face,
So radiant with hope, and love's dear spell,
And all on earth that breathes of joy or grace,
Shall know the tear, the shadow, and the knell;
O Mother of our race! Art does but image Fate
In thee, so fair, and fond, and yet disconsolate.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.



HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine,
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on my ear,
Where mirth and music wont to charm.

By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of youth's first prime
That once so bright on fancy played

Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear:
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true,
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave
To roam in climes unkind and new;
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave,
Dark and untimely met my view;
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipped with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

JOHN LEYDEN.



"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!"

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me now, I must not see her.
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!
From my heart I give thee joy:
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye:
Outward sunshine, inward joy.
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools:
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Wherethe ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy.
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night:
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;



"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan."

Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too,
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent;
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While, for music, came the play

Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man!
Live and laugh as boyhood can;
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison-cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



"Sleep on, baby on the floor,
Tired of all thy playing."

SLEEPING AND WATCHING.

SLEEP on, baby on the floor,
Tired of all thy playing,
With a smile the sweeter for
That you dropped away in!
On your curls' fair roundness stand
Golden lights serenely;
One cheek, pushed out by the hand,
Folds the dimple inly;
Little head and little foot
Heavy laid for pleasure,
Underneath the lids half shut
Slants the shining azure;
Open soul in noonday sun,
So you lie and slumber!
Nothing evil having done,
Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,
Shall I sigh to view you?
Or sigh further to foretell
All that may undo you?
Nay, keep smiling, little child,
Ere the sorrow neareth.
I will smile, too! Patience mild
Pleasure's token weareth.
Nay, keep sleeping before loss;
I shall sleep through losing:
As by cradle, so by cross,
Sure is the reposing:

And God knows who sees us twain,
Child at childish leisure,
I am near as tired of pain
As you seem of pleasure;
Very soon, too, by his grace
Gently wrapped around me,
Shall I show as calm a face,
Shall I sleep as soundly:
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings sleeping,
While my hand shall drop the few
Given to my keeping;
Differing in this, that I
Sleeping shall be colder,
And in waking presently,
Brighter to beholder:
Differing in this, beside,
(Sleeper, have you heard me?
Do you move, and open wide
Eyes of wonder toward me?)
That while you I thus recall
From your sleep, I solely,
Me from mine an angel shall,
With reveille holy!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

IS there no secret place on the face of the earth,
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness shall heave,
And the poor and the wretched shall "ask and receive?"
Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for a moneyless man!

Go, look in your hall, where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long lighted vistas, the wildering view—
Go there in your patches, and find if you can,
A welcoming smile for the moneyless man!

Go, look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the great,
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate—
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew to a moneyless man.

Go, look on yon judge in the dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down,
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right where he justifies wrong;
Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid,
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go, there in the court-room, and find if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man!

Go, look in the banks where mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where safe from the hand of the starving and poor,
Lays pile upon pile of the glittering ore;
Walk up to the counter—and there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old and your hair turns gray,
And you'll find at the banks no one of the clan
With money to loan to a moneyless man!

Then go to your hovel; no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down on the pallet and kiss the death frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless while it smites you, the chastening rod;
And you'll find at the end of your little life's span,
There's a welcome above for a moneyless man!

HENRY T. STANTON.



"I've said my 'seven times' over and over—
Seven times one are seven."

SONGS OF SEVEN.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.—EXULTATION.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven.
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old—so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done.
The lambs play always—they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing

And shining so round and low.
You were bright—ah, bright—but your light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow—
You've powdered your legs with gold.
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O Cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it—
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,
I am seven times one to-day.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.—ROMANCE.

YOU bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol, by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover:
You leave the story to me.

The fox-glove shoots out of the green matted heather,
Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
O, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the fox-glove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.

SEVEN TIMES THREE.—LOVE.

I LEANED out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;



"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night."

"You glow-worms, shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—
Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night."

By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover;
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

SEVEN TIMES FOUR.—MATERNITY.

HEIGH-HO! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain;
Sing, "Heart thou art wide, though the house be but narrow,"
Sing once and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
May-be he thinks on you now!

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,



"O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
May-be he thinks on you now!"

Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall—
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,
God that is over us all!

SEVEN TIMES FIVE.—WIDOWHOOD.

I SLEEP and rest, my heart makes moan,
Before I am well awake;
"Let me bleed! Oh, let me alone,
Since I must not break!"

For children wake, though fathers sleep,
With a stone at foot and at head;
O sleepless God! forever keep,
Keep both living and dead!

I lift mine eyes, and what to see,
But a world happy and fair;
I have not wished it to mourn with me,
Comfort is not there.

O what anear but golden brooms!
And a waste of reedy rills;
O what afar but the fine glooms
On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlore—
How bitter it is to part!
O to meet thee, my love, once more!
O my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see!
O that an echo might awake
And waft one note of thy psalm to me,
Ere my heart-strings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,
And with angel voices blent;
O once to feel thy spirit anear,
I could be content!

O once between the gates of gold,
While an angel entering trod;
But once—thee sitting to behold
On the hills of God.



Jean Ingelow

SEVEN TIMES SIX.—GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

TO bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
To see my bright ones disappear,
Drawn up like morning dews;—
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
This have I done when God drew near
Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
And with thy lord depart
In tears that he, as soon as shed,
Will let no longer smart.—
To hear, to heed, to wed,
This whilst thou didst I smiled,
For now it was not God who said,
"Mother, give ME thy child."

O fond, O fool, and blind,
To God I gave with tears;
But, when a man like grace should find,
My soul put by her fears.
O fond, O fool, and blind,
God guards in happier spheres;
That man will guard where he did bind
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
Thy face no more she views;
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in naught accuse;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love—and then to lose.

SEVEN TIMES SEVEN.—LONGINGS FOR HOME.

A SONG OF A BOAT.

THERE was once a boat on a billow:
'Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtsying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing mote
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short:—
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me—Ah, me!

A SONG OF A NEST.

THERE was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm and full to the brim;
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim;
With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:—
You shall never light in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own—
Ah, happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them: but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly.
Oh, one after one they flew away,
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day;
And—I wish I was going, too.

I pray you what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be:
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—Ah, me!

JEAN INGELOW.

THE RETURN OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

HE had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—stranger faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment wtth his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, "General Washington."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquility. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the school-master, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted." Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?"



RIP'S RETURN TO HIS HOME.

Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them." Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?" There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?" "Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three; "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I am not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he,

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah! poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one more question to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"



RIP'S RECEPTION BY THE VILLAGERS.

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A SONG OF LONG AGO.

A SONG of long ago,
Sing it lightly—sing it low—
Sing it softly—like the lisping of the lips we used to know
When our baby—laughter spilled
From the hearts forever filled
With a music sweet as robin ever trilled.

Let the fragrant summer breeze,
And the leaves of locust trees,
And the apple buds and blossoms, and the wings of honey bees,
All palpitate with glee,
Till the happy harmony
Brings back each childish joy to you and me.

Let the eyes of fancy turn
Where the tumbled pippins burn
Like embers in the orchard's lap of tousled grass and fern;
And let the wayward wind,
Still singing, plod behind
The cider press—the good old-fashioned kind!

Blend in the song the moan
Of the dove that grieves alone,
And the wild whirr of the locust, and the bumble's drowsy drone;
And the low of cows that call
Through the pasture bars when all
The landscape faints away at evenfall.

Then, far away and clear,
Through the dusty atmosphere,
Let the wailing of the Kildee be the only sound you hear.
Oh, sweet and sad and low
As the memory may know
Is the glad, pathetic song of Long Ago!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

DOWN ON THE SUWANNEE RIVER.

WAY down upon the Suwannee river,
Far, far away.
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation
And for the old folks at home.

CHORUS—All the world is sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam;
O, darkies, how my heart grows weary
Far from the old folks at home.

All 'round the little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Then many happy days I squandered,
Many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother
Happy was I,
O, take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

CHORUS—All the world, etc.

One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see the bees a humming
All 'round the comb,
When will I hear the banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home.

CHORUS—All the world is sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam,
O, darkies, how my heart grows weary
Far from the old folks at home.

ANONYMOUS.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

OH! the snow, the beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and the earth below,
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet:
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along,
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in the maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye,
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around:
The town's alive, and its heart is aglow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song;
How the gay sledges, like meteors, dash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye.
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowds rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snowflakes, from heaven to hell!
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street,
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for morsels of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once as the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sisters, all,
God, and myself, I've lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that's pure like the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go?
How strange it would be when the night comes again,
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To lie, and so die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

ANONYMOUS.

"OH, THAT THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT."

(From "Hamlet," Act I., Scene 2.)

HAM. Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or, that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer!—Married with my uncle.
My father's brother, but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules; within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

SONG.

(From 'As You Like It,'' Act II., Scene 7.)

I.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

"ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR."

MISSOLONGHI, Jan. 22d, 1824.

'TIS time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
Nor torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honorable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

LINES WRITTEN BY ONE IN THE TOWER, BEING YOUNG AND CONDEMNED TO DIE.

[The following poem is made up entirely of monosyllables: a fact which we do not remember ever seeing noted elsewhere.]

MY prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my good is but vain hope of gain;
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

The Spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung:
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is gone, and yet I am but young;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it was not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

I sought my death, and found it in my womb;
I looked for life, and saw it was a shade;
I trod the earth, and knew it was my tomb,
And now I die, and now I am but made;
The glass is full, and now my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

CHIDIOCK TYCHBORN.

JULIET TAKING THE OPIATE.

(From "Romeo and Juliet," Act IV., Scene 3.)

JUL. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it;—lie thou there.—
[*Laying down a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,



"The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place."

I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grandame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'Tis the puir dolted loonie—the mitherless bairn.

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
But morning brings clutches, a' reckless and stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn.

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where her mammy is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn.

Oh! speak na him harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, an' blesses your smile;
In their dark hours o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

WILLIAM THORN.

DESOLATION OF BALCLUTHA.

(From "Fingal.")

I HAVE seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows; the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us; for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day: yet a few years and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day! The mark of my arm shall be in battle; my name in the song of bards. Raise the song, send round the shell; let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy brightness is but for a season, like Fingal, our fame shall survive thy beams. Such was the song of Fingal in the day of his joy.

JAMES MACPHERSON.



"A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread."

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof:
And work, work, work,
Till the stars shine through the roof:
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,

But human creatures' lives!
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

But why do I talk of Death?
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work, work, work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags;
That shattered roof, and this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

Work, work, work!
From weary chime to chime;
Work, work, work,
As prisoners work for crime:
Band and gusset and seam,
Seam and gusset and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

Work, work, work,
In the dull December light,
And work, work, work,
When the weather is warm and bright,
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet.
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh, but for one short hour,
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for grief;
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.

Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty hunger & dirt
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the Song of the Shirt.

1st June 1844

Thos. Hood

LIFE.

FAREWELL Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light
Like the advent of the night;
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome Life! the Spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn;
O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

THOMAS HOOD.

PARTING.

PASS on! and leave me standing here alone.
My soul predicts the future holds for thee
Wealth and the fame of men; it hath for me
Life's humbler duties. Dear, thy every tone
Hath made my pathway brighter. No weak moan
Shall pass my lips because my eyes may see
Thine nevermore on earth; altho' the tree
Hang leafless o'er my head that once weighed down
With its abundant harvest. Many a ray
From out the golden past shines on the rain;
But for the storm and tears of life, the day
Had never its fair rainbow. Blessed pain
That makes us trust our Father, till the way
Lead heavenward, friend, and we clasp hands again.

ANONYMOUS.

BARBARA'S SONG.

(From "Othello," Act IV., Scene 1.)

MY mother had a maid call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.

[Singing.

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her soft tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow:

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

———o———

SECRET SORROWS.

(From "Felix Holt.")

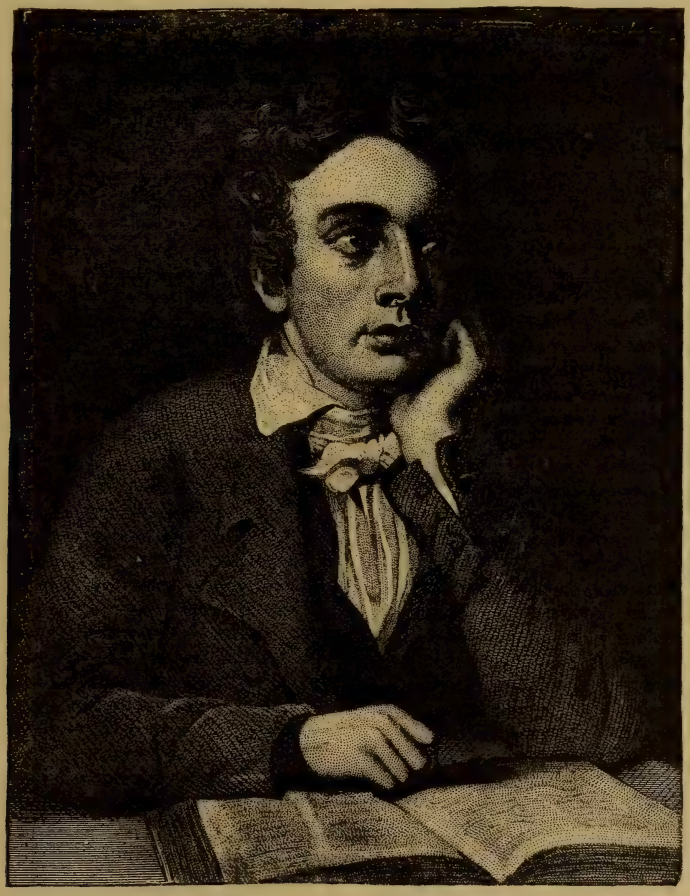
THERE is seldom any wrong-doing which does not carry along with it some downfall of blindly climbing hopes, some hard entail of suffering, some quickly satiated desire that survives, with the life-in-death of old paralytic vice, to see itself cursed by its woeful progeny; some tragic mark of kinship in the one brief life to the far-stretching life that went before, and to the life that is to come after, such as has raised the pity and terror of men ever since they began to discern between will and destiny. But these things are often unknown to the world; for there is much pain that is quite noiseless; and vibrations that make human agonies are often a mere whisper in the roar of hurrying existence. There are glances of hatred that stab and raise no cry of murder; robberies that leave man or woman forever beggared of peace and joy, yet kept secret by the sufferer; committed to no sound except that of low moans in the night, seen in no writing except that made on the face by the slow months of suppressed anguish and early morning tears. Many an inherited sorrow that has marred a life has been breathed into no human ear.

MARIAN EVANS CROSS.
("George Eliot.")

SATURN AND THEA.

(From "Hyperion.")

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips,
Along the margin sand large footmarks went
No further than to where his feet had strayed,



John Keats

And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.
It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face!
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self!
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was, with its stored thunder, laboring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone;
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents—oh! how frail
To that large utterance of the early gods!—
"Saturn, look up! though wherefore, poor old king?
I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a god;
And ocean, too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre passed, and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house,
And thy sharp lightning in unpracticed hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time! O moments big as years!
All, as ye pass, swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on! Oh, thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope my melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep."
As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branched-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
So came these words and went.

JOHN KEATS.

IO VICTIS.

I SING the hymn of the conquered who fell in the battle of life,—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hope burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death sweeping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown,
While the voice of the world shouts the chorus,—its pæan for those who have won:
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat,

In the shadow, with those who are fallen,
and wounded and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their
pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless and whisper,
"They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be to die."
Speak, History! who are Life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors—who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes, that was the reason—as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea—
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger far than the love
Of those that were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we.
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:



"—a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee."

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
In the sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane.
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;

I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
Florence Vane!

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst mark my story,
At even told,
That spot, the hues elysian
Of sky and plain,
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane!

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime,
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme,
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lies the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane,
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

"HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD."

(From "The Princess.")

HOME they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep, or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stepped,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee;
Like summer tempest came her tears:
"Sweet my child, I live for thee!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? A mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that a mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray,
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped;
My idol was shattered, my earth star fled;
I learned how much the heart can bear.
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows like lava-tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove—
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye—
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LONGING FOR DEATH.

(From "The Emperor of the East.")

WHY art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,
To stop a wretch's breath?
That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart,
A prey unto thy dart?
I am nor young nor fair; be therefore bold;
Sorrow hath made me old,
Deformed, and wrinkled; all that I can crave,
Is quiet in my grave.
Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel;
But to me thou art cruel,
If thou end not my tedious misery,
And I soon cease to be.
Strike, and strike home, then; pity unto me,
In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

(It is said that the author of this popular poem wished to remain unknown. It was first published in the "Southern Churchman," her name being attached without her knowledge. While it may be a matter of wonder that she has never written anything else, it may be conjectured that her wishes have not been disregarded in respect to other poems.)

INTO a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day.
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould:
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now:
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were Somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand had rested there:
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best; he was Somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer;
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to the heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head:
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

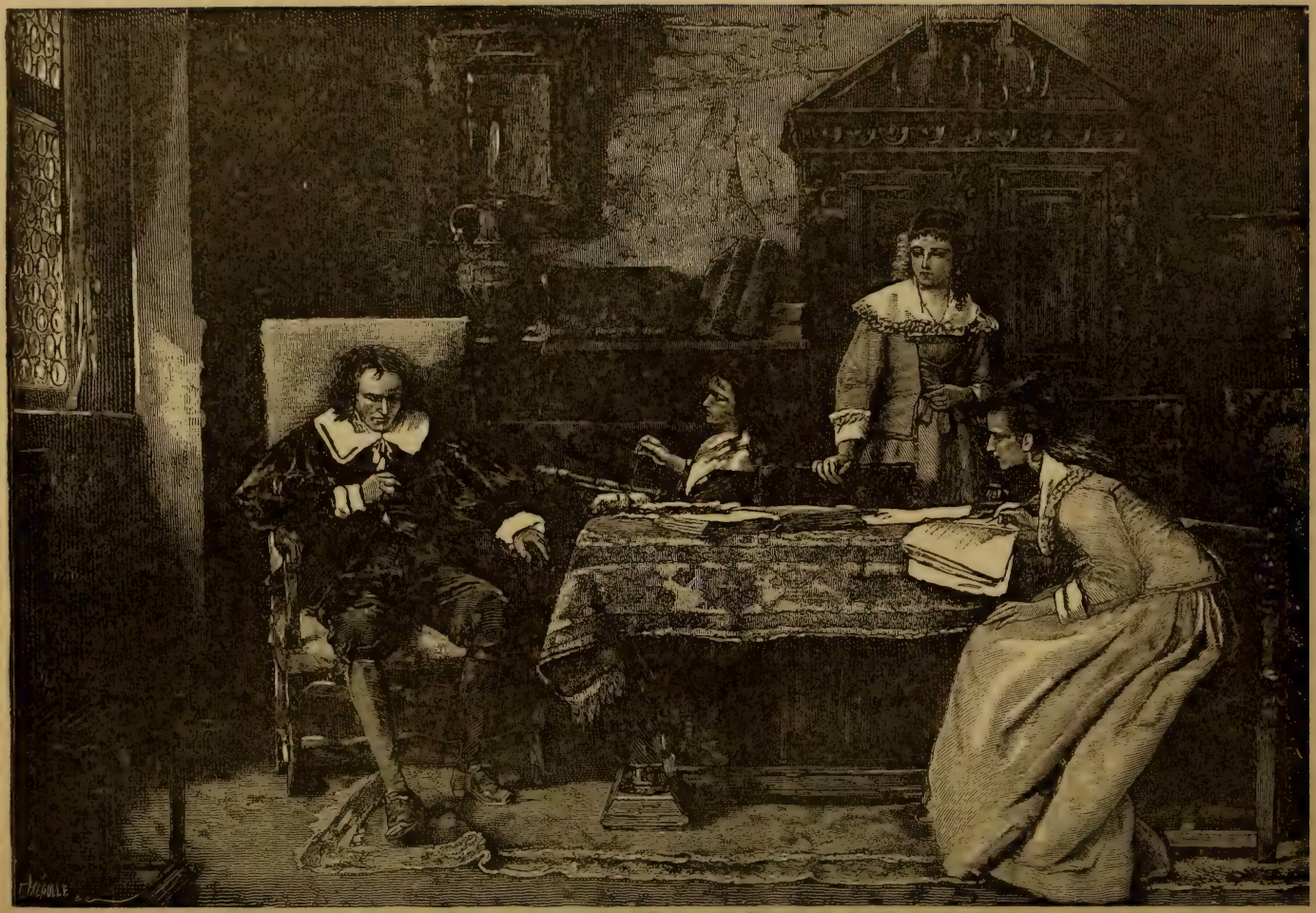
MARIE R. LACOSTE.

VANISHED BLESSINGS.

THE voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key,
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the days
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall nevermore be heard or seen;
But what I once enjoyed in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus;
So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment ravished be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise,
If present mercies we despise,
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

GEORGE WITHER.



THE BLIND MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

THE BLIND OLD MILTON.

(Sometimes attributed to Milton.)

I AM old and blind!
Men men point at me as smited
by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted of my kind—
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong—
I murmur not that I no longer see—
Poor, old and helpless, I more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee!

O merciful one!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by—my weakness shun—
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me—and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose closely shown—
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng—
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow—
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is op'ning on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirits—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no will of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL.

MIGRATION.

THE caged bird that all the autumn day
In quiet dwells, when falls the autumn eve
Seeks how its liberty it may achieve,
Beats at the wires, and its poor wings doth fray;
For now desire of migrant change holds sway;
This summer-vacant land it longs to leave
While its free peers on tireless pinions cleave
The haunted twilight, holding south their way.
Not otherwise than as the prisoned bird
We here dwell careless of our captive state
Until light dwindles, and the year grows late,
And answering note to note no more is heard;
Then, our loved fellows gone, the soul is stirred
To follow them where summer has no date.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

DIRGE.

(The first eight lines of this Dirge were inscribed upon the tomb of the poet herself.)

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow home beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
May no more fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But oh, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.



"She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth."

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

(1571.)

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull; if ye never pulled before,
Good ringers pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe "The Brides of Enderby!"

Men say it was a stolen tide;
The Lord that sent it he knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall;
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death,
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, Floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I begin to think how long,
Again I heare the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrow, sharp and strong,
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells, sayth shee,
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadow mote be seene,
Save where, full fyve good miles away,
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in alle the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I hearde afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er that grassy sea
Came down that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde: "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!
For evil news from Mablethorpe
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again:
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall," he cried, "is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother," straight he saith,
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afarre I heard her milking song."
He looked across that grassy lea,

To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby."

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed,
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout;
Then beaten foam flew round about;
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high,
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side;
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed,
And yet he moaned beneath his breath:
"O come in life, or come in death,
O lost! my love, Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Down drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and me;
But each will mourn his own, she saith,
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling:
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

JEAN INGELOW.

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.



" 'The olde sea wall,' he cried, 'is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace.' "

LINES.

WHEN last the maple-bud was swelling,
When last the crocus bloomed below,
Thy heart to mine its love was telling,
Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow;
Again the maple-bud is swelling,
Again the crocus blooms below;
In heaven thy heart its love is telling,
But still our souls keep ebb and flow.
When last the April bloom was flinging
Sweet odors on the air of spring,
In forest aisles thy voice was ringing,
Where thou didst with the red-bird sing;
Again the April bloom is flinging
Sweet odors on the air of spring,
But now in heaven thy voice is ringing,
Where thou dost with the angels sing.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

———o———

THE VOICE OF THE WAVES.

(From "Dombey & Son.")

AWAKING suddenly, he listened, started up, and sat listening. Florence asked him what he thought he heard.

"I want to know what it says," he answered, looking steadily in her face. "The sea, Floy, what is it that it keeps on saying?" She told him that it was only the noise of the rolling waves.

"Yes, yes," he said. "But I know that they are always saying something. Always the same thing. What place is over there?" He rose up looking eagerly at the horizon.

She told him that there was another country opposite, but he said he didn't mean that; he meant farther away—farther away!

Very often afterwards, in the midst of their talk, he would break off, to try to understand what it was that the waves were always saying; and would rise up in his couch to look towards that invisible region, far away.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!—

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do, at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school, is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

Oh thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE DISAPPOINTED.

THERE are songs enough for the hero,
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed,
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal;

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown;
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given and in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way,
I sing with a heart o'erflowing
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.

For the Plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE APPLES ARE RIPE IN THE ORCHARD.

THE apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.
At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits, pale, in his easy chair,
While the gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him,
A fair young form is pressed,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast;
And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come
Of the flying blast of the trumpet,
And the rattling roll of the drum.

Then the grandsire speaks in a whisper:
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to thee!"
The violets star the meadows,
The rosebuds fringe the door,
While over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still;
There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill;
And a pallid tearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone,
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

WILLIAM WINTER.

———o———

MISSHAPEN LIVES.

(From "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story.")

IT is with men as with trees; if you lop off their finest branches, into which they were pouring their young life-juice, the wounds will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excresence; and what might have been a grand tree expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow, which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty; and the trivial erring life which we visit with our harsh blame, may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered.

MARIAN EVANS CROSS.
("George Eliot.")

O Mary go and call the cattle home.
And call the cattle home;
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee:
The western wind was wild and dank with foam
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see
The blinding mist came down, and hid the land:
And never home came she.

Kingsley



"The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she."

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The blinding mist came down and hid the land;
And never home came she.



To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee."

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BEYOND THE VEIL.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is dressed,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark.

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee,
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass!

HENRY VAUGHAN.

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

UNDERNEATH the sod low-lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her,
Eyes that weep;
Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above!
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love!

JAMES T. FIELDS.

SONG.

IF I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be.
It never through my mind had passed
That time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
  And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook
  That I must look in vain.
But when I speak thou dost not say
  What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
  Sweet Mary, thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay e'en as thou art,
  All cold, and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
  And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
  Thou seemest still mine own;
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,
  And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
  Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
  In thinking still of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
  Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
  And never can restore.

CHARLES WOLFE.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
  That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
  My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
  Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
  To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
  Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace;
  Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
  O'erhung with wildwoods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
  Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
  The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
  Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
  As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

A FAREWELL.

COME not to my grave with your mournings,
  With your lamentations and tears,
With your sad forebodings and fears;
  When my lips are dumb,
    Do not come!

Bring no long train of carriages,
  No hearse crowned with waving plumes,
Which the gaunt glory of Death illumes;
  But with hands on my breast
    Let me rest.

If, in my fair youth time, attended
  By hope and delight every day,
I could spurn the sweet baseness of clay,
  Can you honor me, try
    Till you die?

Insult not my dust with your pity,
  Ye who're left on this desolate shore,
Still to suffer and lose and deplore—
  'Tis I should, as I do,
    Pity you.

For me no more are the hardships,
  The bitterness, heartaches and strife,
The sadness and sorrow of life,
  But the glory divine—
    This is mine!

Poor creatures! Afraid of the darkness,
  Who groan at the anguish to come,
How silent I go to my home!
  Cease your sorrowful bell;
    I am well.

MARC EUGENE COOK.



"Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town."

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SONNET.

WHAT doth it serve to see sun's burning face,
And skies enameled with both Indies' gold?
Or moon at night in jetty chariot rolled,
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold,
The mountain's pride, the meadow's flowery grace,
The stately comeliness of forest old,
The sport of floods, which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the sylvan's songs,
The wanton merle, the nightingale's sad strains
Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
Sith she, for whom these once to me were dear,
No part of them can have now with me here?

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

(Baltimore is a small seaport in South Munster, Ireland. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were "not too old, or too young, or too fierce," for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by a fisherman, whom they had taken at sea.)

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carberry's hundred isles;
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles;
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean-tide is heard;
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray;
And full of love, and peace, and rest, its daily labor o'er,
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there,
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air;
The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious of the calm;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, those two long barques round Dunashad that glide,
Must trust their oars, methinks not few, against the ebbing tide;
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore,
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore.

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends with gently gliding feet;
A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! "The roof is in a flame!"
From out their beds and to their doors rush maid and sire and dame,

And meet upon the threshold's stone the gleaming saber's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl;
The yell of "Allah!" breaks above the prayer and shriek and roar;
Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword;
Then sprang the mother on the brand with which her son was gored;
Then sank the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes clutching wild;
Then fled the maiden, moaning faint, and nestled with the child.
But see! yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed, with splashing heel,
While o'er him, in an Irish hand, there sweeps his Syrian steel;
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
There's one heart well avenged in the sack of Baltimore!

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds begin to sing;
They see not now the milking-maids, deserted is the spring;
Midsummer day, this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town,
Those hookers crossed from stormy Skull, the skiff from Affadown;
They only found the smoking walls with neighbors' blood bespent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went;
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clear, and saw five leagues before
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed,
This boy will bear a sheik's chibouk, and that a bey's jerreed.
Oh! some are for the arsenals by beauteous Dardanelles,
And some are in the caravans to Mecca's sandy dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey;
She's safe! she's dead! she's stabbed him in the midst of his serai!

And when to die the death of fire that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child: She thought of Baltimore!

'Tis two long years since sank the town beneath that bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvion, he who steered the Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there.
Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who had brought the Norman o'er,
Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

THOMAS DAVIS.

THE DEAD MARINER.

SLEEP on—sleep on—above thy corse
The winds their Sabbath keep—
The wave is round thee, and thy breast
Heaves with the heaving deep;
O'er thee mild eve her beauty flings,
And there the white gull lifts her wings,
And the blue halcyon loves to lave
Her plumage in the holy wave.

Sleep on—no willow o'er thee bends
With melancholy air;
No violet springs, nor dewy rose
Its soul of love lays bare;
But there the sea-flower, bright and young,
Is sweetly o'er thy slumbers flung,
And like a weeping mourner fair,
The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

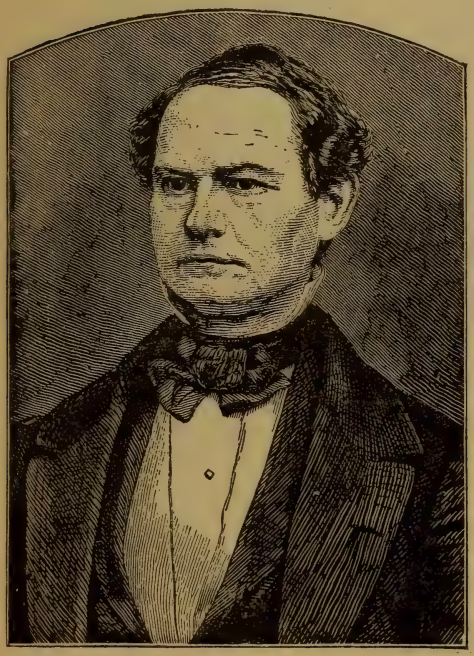
Sleep on—sleep on—the glittering depths
Of ocean's coral caves
Are thy bright urn, thy requiem,
The music of its waves;
The purple gems forever burn
In fadeless beauty round thy urn,
And pure and deep as infant love,
The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on—sleep on—the fearful wrath
Of mingling cloud and deep

May leave its wild and stormy track
Above thy place of sleep;
But when the wave has sunk to rest,
As now, 't will murmur o'er thy breast,
And the bright victims of the sea
Perchance will make their home with thee.

Sleep on—thy corse is far away,
But love bewails thee yet:
For thee the heart-wrung sigh is breathed,
And lovely eyes are wet;
And she, thy young and beauteous bride,
Her thoughts are hovering by thy side,
As oft she turns to view with tears
The Eden of departed years.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.



GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then, a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing! a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost; only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping,
While stars, up above, with their glittering eyes
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in that low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack, his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep;
For their mother, may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love, yet unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips, when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree;
The footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Oh, Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.
All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!

MRS. ETHEL LYNN BEERS.



"Not there! where, then, is he?
The form I used to see."

MY CHILD.

(From "The Departed Child.")

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes; he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that he is not there.

I thread the crowded street;
A satcheled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that he is not there.

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that he is not there.

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that he is not there.

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that he is not there.

When, at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though he is not there.

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there.

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor till the last
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT.

SELECTIONS FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

I SOMETIMES feel it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal,
And half conceal the soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline, and no more.

* * * * *

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide,
No inner vileness than we dread?

Should he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame;
And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue;
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death;
The dead shall look me through and through.

Be near us when we climb or fall;
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger, other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

* * * * *

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire;
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last, far off, at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

* * * * *

What hope is here for modern rhyme
To him who turns a musing eye
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
Foreshortened in the tract of time?

These mortal lullabies of pain
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks,
Or when a thousand moons shall wane,

A man upon a stall may find,
And, passing, turn the page that tells
A grief, then changed to something else,
Sung by a long forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darkened ways
Shall ring with music all the same;
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.

* * * * *

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it when I sorrowed most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

* * * * *

Whatever way my days decline,
I feel and felt, though left alone,
His being working in my own,
The footsteps of his life in mine.

* * * * *

And so my passion hath not swerved
To works of weakness, but I find
An image comforting the mind,
And in my grief a strength reserved.

* * * * *

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, Doubt is devil-born.

I know not; one indeed I knew,
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true.

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength;
He would not make his judgment blind;
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them; thus he came, at length,

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Although the trumpet blew so loud.

* * * * *

Unwatched, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sunflower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon, or when the Lesser Wain
Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and crake;
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the laborer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

* * * * *

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty night;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

* * * * *

The churl in spirit, up or down
Along the scale of ranks, through all,
To him who grasps a golden ball,
By blood a king, at heart a clown;

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons through the gilded pale.

For who can always act? But he,
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seemed to be,

Best seemed the thing he was; and joined
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind.

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye
Where God and nature met in light.

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



"Softly woo away her breath."

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring Life:
She hath seen her happy day;
She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies, sweet Love!
Good she was, and fair in youth,
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth;
Take her, then, forevermore,
Forever, evermore!

BRYAN W. PROCTER.

PARTING AND DEATH.

(From "Michael Angelo.")

PARTING with friends is temporary death,
As all death is. We see no more their faces,
Nor hear their voices, save in memory;
But messages of love give us assurance
That we are not forgotten. Who shall say
That from the world of spirits, comes no greeting,
No message of remembrance? It may be
The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,
Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers
Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us
As friends, who wait outside a prison wall,
Through the barred windows speak to those within.

As quiet as the lake that lies beneath me,
As quiet as the tranquil sky above me,
As quiet as a heart that beats no more,
This convent seems. Above, below, all peace:
Silence and solitude, the soul's best friends,
Are with me here, and the tumultuous world
Makes no more noise than the remotest planet.
O gentle spirit, unto the third circle
Of heaven among the blessed souls ascended,
Who living in the faith and dying for it,
Have gone to their reward, I do not sigh
For thee as being dead, but for myself
That I am still alive. Turn those dear eyes,
Once so benignant to me, upon mine,
That open to their tears such uncontrolled
And such continual issue. Still awhile
Have patience; I will come to thee at last.
A few more goings in and out these doors,
A few more chimings of these convent bells,
A few more prayers, a few more sighs and tears,
And the long agony of this life will end,
And I shall be with thee. If I am wanting
To thy well-being, as thou art to mine,
Have patience; I will come to thee at last.
Ye minds that loiter in these cloister gardens,
Or wander far above the city walls,
Bear unto him this message, that I ever
Or speak or think of him, or weep for him.

By unseen hands uplifted in the night
Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud
Floats, with its white apparel blown abroad,
And wafted up to heaven. It fades away,
And melts into the air. Ah, would that I
Could thus be wafted unto thee, Francesco,
A cloud of white, an incorporeal spirit!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE PHANTOM.

AGAIN I sit within the mansion,
In the old familiar seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-brier's arms have wrestled upwards
In the summers that are past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room;
To fill the house, that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces
Within the doorway come;
Voices, that wake the sweeter music
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones that are as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still, her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

And, all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment,
To dress her dark-brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments,
Her light step on the stair:

O fluttering heart! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long; but lo! a whisper
Beyond the open door,
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,
The vine, whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
As many a time before;
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

SONNET.

SWEET Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers;
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their showers.
Thou turn'st, sweet youth; but ah! my pleasant hours
And happy days with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turns my sweets to sours.



"Sweet Spring, thou turns't with all thy goodly train."

Thou art the same which still thou wast before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she, whose breath embalmed thy wholesome air,
Is gone; nor gold nor gems her can restore.
Neglected Virtue! seasons go and come,
When thine, forgot, lie closed in a tomb.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

DEATH OF GABRIEL.

(From "Evangeline.")

THEN it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads like a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm the oppressor,
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket,
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly, the words of the Lord: "The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and day, came the sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates their spirits ere long would enter.
Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden,
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their splendor and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes at their church in Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said: "At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.
Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowers dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning;
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish
That the dying heard it and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man;
Long, and thin, and gray, were the locks that shaded his temples;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the angel of death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit, exhausted,
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking;
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded,
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and walking under their shadow,
As in the days of their youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt at his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise, and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience;
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright, in heaven's jeweled crown,
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest-leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of May-day.

There is no death! An angel-form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
And bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad the scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead!

SIR EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.



"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath."

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

("Drowned! drowned!"—*Hamlet.*)

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
While the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world.

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it—
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior;
And leaving with meekness,
Her sins to her Savior!

THOMAS HOOD.

OLDEN MEMORIES.

THEY are jewels of the mind,
They are tendrils of the heart,
That with our being are entwined,
Of our very selves a part.

They the records are of youth,
Kept to read in after years;
They are manhood's well of truth,
Filled with childhood's early tears.

Like the low and plaintive moan
Of the night-wind through the trees,
Sweet to hear, though sad and lone,
Are these olden memories.

* * * * *

In our days of mirth and gladness,
We may spurn their faint control,
But they come, in hours of sadness,
Like sweet music to the soul;

And in sorrow, o'er us stealing
With their gentleness and calm,
They are leaves of precious healing,
They are fruits of choicest balm.

Ever till, when life departs,
Death from dross the spirit frees,
Cherish in thy heart of hearts
All thine olden memories.

C. CIST.

THE DEATH OF THE BABE CHRISTABEL.

(From "The Ballad of Babe Christabel.")

IN this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death!
Shall light the dark up like a star,
A beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Through tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters through the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf
We've strewn the way our Lord doth come;
And, ready for the harvest-home,
His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful bird of light hath fled;
Awhile she sat with folded wings,
Sang round us a few hoverings,
Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-winged angels nurture her;
With heaven's white radiance robed and crowned,
And all love's purple glory round,
She summers on the hills of myrrh.

Through childhood's morning land serene,
She walked betwixt us twain, like love;
While, in a robe of light, above
Her better angel walked unseen.

Till life's highway broke bleak and wild;
Then, lest her starry garments trail
In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,
The angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward rolled
To the great ocean, on whose shore
We wander up and down, to store
Some treasures of the times of old;

And aye we seek and hunger on
For precious pearls and relics rare,
Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart, for love of her that's gone.

Oh, weep no more! Yet there is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles, spread
O'er desert pillows some green balm.

Strange glory streams through life's wild rents,
And through the open door of death,
We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruits load the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plow,
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

GERALD MASSEY.



GERALD MASSEY.

MOURNING.

(From "Hamlet," Act I., Scene 2.)

'TIS not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of wo.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

DEATH OF OPHELIA.

(From "Hamlet," Act IV., Scene 7.)

QUEEN. One wo doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
Laer. Drown'd! O, where!
Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

"OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM."

I.

OH! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

II.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

III.

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON.

THE supper is o'er, the hearth is swept,
And in the woodfire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago,

When grandma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes
Never has gone away.

And her needles catch the firelight
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it, too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind
Which they shall have ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandma's heart to-night—
Only a refrain, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gray-colored and some are white;
And some are ashen gray.

"But most are made of many hues,
And many a stitch set wrong;
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long, plain spaces, without a break,
That in life are hard to bear;
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
We count, and yet would shun,
When our heavenly Father breaks the thread
And says our work is done."

The children came to say good night,
With tears in their bright young eyes,
While in grandma's lap, with broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

ANONYMOUS.

FOUND DEAD.

"AN unknown man, respectably dressed,"
That was all that the record said:
Wondering pity might guess the rest:
One thing was sure, the man was dead.

And dead, because he'd no heart to live;
His courage had faltered and failed the test.
How little the all we now can give,
A nameless sod to cover his breast!

"Respectably dressed," the thoughtless read
The sentence over, and idly say,
"What was it then, since it was not need,
Which made him thus fling his life away?"

"Respectably dressed?" How little they know
Who never have been for money pressed,
What it costs respectable poor to go,
Day after day, "respectably dressed!"

The beggars on sidewalks suffer less,
They herd all together, clan and clan;
Alike and equal in wretchedness,
No room for pride between man and man.

Nothing to lose by rags or by dirt,
More often something is gained instead;
Nothing to fear but bodily hurt,
Nothing to hope for save daily bread.

But respectable poor have all to lose;
For the world to know, means loss and shame.
They'd rather die, if they had to choose;
They cling as for life to place and name.

Cling, and pretend, and conceal, and hide;
Never an hour but its terror bears;
Terror which slinks like guilt to one side,
And often a guiltier conscience wears.

"Respectably dressed" to the last; ay, last!
Last dollar, last crust, last proud pulse-beat;
Starved body, starved soul, hope dead and past;
What wonder that any death looks sweet.

"An unknown man respectably dressed,"
That was all that the record said.
When will the question let us rest,
Is it fault of ours that the man was dead?

HELEN JACKSON.
("H. H.")

"I have been a happy man, and yet I do not remember any one moment of such happy consciousness that I could have rung a joy bell at it."

Believe me very
Sincerely Yours,
Walt Whitman

DEATH AT THE GOAL.

(Suggested by the old legend that one of the Crusaders died of joy on the first sight of Jerusalem.)

HE sailed across the glittering seas that swept
In music toward the East;
Far off, along the shore the nations wept—
People, and king, and priests.

For every land was heavy with the grief
That one fair city bore,
And half the world was gone to her relief,
Half wept upon the shore.

He heard that sound of anger and of tears,
And in his steadfast eye
Resolve to right the bitter wrong of years
Shown yet more stern and high.

And nearer every day the sunrise glowed
And filled his heart with fire,
Still drawing him swiftly onward, till it showed
The land of his desire.

He touched the shore, and knelt with tears at length
To kiss the sacred strand,
Then rose to seek, clad in a solemn strength,
The city of the land.

Across the low pale hills he took his way,
By dreary tower and tomb,
Across the plains of Sharon, where to-day
The rose forgets to bloom;

Till at the lighting of the evening fires
Along the Western sky,
He saw the promised home of his desires
In royal beauty lie.

O, city, sorrowful, yet full of grace!
The sinking sun adorns
With a celestial smile thine altered face
Beneath its crown of thorns.

The heavy storms of rage and trouble beat
Around thy sacred heart;
Thou hast a deadly wound, yet strangely sweet
And beautiful thou art.

And thou hast drawn, from all the colder lands
Beyond the western sea,
Hearts burning for thy wrongs, and eager hands
To fight for God and thee.

Lift up thy head; thou sittest faint and fair—
This sunset on thy brow—
And see, with what an ecstasy of prayer
A true knight greets thee now.

Smile on his passionate love, his radiant face,
His consecrated sword;
In one bright moment let thy matchless grace
Give him a quick reward.

For as the heart beats wildly at its goal,
With every prayer fulfilled—
Suddenly shivered is the golden bowl,
The bounding pulse is stilled!

And, dead, he falls at thy beloved feet,
Pierced by the fatal dart,
Of joy too high, triumphant love too sweet
For the imprisoned heart.

Dead at the goal! serene and satisfied,
With never sigh nor moan,
But with the exulting face of one who died
Of joy and love alone.

* * * * *

And *we* have seen on many a loved one's face,
This rapture at the goal;
This joy in death, this last and sweetest grace
Of the departing soul.

These, too, had traveled by a weary road,
And, when the end drew nigh,
They saw the glorious city, God's abode,
Smile in the eastern sky;

And at this vision, heavenly and fair,
And pure, without alloy—
This infinite answer to a lifelong prayer—
They die at last of joy.

BARBARA MILLER.

REMEMBRANCE.

O NIGHT of death, O Night that bringest all,
Night full of dreams and large with promises,
O night, that holdest on thy shadowy knees
Sleep for all fevers, hope for every thrall!
Bring thou to her for whom I wake and call,
Bring her, when I am dead, the memories
Of all our perished love, our vanished ease.
So shall I live again beneath the pall.

Then let my face, pale as a waning moon,
Rise on thy dark and be again as dear;
Let my dead voice find its forgotten tune
And strike again as sweetly on her ear
As when, upon my lips, one far-off June,
Thy name, O Death, she could not brook to hear.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.



J. Ruskin.

"SWEET BY-AND-BY."

HYMN AND RECITATION.

Recite:

THERE are faces we fondly recall,
That have vanished away from this vale,
Like the leaves of the forest that fall,
That float from our gaze on the gale;
There are forms that have gladdened our sight
That are mouldering under the sod;
There are loved ones that walk in the light,
The glory and splendor of God.

Sing:

"In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

Recite:

There's the form of a beautiful child
That comes at the set of the sun;
There's a face that once met me and smiled
When my day's weary labor was done.
I see her, in dreams, at the door,
Again, where the green ivy clings;
I list to her voice while once more
She sweetly and joyously sings:

Sing:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And in dreams we may see it afar:
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

Recite:

Like a lily that blooms by the way,
That brightens the path where we roam,
She came to my presence one day,
The sunshine and joy of my home.
Like a lily that withers and dies,
She drooped on a calm summer-night,
And, closing her beautiful eyes,
She peacefully passed from my sight.

Sing:

"In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

Recite:

I know on that beautiful shore
She is waiting and watching to-day;
I know she will greet me once more,
No matter what others may say.
I shall lay down my burden of woe
When I enter the valley she trod;
She will sing me the song that she sang long ago,
While I stand in the presence of God:

Sing:

"To our beautiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of his love
And the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

EUGENE J. HALL.

LOSS.

THERE is no subject of thought more melancholy, more wonderful, than the way in which God permits so often his best gifts to be trodden under foot of men, his richest treasures to be wasted by the moth, and the mightiest influences of his Spirit, given but once in the world's history, to be quenched and shortened by miseries of chance and guilt. I do not wonder at what men suffer, but I wonder often at what they lose. We may see how good rises out of pain and evil; but the dead, naked, eyeless loss, what good comes of that? The fruit struck to the earth before its ripeness; the glowing life and goodly purpose dissolved away in sudden death; the words, half spoken, choked upon the lips with clay forever; or, stranger than all, the whole majesty of humanity raised to its fullness, and every gift and power necessary for a given purpose, at a given moment, centered in one man, and all this perfected blessing permitted to be refused, perverted, crushed, cast aside by those who need it most; the city which is not set upon a hill, the candle that giveth light to none that are in the house; these are the heaviest mysteries of this strange world, and, it seems to me, those that mark its curse the most.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.

FAR up the lonely mountain side
My wondering footsteps led;
The moss lay thick beneath my feet,
The pine sighed overhead;
The trace of a dismantled fort
Lay in the forest nave,
And in the shadow near my path
I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed
Upon the lowly mound;
The simple headboard, rudely writ,
Had rotted to the ground.
I raised it with a reverent hand,
From dust its words to clear,
But time had blotted all but these:
"A Georgia Volunteer."

I heard the Shenandoah roll
Along the vale below,
I saw the Alleghenies rise
Toward the realms of snow;
The valley campaign rose to mind,
Its leader's name, and then
I knew the sleeper had been one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll
Adown thy rocky glen;
Above thee lies the grave of one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men;
Beneath the cedar and the pine,
In solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies
A Georgia volunteer.

ANONYMOUS.

IN WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

BENEATH the midnight moon of May,
Through dusk on either hand,
One sheet of silver spreads the bay,
One crescent jet the land;
The dark ships mirrored in the stream
Their ghostly tresses shake—
When will the dead world cease to dream?
When will the morning break?

Beneath a night no longer May,
Where only cold stars shine,
One glimmering ocean spreads away
This haunted life of mine;
And, shattered on the frozen shore,
My harp can never wake—
When will the dream of death be o'er?
When will the morning break?

WILLIAM WINTER.



WILLIAM WINTER.

SPOKEN AFTER SORROW.

I KNOW of something sweeter than the chime
Of fairy bells that run
Down mellow winds. Oh fairer than the time
You sing about in happy broken rhyme
Of butterflies and sun.
But, oh! as many fabled leagues away
As the to-morrow when the east breaks gray—
In this which lies somewhere most still and far
Between the sunset and the dawn's last star,
And known as yesterday.

I know of something better, dearer, too,
Than the first rose you hold,
All sweet with June and dainty with the dew,
The summer's perfect promise breathing through
Its white leaves' tender fold.
Oh! better when the late wind's gathering glow
Behind the night and moaning sad and low
Across the world, shall make its music dumb,
Oh! dearer than this earliest rose to come
Will be the last to go.

I know of something sadder than the nest
Of broken eggs you bring.

With such sweet trouble stirring at your breast
For love undone—the mother bird's unrest
That yesterday could sing.
My little child too grieved to wait my kiss;
Do I forget the sweetness they will miss
Who built the home? My heart with yours makes moan;
But, oh! that nest, from which the birds have flown,
Is sadder far than this.

JULIET C. MARSH.

IN TIME TO COME.

THE flowers are dead that made a summer's splendor,
By wayside nooks and on the summer hill,
And with regret these hearts of ours grow tender,
As sometimes all hearts will.

We loved the blossoms, for they helped to brighten
The lives so dark with wearying toil and care,
As hopes and dreams forever help to lighten
The heavy loads we bear.

How like the flowers, whose transient life is ended,
The hopes and dreams are, that for one brief hour,
Make the glad heart a garden bright and splendid
About love's latticed bower.

One little hour of almost perfect pleasure,
A foretaste of happiness to come—
The sudden frost—the garden yields its treasure
And stands in sorrow, dumb.

Oh, listen, heart! The flower may lose its glory
Beneath the touch of frost, but does not die.
In spring it will repeat the old, sweet story
Of God's dear by-and by.

In heaven, if never here, the hopes we cherish,
The flowers of human lives we count as lost,
Will live again. Such beauty cannot perish,
And heaven has no frost.

ANONYMOUS.

"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

WHEN shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Still in Fancy's rich domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When, in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, power, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we three meet again.

ANONYMOUS.

THE LONG AGO.

(Extract.)

ON that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.

LORD HOUGHTON.

SEA VENTURES.

I STOOD and watched my ships go out,
Each, one by one, unmooring free,
What time the quiet harbor filled,
With flood tide from the sea.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy;
She spread a smooth, white, shining sail,
And Eastward drove with bending spars
Before the sighing gale.

Another sailed, her name was Hope;
No cargo in her hold she bore,
Thinking to find in Western lands
Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed, her name was Love;
She showed a red flag at her mast,
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And she sped South right fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith;
Slowly she took her passage forth,
Tacked and lay to; at last she steered
A straight course for the North.

My gallant ships they sailed away,
Over the shimmering summer sea;
I stood at watch for many a day—
But one came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain;
Hope ran upon a hidden reef;
And Love took fire and foundered fast,
In whelming seas of grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn;
She recompensed me all my loss;
For, as a cargo safe, she brought
A Crown linked to a Cross.

ANONYMOUS.

ANNIE'S DREAM.

(From "Enoch Arden.")

AT last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign "my Enoch, is he gone?"
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
"Under a palmtree." That was nothing to her:
No meaning there: she closed the book and slept:
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,



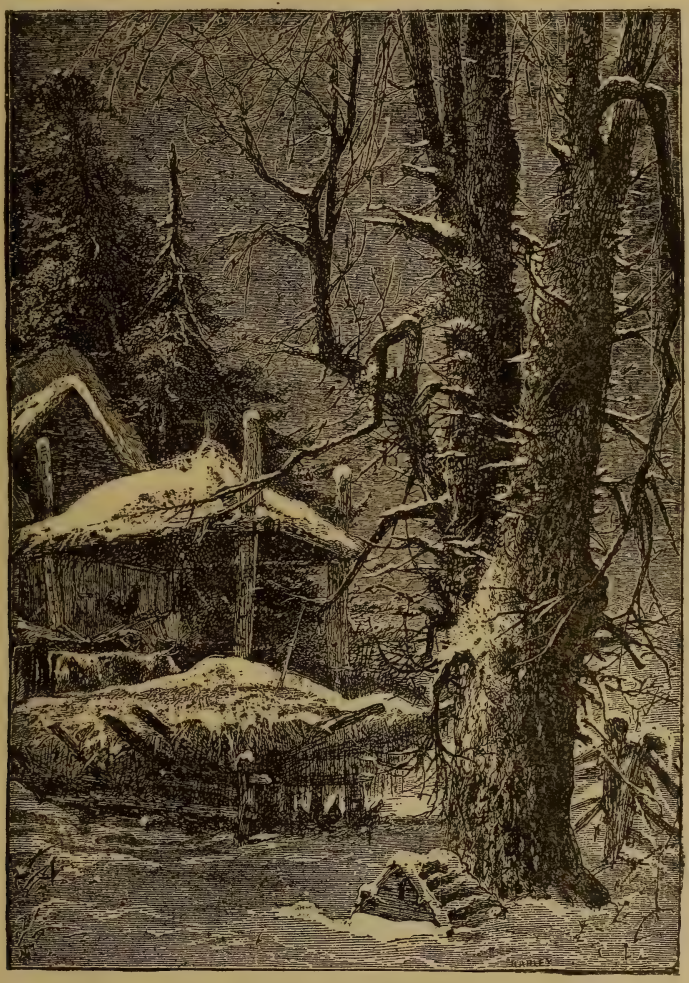
"Started from bed and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book."

Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:
"He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
"Hosanna in the highest!" Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him,
"There is no reason why we should not wed."
"Then for God's sake," he answer'd, "both our sakes.
So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

———o———



"From sheds new roof'd with Carara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow."

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock
  Wore ermine too dear for an earl.
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
  Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roof'd with Carara
  Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff sails were softened to swan's down,
  And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
  The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow birds,
  Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
  Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
  As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
  Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
  Who cares for us here below.

Again I look'd at the snow fall,
  And thought of the leaden sky
That arch'd o'er our first great sorrow,
  When that mound was heap'd so high.

I remember'd the gradual patience
  That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
  The scar of our deep plung'd woe.

And again to the child I whisper'd,
  "The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
  Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kiss'd her;
  And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
  Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



The Affections.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green:
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And earth below, and heaven above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SCOTT.



"Behind us swept past reed and willow,
Love for our guide, and Peace our pillow."



POEMS OF AFFECTION.

———o———

THE MOTHER'S VIGIL.

A WAKEFUL night with stealthy tread
O'er weary day had crept,
As near her dying infant's bed
A mother watched and wept.
She saw the dews of death o'erspread
That brow so white and fair,
And bowing down her aching head,
She breathed a fervent prayer:

"O Thou," she cried, "a mother's love
Hast known—a mother's grief—
Bend down from starry heights above,
And send my heart relief.
Sweet lips that smiled are drawn in pain,
Yet rest his life may keep,
And give him to my arms again:
Oh, let my baby sleep!"

When sickly dawn a gleam had cast
Of light on night's black pall,
Through gates of heaven in mercy passed
An answer to her call.
On sombre wings, through gloomy skies,
Death's angel darkly swept—
He softly kissed those troubled eyes,
And lo! the infant slept.

JOHN FREDERICK FARGUSSON.
("Hugh Conway.")

ETUDE REALISTE.

A BABY'S feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers, toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink,
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.

CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

BETTER MOMENTS.

MY mother's voice! how often creep
Its accents on my lonely hours:
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or due to the unconscious flowers.

I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tone comes stealing by;
And years, and sin, and folly flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The evening hours, the birds, the flowers,
  The starlight, moonlight, all that's meet
For heaven in this lost world of ours,
  Remind me of her teachings sweet.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
  My thoughtlessness hath drank up tears;
And there's a mildew in the lapse
  Of a few swift and checkered years;
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at eventide
  Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
  And night had on her silver wing;
When bursting leaves, and diamond grass,
  And waters leaping to the light,
And all that make the pulses pass
  With wilder sweetness, thronged the night;
When all was beauty; then have I,
  With friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
  Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung;
And when the beautiful spirit there
  Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air
  Like the light dropping of the rain.
And resting on some silver star
  The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured out low and fervent prayer
  That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven, like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

I have been on the dewy hills
  When night was stealing from the dawn,
And mist was on the waking rills,
  And tints were delicately drawn
  In the gray East; when birds were waking,
  With a low murmur in the trees,
And melody by fits was breaking
  Upon the whisper of the breeze;
And this when I was forth, perchance,
As a worn reveler from the dance;
And when the sun sprang gloriously
  And freely up, and hill and river
Were catching upon wave and tree
  The arrows from his subtle quiver:
I say a voice has thrilled me then,
  Heard on the still and rushing light,
Or, creeping from the lonely glen
  Like words from the departing night,
Hath stricken me; and I have pressed
  On the wet grass my fevered brow,
And pouring forth the earliest,
  First prayer, with which I learned to bow,
Have felt my mother's spirit rush
  Upon me as in by-past years,
And yielding to the blessed gush
  Of my ungovernable tears,
Have risen up, the gay, the wild,
Subdued and humble as a child.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.



NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THERE is still within this world
  A brilliant, fadeless light,
Which, like a star, shines through the clouds
  Of sorrow's darkest night—
Which hovers round our pathway here,
  Wherever we may rove;
It is the light reflected from
  A mother's holy love.

There is a boon—a blessed boon—
  Unto us mortals given,
Which gives us here a foretaste of
  The happiness of heaven;
And when the storms of sorrows rise,
  And clouds grow dark above,
It lingers round us to the last;
  That boon—a mother's love.

'Tis true that oft our footsteps roam,
  Through pleasure's flow'ry maze,

And we forget the ties of home,
In sin's deceitful ways;
Yet there's a charm to lure us back,
Like some poor weary dove—
That charm, so pure and beautiful,
Is a mother's holy love.

FINLEY JOHNSON.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

THERE is music, there is sunshine,
Where the little children dwell,
In the cottage, in the mansion,
In the hut or in the cell.
There is music in their voices,
There is sunshine in their love,
And a joy forever round them,
Like a glory from above.

There's a laughter-loving spirit,
Glancing from the soft blue eyes,
Flashing through the pearly tear-drops,
Changing like the summer skies;
Lurking in each roguish dimple,
Nestling in each ringlet fair,
Over all the little child-face
Gleaming, glancing everywhere.

They all win our smiles and kisses
In a thousand pleasant ways,
By the sweet, bewitching beauty
Of their sunny, upward gaze;
And we cannot help but love them,
When their young lips meet our own,
And the magic of their presence
Round about our hearts is thrown.

When they ask us curious questions,
In a sweet confiding way,
We can only smile in wonder,
Hardly knowing what to say;
As they sit in breathless silence,
Waiting for our kind replies,
What a world of mystic meaning
Dwells within the lifted eyes!

When the soul, all faint and weary,
Falters in the upward way,
And the clouds around us gather,
Shutting out each starry ray,
Then the merry voice of childhood
Seems a soft and soothing strain;
List we to its silvery cadence,
And our hearts grow glad again.

Hath this world of ours no angels?
Do our dimly shaded eyes
Ne'er behold the seraph's glory
In its meek and lowly guise?
Can we see the little children,
Ever beautiful and mild,
And again repeat the story,
Nothing but a little child?

LAURA A. BOIES.

SUNDERED FRIENDS.

OH! was it I, or was it you
That broke the subtle chain that ran
Between us two, between us two?
Oh! was it I, or was it you?

Not very strong the chain at best,
Not quite complete from span to span;
I never thought 'twould stand the test
Of settled commonplace, at best.

But, oh! how sweet, how sweet you were,
When things were at their first and best,
And we were friends without demur,
Shut out from all the sound and stir.

The little, pretty, worldly race!
Why couldn't we have stood the test—
The little test of commonplace—
And kept the glory and the grace

Of that sweet time when we first met?
Oh! was it I, or was it you
That dropped the golden links and let
The little rift, and doubt and fret

Creep in and break that subtle chain?
Oh! was it I, or was it you?
Still ever yet and yet again
Old parted friends will ask with pain.

NORA PERRY

THE BRIDGE OF SNOW.

THE night is dim with snow-flakes falling fast
Through the still air. The earth is growing white
Beneath their soft, pure covering: through the gloom
I see afar a misty trail of light.

It falls from your high casement, near, yet far,

And straight my fancy to its trembling glow
Forms a white pathway of these falling flakes,
And crosses on the mystic bridge of snow.

The snow-flakes tap against your window pane;
You heed them not. Ah, love! you cannot know
That I have crossed to you this winter night
Upon a frail, white bridge of falling snow!

I stand outside—the night is dark and cold;
Within your room, are warmth and summer glow,
Your smile would make a summer of the night,
Though white with misty flakes of falling snow.

Love, it is cold as death out here alone.
Look up but once, I pray you, ere I go!
Without one smile to light the lonely way
I cannot cross again this bridge of snow.

The light has vanished in the cold and gloom;
Your face is hidden. Now, alas, I know
Only my heart's deep longing formed the bridge
Between us and the falling snow.

ANONYMOUS.

———o———



"Oh, mother's love is glorifying,
On the cheek like sunset lying."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A LITTLE in the doorway sitting,
The mother plied her busy knitting;
And her cheek so softly smiled,
You might be sure, although her gaze
Was on the meshes of the lace,
Yet her thoughts were with her child.

But when the boy had heard her voice,
As o'er her work she did rejoice,
He became silent altogether;
And slyly creeping by the wall,
He seized a single plume, let fall
By some wild bird of longest feather,
And all a-tremble with his freak,
He touched her lightly on the cheek.

Oh, what a loveliness her eyes
Gathered in that one moment's space,

While peeping round the post she spies
Her darling's laughing face:
Oh, mother's love is glorifying,
On the cheek like sunset lying,
In the eyes a moistened light,
Softer than the moon at night.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

"HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK."

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW.

WOMAN, THE HOME-MAKER.

(From "The Pleasures of Hope.")

WHO hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There be perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never failed,
In self-adoring pride securely mailed;
But triumph not, ye peace-enamored few!
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between;
'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dullness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh, what were man? a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower;
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there
At starry midnight charmed the silent air;
In vain the wild bird caroled on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Ariel notes in mingling measure played;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WHAT IT IS TO LOVE.

LOVE! I will tell thee what is to love:
It is to build with human hearts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove,
Where time seems young, and life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss;
Above, the stars in shroudless beauty shine,
Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss,
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this.

Yes, this is love, the steadfast and the true;
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew;
Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!
Oh, who can but recall the eve they met,
To breath in some green walk their first young vow,
While summer flowers with evening dews were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,
And all was rapture then which is but memory now!

CHARLES SWAIN.



"Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again."

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

LOVE thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again;
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee;
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told;
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-gray;
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh, revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer;
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou shalt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

THOMAS HOOD.

A WOMAN'S FORGIVENESS.

(From "Marmion," Canto VI.)

O WOMAN! In our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

* * * * *

Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, still ye.

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence:
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

THOMAS LODGE.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun had gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its sauft fauldin' blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening;
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed by sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

THE GIFT.

O HAPPY glow, O sun-bathed tree,
O golden-lighted river,
A love-gift has been given me,
And which of you is giver?

I came upon you something sad,
Musing a mournful measure.
Now all my heart in me is glad
With a quick sense of pleasure.

I came upon you with a heart
Half sick of life's vexed story,
And now it grows of you a part,
Steeped in your golden glory.

A smile into my heart has crept,
And laughs through all my being;
New joy into my life has leapt,
A joy of only seeing!

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,
O golden-lighted river,
A love gift has been given me,
And which of you is giver?

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

LULLABY.

(From "The Princess.")

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea!
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go;
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest!
Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest, on mother's breast:
Father will come to thee soon!
Father will come to his babe in the nest;
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon.
Sleep, my little one! sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.



"Rest, rest, on mother's breast:
Father will come to thee soon!"

"OH! MERRY, MERRY, BE THE DAY!"

OH, merry, merry, be the day, and bright the star of even!
For 'tis our duty to be gay,
And tread in joy our whole way;
Grief never came from heaven, my love,
It never came from heaven.

Then let us not, though woes betide, complain of Fortune's spite;
As rock-encircled trees combine,
And nearer grow and closer twine;

So let our hearts unite, my love,
So let our hearts unite.

And though the circle here be small of heartily approved ones,
There is a home beyond the skies,
Where vice shall sink, and virtue rise,
Till all become the loved ones, love,
Till all become the loved ones.

Then let your eye be laughing still, and cloudless be your brow;
For in that better world above,
Oh, many myriads shall we love,
As one another now, my love.
As one another now.

J. H. Perkins.

THE FLOWER'S NAME.

HERE'S the garden she walked across,
Arm in my arm such a short while since:
Hark! now I push its wicket, the moss
Hinders the hinges, and makes them wince.
She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,
As back with that murmur the wicket swung;
For she laid the poor snail my chance foot spurned,
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel walk
She went while her robe's edge brushed the box;
And here she paused in her gracious talk
To point me a moth on the milk-white phlox.
Roses ranged in a valiant row,
I will never think that she passed you by!
She loves you, noble roses, I know,
But yonder see where the rock-plants lie!

This flower she stooped at, finger on lip,—
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim;
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
Its soft meandering Spanish name.
What a name! was it love or praise?
Speech half asleep, or song half awake?
I must learn Spanish one of these days,
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,
I may bring her one of these days,
To fix you fast with as fine a spell,—
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase.
But do not detain me now, for she lingers
There, like sunshine over the ground;
And ever I see her soft white fingers
Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard! look that you grow not,
Stay as you are and be love forever.
Bud, if I kiss you, 'tis that you blow not,—
Mind! the shut pink mouth opens never!
For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,
Till round they turn, and down they nestle:
Is not the dear mark still to be seen?

When I find her not, beauties vanish;
Whither I follow her, beauties flee.
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
June's twice June since she breathed it with me?
Come, bud! show me the least of her traces.
Treasure my lady's lightest footfall:
Ah! you may flout and turn up your faces,—
Roses, you are not so fair after all!

Robert Browning.

SONG.

COULD love impart, by nicest art,
To speechless rocks a tongue,
Their theme would be, beloved, of thee,
Thy beauty all their song.

And clerk-like, then, with sweet amen,
Would echo from each hollow
Reply all day; while gentle fay,
With merry whoop, would follow.

Had roses sense, on no pretence,
Would they their buds unroll;
For, could they speak, 'twas from thy cheek,
Their daintiest blush they stole.

Had lilies eyes, with glad surprise,
They'd own themselves out-done,
When thy pure brow and neck of snow
Gleamed in the morning sun.

Could shining brooks, by amorous looks,
Be taught a voice so rare;
Then every sound that murmured round
Would whisper: "Thou art fair!"

William Motherwell.



"Tones that never thence depart,
For she listens with her heart."

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

IS there, when the winds are singing,
In the happy summer time,
When the raptured air is ringing
With earth's music, heavenward springing,
Forest chirp and village chime,
Is there, of the sounds that float
Unsighingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted!
Morn hath touched her golden strings;
Earth and Sky their vows have plighted;
Life and light are reunited
Amid countless carolings;
Yet, delicious as they are,
There's a sound that's sweeter far;
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all: the human voice.

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone;
Than the winds or waters dearer;
More enchanting to the hearer,
For it answereth to his own.
But, of all its witching words,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild,
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves and silver showers,
These, ere long, the ear forgets;
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round:
Heart-deep laughter that I heard
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer,
Fondlier formed to catch the strain,
Ear of one whose love is surer,
Hers, the mother, the endurer
Of the deepest share of pain;
Hers the deepest bliss to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure;
Hers to hoard, a life-time after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.

'Tis a mother's large affection
Hears with a mysterious sense
Breathings that evade detection,
Whisper faint, and fine inflection
Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honeyed words untaught
Hiveth she in loving thought,
Tones that never thence depart,
For she listens with her heart.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

("Castara" was Lucia, daughter of Lord Powis, and afterward the wife of the poet who thus honored her.)

LIKE the violet which, alone,
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betrayed;
For she's to herself untrue,
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood;
She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent;
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands;
And so innocent that ill
She nor acts, nor understands:
Women's feet run still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,
Where oft Honor splits her mast;
And retiredness thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast:
Virtue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night:
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie:
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.



"For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

(The Irish have a superstition that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is talking to angels.)

A BABY was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"O blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou wouldst rather

They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

MY NELL.

(A Soliloquy. Founded on Beranger.)

YOU are nobly born, I know,
Rich, and beautiful, and free;
And they tell me (is it so?)
That you waste a thought on me.
In your hazel eyes last night
There was tenderness and truth;
But there came a softer light
To the poet in his youth.
I can give you high esteem,
Gracious friend and lovely belle;
But I cannot love you now
As I used to love my Nell.

We were paupers, she and I,
And the bread was hard to win;
But our garret near the sky
Let God's purest sunlight in.
She was meanly dressed, you see,
In her faded cotton gown;
But her smile was heaven to me,
And I never saw her frown.
You are like a rose in June,
She was but a lily-bell;
Yet I cannot love you now
As I used to love my Nell.

We were young and life was sweet,
And we loved each other more
When there scarce was food to eat,
And the wolf was at the door.
There was always hope, you know;
We could dream that skies were blue;
But—my darling had to go
Just before the dream came true!
I am left alone with fame,
And the great world likes me well;
But I cannot love again
As I used to love my Nell.

Then forgive me if the light
Of your presence leaves me cold;
You are young, and gay, and bright,
I am growing grave and old;
And the brow she used to kiss
Is more wrinkled than of yore,
But the treasure that I miss
Is not lost, but gone before.
Some have many loves, but I
Learned to love but once, and well;
And I cannot woo you now
As I used to woo my Nell.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

THE MINSTREL'S CALL.

(From "The Tale of the Dark Ladie.")

O LEAVE the lily on the stem,
O leave the rose upon the spray,
O leave the elder-bloom, fair maids,
And listen to my lay.

A cypress and a myrtle-bough
This morn around my harp you twined,
Because it fashioned mournfully
Its murmurs in the wind.

And now a Tale of Love and Woe,
A woeful Tale of Love I sing;
Hark, gentle maidens! hark! it sighs
And trembles on the string.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

LOVE'S BURIAL PLACE.

A MADRIGAL.

(Found on the back of one of the manuscripts of Coleridge.)

LADY. If Love be dead, and you aver it,
Tell me, Bard, Where Love lies buried.

Poet. Love lies buried where 'twas born;
Ah, faithless nymph! think it no scorn,
If in my fancy I presume
To call thy bosom poor Love's tomb;
And on that tomb to read the line:
"Here lies a Love that once seemed mine,
But took a chill, as I divine,
And died at length of a decline."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



Robert Browning

"ALL JUNE I BOUND THE ROSE IN SHEAVES."

ALL June I bound the rose in sheaves,
Now, rose by rose, I stripped the leaves,
And strew them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside? Alas!
Let them lie. Suppose they die?
The chance was they might take her eye.
How many a month I strove to suit
These stubborn fingers to the lute!
To-day I venture all I know.
She will not hear my music? So!
Break the string; fold Music's wing!
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing?

ROBERT BROWNING.

"THIS IS A SPRAY THE BIRD CLUNG TO."

THIS is a spray the bird clung to,
Making it blossom with pleasure,
Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,
Fit for her nest and her treasure.
Oh, what a hope beyond measure
Was the poor spray's which the flying feet clung to,
So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

This is a heart the queen leant on,
Thrilled in a minute erratic,
Ere the true bosom she bent on,
Meet for love's regal dalmatic.
Oh, what a fancy ecstatic
Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on,
Love, to be saved for it, proffered to, spent on!

ROBERT BROWNING.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

HER years steal by like birds through cloudless skies,
Soft singing as they go;
She views their flight with sunshine in her eyes,
She hears their music low,
And on her forehead, beautiful and wise,
Shines love's most holy glow.

There is no pain for her in Time's soft flight,
Her spirit is so fair;
Her days shine as they pass her, in the light
Her gentle doings wear;
On her fair brow I never saw the night
But Hope's glad star shone there.

It is a blessing just to see her face
Pass like an angel's by—
Her soft, brown hair, sweet eyes, and lips that grace
The smiles that round them lie;
The brightest sunbeam in its heavenly place
Might joy to catch her eye.

Dear life, that groweth sweeter growing old!
I bring this verse to thee,
A tiny flower, but in its heart the gold
Of lasting love from me;
While in my soul that deeper love I hold
Too great for man to see.

ANONYMOUS.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

THE bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath
Feels in its barrenness some touch of Spring;
And in the April dew, or beam of May,
Its moss and lichen freshen and revive;
And thus the heart, most seared to human pleasure,
Melts at the tear, smiles in the joy of woman.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SONNET TO A FRIEND.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I now pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.



"She laughs: 'Why look you so slily at me?
If you have heart enough, come kiss me.'"

BEAUTY ROHTRAUT.

WHAT is the name of King Ringang's daughter?
Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut;
And what does she do the livelong day,
Since she dare not knit and spin alway?
O hunting and fishing is ever her play,
And, heigh! that her huntsman I might be!
I'd hunt and fish right merrily.
Be silent, heart.

And it chanced that, after this some time—
Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut—
The boy in the castle has gained access,
And a horse he has got and a huntsman's dress,
To hunt and to fish with the merry Princess;
And, oh! that a king's son I might be!
Beauty Rohtraut I love so tenderly.
Hush! hush! my heart.

Under a grey old oak they sat—
Beauty, Beauty, Rohtraut.
She laughs: "Why look you so slily at me?
If you have heart enough, come kiss me."
Cried the breathless boy, "Kiss thee?"
But he thinks, "Kind fortune has favored my youth;"

And thrice he has kissed Beauty Rohtraut's mouth.
Down! down! mad heart.

Then slowly and silently they rode home,
Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut—
The boy was lost in his delight:
"And, wert thou empress this very night,
I would not heed or feel the blight;
Ye thousand leaves of the wild wood wist
How Beauty Rohtraut's mouth I kissed.
Hush! hush! wild heart."

GEORGE MEREDITH.

SONNET ON LOVE.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

LOVE'S SWEET MEMORIES.

CANST thou forget, beloved, our first awaking
From out the shadowy calms of doubts and dreams,
To know Love's perfect sunlight round us breaking,
Bathing our beings in its gorgeous gleams?
Canst thou forget?

A sky of rose and gold was o'er us glowing,
Around us was the morning breath of May;
Then met our soul-tides, thence together flowing,
Then kissed our thought-waves, mingling on their way;
Canst thou forget?

* * * * *

Canst thou forget the child-like heart-outpouring
Of her whose fond faith knew no faltering fears?
The lashes dropped to veil her eyes' adoring,
Her speaking silence, and her blissful tears?
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget, though all Love's spells be broken,
The wild farewell, which rent our souls apart?
And that last gift, affection's holiest token,
The severed tress, which lay upon thy heart?
Canst thou forget?

S. J. CLARKE.
("Grace Greenwood.")

A HOLIDAY IDYL.

FROM the crowd and the crush of the ball room,
I wandered with Winifred, where,
In the dimness and dusk of a small room
That oped at the foot of the stair
(Apart from the quibble and quarrel
Of the throng with its smile and its frown),
The lords of the lyre and the laurel
Looked placidly down.

We talked in a lull 'twixt the dances,
That frolicsome holiday time,
Of parties, and plays, and romances,
Till we drifted at last into "rhyme."
And I heard her—supremest of pleasure—
With clear modulation repeat
From Aldrich my favorite measures,
Surprisingly sweet.

A murmurous ripple of laughter
Broke in when I called them divine;
She paused for a moment and after,
She quoted a ditty of mine—
A love song, which though I concealed it,
Set all of my pulses astir,
And which, though I ne'er had revealed it,
Was written to her.

What was it?—the hour with its glamour,
The perfume, the lights burning low,
The violins' rhythmical clamor,
The mellow and musical flow
Of her voice with its depth of expression,
That led me to boldly confess—
Ah! that and what followed confession,
I leave you to guess!

ANONYMOUS.

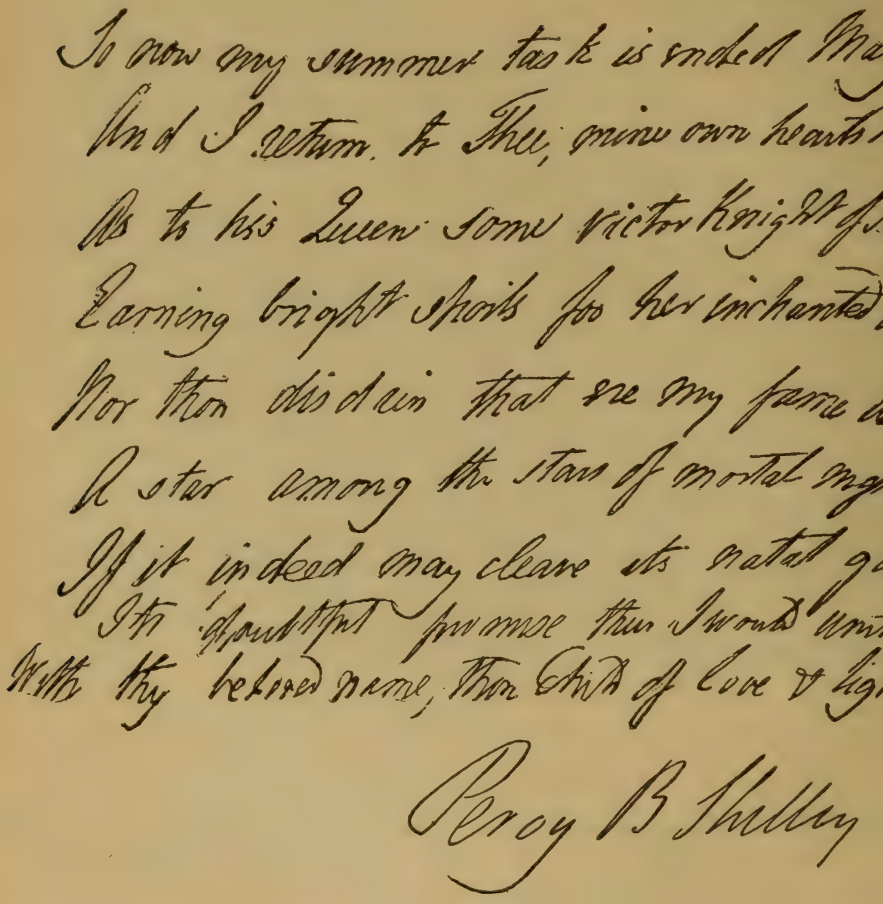
*TO * * * *.*

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odors when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

FROM THE DEDICATION TO "THE REVOLT OF ISLAM."



———o———

BOYHOOD.

AH, then how sweetly closed those crowded days!
The minutes parting one by one like rays
That fade upon a summer's eve;
But oh, what charm or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
Those weary, happy days did leave?
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this;
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

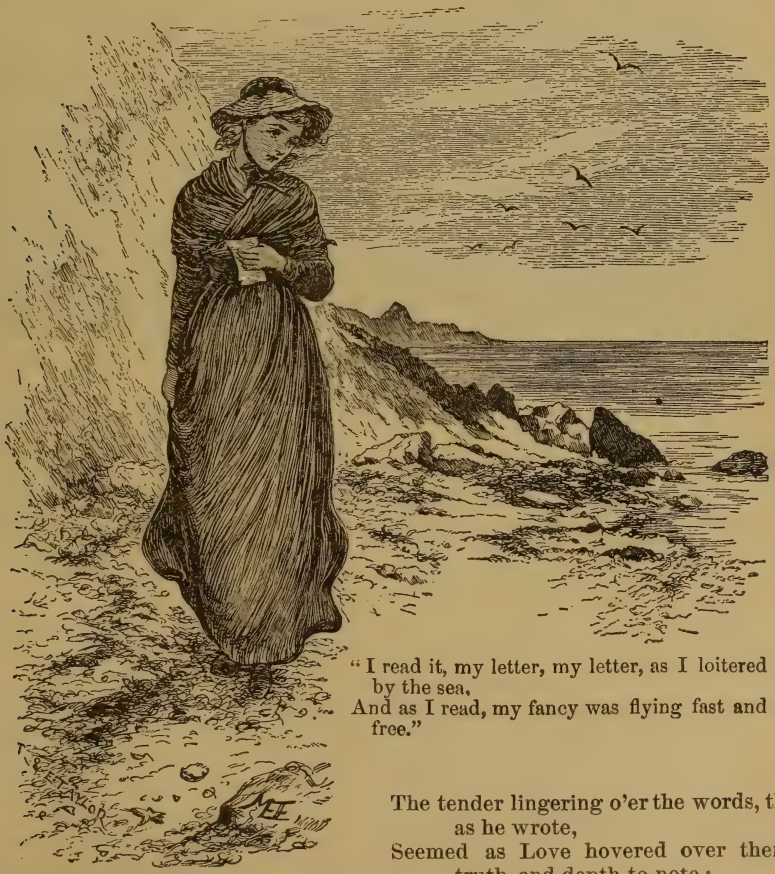
WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

MY LETTER.

I READ it, my letter, my letter, as I sate in my rocky nest;
The waves at my feet were creaming, the wind blew soft from the west;
The sunshine on the tangle-beds was blazing fiercely down,
And as they wavered to and fro, they glowed to golden brown.
I heard the cry of the curlews blend with the breakers' roar,
I took from my breast my letter, and read it yet once more.

Away from the sunny seaboard, away from the purple down;
I saw the smoky, sullen streets, I saw the busy town,
I saw the desk with its dusty load, I saw the dreary room,
And I saw the dark blue eyes I knew, outshining in the gloom.

I read it, my letter, my letter, and I saw illumine it,
The graceful phrase, the graphic touch, the flash of ready wit,



"I read it, my letter, my letter, as I loitered by the sea,
And as I read, my fancy was flying fast and free."

I read it, my letter, my letter, as I loitered by the sea,
And as I read, my fancy was flying fast and free,

The tender lingering o'er the words, that even as he wrote,
Seemed as Love hovered over them, their truth and depth to note;
The sweet old words whose iterance, to those that yearn to hear
But deepens ever down and down, and deepening grows more dear.

I read it, my letter, my letter; then softly in fragments small
I tore the precious pages, and stopped to kiss them all;
They were safe and sure, the golden words, rewritten in my heart,
It were surely best, in a world of change, with their earthly shrine to part;
So I tore it, my letter, my letter, with a smile, and with a sigh,
And tossed them to the sunny sea, beneath the sunny sky.
To what I have loved so long and well, the flashing, dancing wave,
To the mighty arms of the great North sea, the thing I prized I gave;
It should die, my letter, my letter, no common mortal death,
It should be rocked upon the ocean's breast, lulled by the ocean's breath.
Has a monarch kinglier requiem, a chief a nobler shrine,
Than that I gave my letter from that rocky nest of mine?

ANONYMOUS.

———o———

THE LAND OF LOVE.

(From "A Tour Round My Garden.")

THERE are times when the flowers languish with heat; there are times when one only hears among the parched herbs the monotonous cry of the grasshopper, when one sees nothing stirring abroad but the lizards. The nights are cool, sweet, and fragrant; the flowering trees are filled with nightingales, exhaling perfumes and celestial melody; and the grass is brilliant with the glow-worms gliding about with their violet flames.

You will in this manner describe to me some far off country; I will thus delineate what my garden affords. The seasons, as they pass away, are climates which travel around the globe, and come to seek me. Your long voyages are nothing but fatiguing visits, which you go to pay to the seasons which would themselves have come to you.

But there is still another land, a delightful country, which would in vain be sought for on the waves of the sea, or across the lofty mountains. In that country the flowers not only exhale sweet perfumes, but intoxicating thoughts of love.

There every tree, every plant breathes, in a language more noble than poetry, and more sweet than music, things of which no human tongue can give an idea. The sand of the roads is gold and precious stones, the air is filled with songs, compared to which those of the nightingales and thrushes which I now listen to, are no better than the croak of frogs in their reedy marshes. Man in that land is good, great, noble, and generous.

There all things are the reverse of those which we see every day; all the treasures of the earth, all dignities crowded together, would be but objects of ridicule if offered there in exchange for a faded flower or an old glove, left in a honeysuckle arbor. But why do I talk about honeysuckles? Why, I am forced to give the names of flowers you know to those charming regions. In this country no one believes in the existence of perfidy, unconstancy, old age, death, or forgetfulness, which is the death of the heart. Man there requires neither sleep nor food; an old wooden bench is there a thousand times more soft than eider-down elsewhere; slumbers are there more calm and delicious, constantly attended by blissful dreams. The sour sloe of the hedges, the insipid fruit of the bramble, there acquire a flavor so delicious that it would be absurd to compare them to the pine-apple of other regions. Life is there more mildly happy than dreams can aspire to be in other countries. Go, then, and seek these poetic isles!

Alas! In reality it was but a poor little garden, in a mean suburb, when I was eighteen, and in love, and when she would steal thither for an instant at sunset!

JEAN BAPTISTE ALPHONSE KARR.



"No charm so dear
As home and friends around us!"

HOME HAPPINESS.

OH, there's a power
To make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam
To bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.

We seek too high
For things close by,
And lose what nature found us:
For life hath here
No charm so dear
As home and friends around us!

We oft destroy
The present joy
For future hopes, and praise them,
Whilst flowers as sweet
Bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them.

For things afar
Still sweetest are,
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught
That earth hath naught
Like home and friends around us!

CHARLES SWAIN.

LOVE IS A SICKNESS.

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it, sighing, cries,
Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it, sighing, cries,
Heigh-ho!

SAMUEL DANIEL.

BALLAD—I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

MY dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did ever more disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all!

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick, or vex me sore,
As thou would set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful, then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

MY SAINT.

I SIT and watch her where the shadows fall
From somber arch and carven column white;
One line of purple streams aslant the wall,
And then all dusk, save where the altar's light
Rises beyond a star from out the gloom,
Above a cross with lily flowers in bloom.

So fair and tender is her downcast face,
So still her clasped hands and sad sweet eyes
That in the silence of the holy place,
Great depths of longing from my heart arise
That I, all tempest tossed by grief and sin,
Could kneel, like her, at peace without, within!

Sudden, far down the shadow-darkened aisle
A strain of minor melody soft sobs.
So sorrowful that all my soul the while
Responds unto its passion pleading throbs;
And lo, a tear upon her clasped hands,
My saint a woman is, and understands!

ANONYMOUS.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They'll ne'er mak a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest o' thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favor I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.



"What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?"

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

COME all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken;
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state;
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbor of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye come hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift,
Draps down and thinks nae shame,
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye come hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye come hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
'Wi a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye come hame.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
To nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonny lassie
When the kye come hame?
When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

JAMES HOGG.

HER LETTER.

I'M sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even you would admire;
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue;
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour upon you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken—
That waits on the stairs for me yet;
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up,
And then he adores me indeed;
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I ride, flirt, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes; if you saw us out driving
Each day in the Park, four-in-hand;
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand;
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the great chandelier,
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest soiree of the year,"
In the mists of a gaze de chambery,
And the hum of the smallest of talk,
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork."

Of Harrrison's barn, with its muster
Of the flags festooned over the wall;
Of candles that shed their soft lustre



"In short, sir, 'the belle of the season,
Is wasting an hour upon you."

And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle,
Of the dress of my queer vis-a-vis;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee.

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bed-clothes of snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
Of the something you said at the gate;
Ah! Joe! then I wasn't the heiress
To "the best paying lead in the state."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare,
Of fashion, and beauty, and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But, Goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
Mamma says my taste is still low;
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel,
Whatever's the meaning of that;
Oh, why did papa strike pay-gravel,
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night! Here's the end of my paper;
Good-night—if the longitude please;
For maybe, while wasting my paper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat!

(Francis) Bret Harte.

———o———

FROM "THE DAY IS DONE."

The night shall be filled with music
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Henry W. Longfellow.

———o———

LOVE'S GHOST.

IS it the ghost of dead and ruined Love
Which haunts the Home of Life, and comes by night
With weary sighs, and in its eyes the light
Of joys long set? I hear its footsteps move
Through darkened rooms where only ghosts now rove—
The rooms Love's shining eyes of old made bright.
It whispers low, it trembles into sight;
A bodiless presence hearts alone may prove.

I say, "Sad visitant of this dark house,
Why wanderest thou through these deserted rooms,
A dreadful, glimmering light about thy brows?
Thy silent home should be among the tombs."
And the ghost answers, while I thrill with fear,
"In all the world I have no home but here."

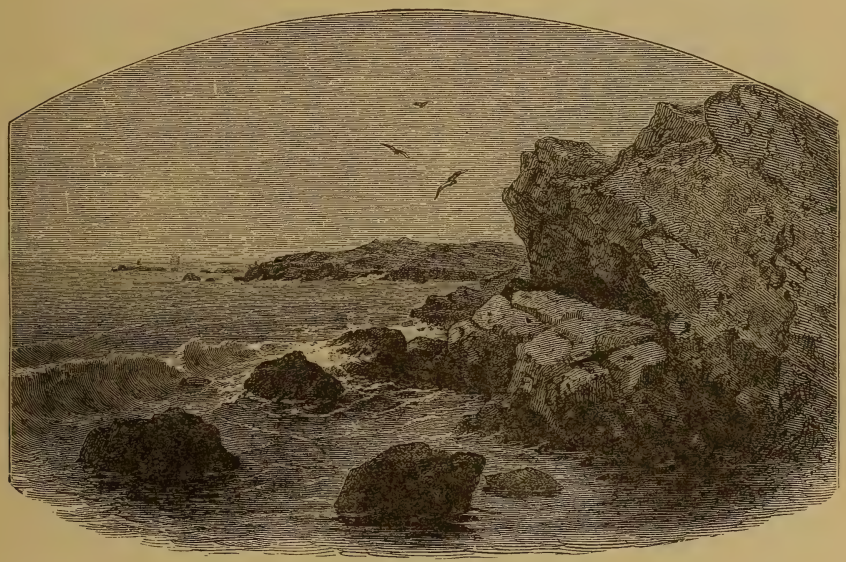
Philip Bourke Marston.

CONCEALED LOVE.

(From Twelfth Night. Act II., Scene 4.)

DUKE. And what's her history?
Vio. A blank, my lord; she never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.



"Mark how o'er ocean's breast
Rolls the hoar billow's crest."

GO SIT BY THE SUMMER SEA.

GO sit by the summer sea,
Thou whom scorn wasteth,
And let thy musing be
Where the flood hasteth;
Mark how o'er ocean's breast
Rolls the hoar billow's crest!
Such is his heart's unrest
Who of love tasteth.

Griev'st thou that hearts should change?
Lo, where life reigneth,
Or the free sight doth range,
What long remaineth?
Spring with her flowers doth die,
Fast fades the gilded sky,
And the full moon on high
Ceaselessly waneth.

Smile then ye sage and wise,
And if love sever
Bonds which thy soul doth prize,
Such does it ever.
Deep as the rolling seas,
Soft as the twilight breeze,
But of more than these
Boast could it never.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

SONG.

(From "The Duenna.")

SOFT pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where love has been received a welcome guest;
As wandering saints poor huts have sacred made,
He hallows every heart he once has swayed;
And when his presence we no longer share,
Still leaves compassion as a relic there.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

"IS SHE BIDING?"

IS she biding where eternal summer smiles
upon the seas,
And the snowy orange blossoms ever flake the shelly strand?
Is she biding, is she biding where the tender tropic breeze
Tells the story of his wooings to the billows on the sand?

Somewhere, somewhere, I know not where,
Upon the land or sea—
Somewhere, somewhere, all pure and fair,
My love abides for me.

Is she biding 'mid the clover blossoms upon the purple hills,
Where the mellow bees are humming and the apple blossoms float?
Is she biding, is she biding where the brooklet leaps and trills,
And does she bind the daisies in a posy for her throat?

Somewhere, somewhere, I know not where,
My love and I shall meet,
For there's a Fate through foul and fair
That guides my wayward feet.

Is she biding where the starlight gleams upon the frozen gloom,
And faintly sing the carols that awake the drowsy morn?
Is she biding, is she biding where the roses never bloom,
And the poppies never wave their crimson banner through the corn?

She bides somewhere, I know not where,
But surely this I know:
'Twill always seem like summer there,
Howe'er the wind may blow!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

I.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

II.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

III.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

MY OWN SHALL COME.

SERENE I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind or tide or sea,
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Or change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years,
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up the fruit of tears.

The planets know their own and draw,
The tide turns to the sea;
I stand serene midst nature's law
And know my own shall come to me.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The dews fall on the lea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

ANONYMOUS.

THROUGH THE MEADOW.

THE summer sun was soft and bland,
As they went through the meadow land.

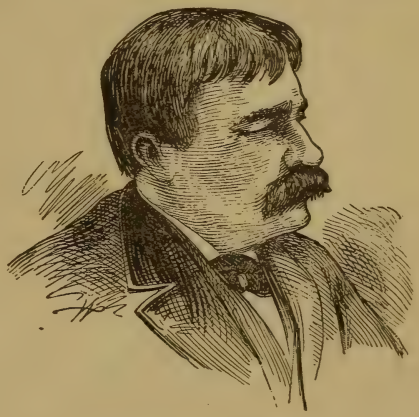
The little wind that hardly shook
The silver of the sleeping brook
Blew the gold hair about her eyes—
A mystery of mysteries!
So he must often pause, and stoop,
And all the wanton ringlets loop
Behind her dainty ear—emprise
Of slow event and many sighs.

Across the stream was scarce a step—
And yet she feared to try the leap;
And he, to still her sweet alarm,
Must lift her over on his arm.

She could not keep the narrow way,
For still the little feet would stray,
And ever must he bend t' undo
The tangled grasses from her shoe—
From dainty rosebud lips in pout,
Must kiss the perfect flower out!

Ah! little coquette! Fair deceit!
Some things are bitter that were sweet.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.



WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

CUPID DEFIED.

(From "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act I., Scene 2.)

MY gentle Puck, come hither; thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
Puck. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw (but thou could'st not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:



"The heavens were bright, and all the earth was fair;
Love's golden radiance fell upon our way."

It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

YESTERDAY.

YESTERDAY, darling—only yesterday,
The heavens were bright, and all the earth was fair;
Love's golden radiance fell upon our way—
Love's dreamy music filled the scented air:
A thousand wild flowers trembled round our feet,
We saw the lilac boughs above us sway;
And heard the woodlark singing high and sweet,
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday,
With lips apart and hair of russet brown,
You came, dear heart, across the flower-decked way,
Sweeping the grasses with your trailing gown;
Upon your cheek there was a wild-rose glow,
And in your eyes there was a sunset ray;
You came with arms outstretched—you loved me so,
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday,
A soft breeze stealing from the sunny south
Blew from your brow the tangled fringe away,
And wooed the kisses from your crimson mouth;
The boughs caressed you as you came along,
The red sun kissed you with its parting ray,
The woodlark praised you in his happy song,
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday;
Ah, me! ah, me! but yesterday is—dead:
The sun still shines across the flower-decked way,
And still the woodlark warbles overhead;
But in the shadows of a great despair,
I weep, dear heart, upon the weary way,
For love's bright dream, that made the earth so fair
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

M. M. FORRESTER.

WHY NOT?

WHEN woman loves, and will not show it,
What can her lover do?
I asked a scholar, and a poet,
But neither wise fool seemed to know it;
So, lady, I ask you.

Were you in love (let me suppose it),
What should your lover do?
You know you love him and he knows it;
Oh! why not, then, to him disclose it,
As he his love to you?

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.



RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE INTERPRETER.

OH, well these places knew and lov'd us twain!
The Genii softly laughed to see us pass,
To kiss our blessed hands up climbed the grass,
And on our pathway danced a flowery train;
To counsel us each aged tree was fain,
And all its leafy accents we could class;
By symbol circles on its polished glass,
By chiming shallows, still the brook spake plain.
Now all is changed: I look and list in vain;
As one who sits and hears a solemn mass,
In other language, in an alien fane,

So I without thee in these haunts, alas!
Am nature's stranger—so must I remain
Till, sweet interpreter! thou come again.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

(Extract.)

HOW sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair star, to love and lovers dear!
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through a tear.

Thine are the soft, enchanting hours
When twilight lingers o'er the plain,
And whispers to the closing flowers
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that murmuring bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star, though I be doomed to prove
That rapture's tears are mixed with pain,
Ah, still I feel 'tis sweet to love,
But sweeter to be loved again!

JOHN LEYDEN.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE O.

THY cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie O;
Thy neck is like the siller-dew
Upon the banks sae briery O;
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
Oh, sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee!
Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie O.

The bird sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie O,
Rejoicing in the summer morn,
Nae care to mak' it eerie O;
But little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
That gar my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinking bonny O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day
Ours joys fu' sweet and mony O;
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
And round about the thorny tree,
Or pu' the wild-flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie O.

I hae a wish I canna time,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O;
I wish thou wert forever mine,
And never mair to leave me O:
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nor ither wardly care would hae,
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
My only jo and dearie O.

RICHARD GALL.

SONNET.

(It will be noticed that this sonnet has fifteen lines.)

THE forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white had stolen of both.
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

SONG.

(From "Merchant of Venice," Act III., Scene 2.)

TELL me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply. It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,——Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.



"The careless days of peace and pleasure,
The nights of pure repose!"

YOUR COMING.

I KNOW, not, love, when first you found me,
What instinct led you here:
I know the world has changed around me
Since once you came so near.
I yield a thousand claims to nourish this,
At last the dearest hope, the nearest tie;
And looking but to you for happiness,
Happy am I.

How lightly passed the maiden leisure
That youth and freedom chose,
The careless days of peace and pleasure,
The nights of pure repose!
So swift a touch could set the tune amiss!
So brief a shadow blot the morning sky!
Yet if the heart be made for happiness,
Happy am I.

O love, your coming taught me trouble;
Your parting taught me pain.
My breath grew quick, my blood ran double—
It leaped in every vein.
Yet, ah! has time outdone the lover's kiss,
The look—the burning look—the low reply?
If these be all he holds of happiness,
Happy am I.

You lend to earth a vague emotion;
My self a stranger seems;
Your glance is mixed with sky and ocean;
Your voice is heard in dreams.
The good I choose is weighed with that I miss,
My idlest laughter mated with a sigh,
And moving only in your happiness,
Happy am I.

DORA READ GOODALE.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

AS ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, up sprang the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light and darkness too.
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But, O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose bold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THE CHESS-BOARD.

MY little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er queen and knight;
Brave pawns in valiant battle stand;
The double castles guard the wings;
The bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves sidling through the fight.

Our fingers touch, our glances meet
And falter, falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving; down the field, your queen
Rides slow her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.

Ah me! the little battle's done,
Dispersed is all its chivalry.
Full many a move since then, have we
'Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with fortune played—
What is it we have won?
This, this, at least—if this alone—

That never, never, never more,
As in those old, still nights of yore—
Ere we were grown so sadly wise—
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess as then we played together!

EDWARD ROBERT, EARL LYTTON.
("Owen Meredith.")



EDWARD ROBERT, EARL LYTTON.

"TAKE, OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY."

(From "The Passionate Pilgrim." Also found in "Measure for Measure," Act IV., Scene 1. It occurs in the "Rollo" of Beaumont and Fletcher, to whom it is often attributed.)

TAKE, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain!

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.



"By hood and tippet sheltered sweet
Her face with youth and health was beaming."

THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited,
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

From the Doorstep.

A cloud passed hastily overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! do it!"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, dashing mouth — I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give — but who can live youth over?

Edmund Clarence Stedman

But no, she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet

Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone—
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended:
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never, do it, *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh wild thrill,
I'd give—But who can live youth over?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

MUSIC AND LOVE.

(From Twelfth Night, Act I., Scene 1.)

IF music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

FROM "THE SONG OF THE CAMP."

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie"!

Bayard Taylor



"In hosts the lilies, white and large,
Lay close with hearts of downy gold.

THE LILY POND.

SOME fairy spirit with his wand,
I think, has hovered o'er the dell,
And spread this film upon the pond,
And touched it with this drowsy spell,

For here the musing soul is merged
In woods no other scene can bring,
And sweeter seems the air when scourged
With wandering wild-bee's murmuring.

One ripple streaks the little lake,
Sharp purple-blue; the birches, thin
And silvery, crowd the edge, yet break
To let a straying sunbeam in.

How came we through the yielding wood,
That day, to this sweet-rustling shore?
Oh! there together while we stood,
A butterfly was wafted o'er

In sleepy light; and even now
His glimmering beauty doth return
Upon me when the soft winds blow,
And lilies toward the sunlight yearn.

The yielding wood? And yet t'was loth
To yield unto our happy march;
Doubtful it seemed, at times, if both
Could pass its green, elastic arch.

Yet there, at last, upon the marge
We found ourselves, and there, behold,
In hosts the lilies, white and large,
Lay close with hearts of downy gold!

Deep in the weedy waters spread
The rootlets of the placid bloom:
So sprung my love's flower, that was bred
In deep still waters of hearts-gloom.

So sprung; and so that morn was nursed
To live in light and on the pool
Wherein its roots were deep immersed,
Burst into beauty broad and cool.

Few words were said as moments passed;
I know not how it came—that awe
And ardor of a glance that cast
Our love in universal law.

But all at once a bird sang loud,
From dead twigs of the gloamy beach,
His notes dropped dewy, as from a cloud,
A blessing on our married speech.

Ah, love! how fresh and rare, even now,
That moment and that mood return
Upon me, when the soft winds blow,
And lilies toward the sunlight yearn!

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

BALCONY SCENE.

(From "Romeo and Juliet," Act II., Scene 2.)

ROM. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
[Juliet *appears above at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in the spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven,
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

TREU UND FEST.

SOME blame the years that fly so fast,
And sigh o'er loves and friendships gone;
While others say too long they last,
And wish each day were earlier done.

But thou art none of these—to thee
The past is past; past not in vain.
Days lived in life's reality—
What need to wish them here again?

Days hallowed each by noble use—
What need to wish them earlier done?
Who spend their souls in time's abuse
Are eager for to-morrow's sun.

Thy trust and rest unbroken are;
In God's appointed pathway still
Thy constant spirit, like a star,
Moves on accomplishing His will.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestere'en,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white;
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
She charmed my soul, I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

ROBERT BURNS.



"Nestle closely, little hand,
Closely, warmly clasped in mine!"

A MADRIGAL.

(From the Spanish.)

NESTLE closely, little hand,
Closely, warmly clasped in mine!
While across this evening land
Fainter grows the sunset-shine,
And a low breeze thrills the pine,
Then serenely dies away
Past the stranded wreck of day;
Linger, little hand, in mine!

Whisper, voice of liquid tone,
Whisper in thy captive's ear;
Of all voices Earth has known,
Thine is sweetest, Love, to hear;
Heaven therein seems strangely near,
Since it hath the fall and rise
Of the rills of Paradise
On the soul's enraptured ear!

Tremble, oh! thou tender breast,
But for joy that, borne apart,
Love hath built for love a nest
In his deep entranced heart.
There, my gentler self, thou art,
(While for thy pure-thoughted sake
All the songs of Eden wake)
Sheltered, tranquil and apart.

Flutter nigh me, timorous lips,
Coy as bird-wings poised for flight;
Ah! but twilight's half eclipse
Slowly melteth into night;
Then ye faltering lips alight,
Soft as dew-falls of the South,
On a softly answering mouth.
Surely veiled by gracious night,
Hidden with the flickering flush
Of his own delicious blush,
Love may kiss, and kiss aright!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

"OH, HAD MY LOVE NE'ER SMILED ON ME."

(From "The Duenna.")

OH, had my love ne'er smiled on me,
I ne'er had known such anguish;
But think how false, how cruel she,
To bid me cease to languish!
To bid me hope her hand to gain,
Breathe on a flame half perished;
And then with cold and fixed disdain,
To kill the hope she cherished!

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck,
That drove as winds did blow it,
Silent had left the shattered deck,
To find a grave below it;
Then land was cried—no more resigned,
He glowed with joy to hear it;
Not worse his fate, his woe, to find
The wreck must sink ere near it.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

SERENADE.

(From "The Pirate.")

LOVE wakes and weeps, while Beauty sleeps!
O for music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme for Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

Through groves of palm sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live! No dream can give
A shadowed bliss the real excelling;
No longer sleep; from lattice peep,
And list the tale that Love is telling!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LOVE.

(From "The Minister's Wooing.")

DO not listen to hear whom a woman praises, to know where her heart is; do not ask for whom she expresses the most earnest enthusiasm. But if there be one she once knew well, whose name she never speaks; if she seems to have an instinct to avoid every occasion of its mention; if, when you speak, she drops into silence and changes the subject—why, look there for something!—just as, when getting through deep meadow-grass, a bird flies ostentatiously up before you, you may know her nest is not there, but far off under distant tufts of fern and buttercup, through which she has crept, with a silent flutter in her spotted breast, to act her pretty little falsehood before you.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea;
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light,
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep;
Sweet Spirit, meet me then!

There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam;
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel, and my dream!
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.

SIR EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.



"When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee."

———o———

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

(From "The Silent Woman.")

STILL to be neat, still to be dressed
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powdered, still perfumed;
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art!
They strike my eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

"DO YOU REMEMBER HOW WE USED TO PACE."

DO you remember how we used to pace
Under the lindens, by the garden wall?
It was a homely, but secluded place,
Safe sheltered from the prying gaze of all.
Deep in the azure distance loomed the tall,
Grand, heathery hills, and one bluff-headland high
Rose, rain-crowned, against the golden sky;
How lovingly around you seemed to fall
Those linden shadows, when you laid aside
Your hat, in the hot noon, and let the air
Kiss cheek and forehead, while I fetched you rare
Red-coated peaches, or the purple pride
Of grapes, still glowing with the autumn sun!
And we sipped other fruit too, little one.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I'VE wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day:
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' lang syne.

'Twas then we luvet ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time! sad time! twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loop locked in loop,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page
We' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
When'er the schule-weans laughin' said
We clecked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The schule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes,
The broomy braes of June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, luve, how oft we left
The deaven' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with nature's heart in tune
Concerted harmonies;
And, on the knowe abune the burne,
For hours thegither sat
I' the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ah, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak:
That was a time, a blessed time
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth
Unsyllabled, unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine?

Oh! say, gin e'er your heart grows grit
  Wi' dreamings o' lang syne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
  I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings far or near,
  Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
  Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it runs,
  The luve o' life's young day.

Oh dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face nor heard
  The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
  And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
  O' bygone days and me.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.



WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

(From "Maud.")

COME into the garden, Maud,
  For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
  I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
  And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
  And the Planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
  On a bed of daffodil sky,—
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
  To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
  The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
  To the dancers dancing in tune,—
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
  And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
  With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
  She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
  And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
  The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
  In babble and revel and wine;
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
  For one that will never be thine!
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose
  "For ever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
  As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
  For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow, and on to the wood,
  Our wood, that is dearer than all;
From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
  That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel print of your feet
  In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
  And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
  One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
  As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,

Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen-rose of the rose-bud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

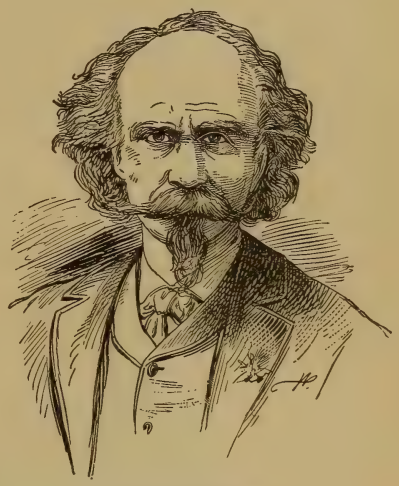
WHO IS LOVE?

WHY, Love, my love is a dragon fly
That weaves by the beautiful river,
Where waters flow warm, where willows droop by,
Where lilies dip waveward and quiver,
Where stars of heaven they shine for aye,
If you take not hold of that dragon fly,
By the musical, mystical river.

Let Love go his ways; let the lilies grow
By that beautiful silvery river;
Let tall tules nod; let noisy reeds blow;
Let the lilies' lips open and quiver;
But when Love may come, or when Love may go,
You may guess and may guess, but you never shall know,
While the silver stars ride on that river.

But this you may know: If you clasp Love's wings,
And you hold him hard by that river,
Why, his eyes grow green, and he turns and he stings,
And the waters wax icy and shiver;
The waters wax chill and the silvery wings
Of Love they are broken, as broken heart-strings,
While darkness comes down on that river.

JOAQUIN MILLER.



JOAQUIN MILLER.

SONG.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me;
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye;
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

"DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARLING."

O DON'T be sorrowful, darling!
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling;
Time's waves they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray;
But taking the year all around, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago;
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.

But God is God, my darling,
Of the night as well as the day;
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

A God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul
to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which
I can pledge to thee?

Does there within my dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, O, tell me before all
is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou cans't feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true
mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now — lest at some future day my
whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my
heart against thine own.

Could'st thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate,—
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember I
would risk it all!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE COQUETTE.

WHATSOE'ER she vowed to-day,
Ere a week had fled away,
She'd refuse me;
And shall I her steps pursue,
Follow still, and fondly too?
No, excuse me?

If she love me, it were kind
Just to teach me her own mind;
Let her lose me!
For no more I'll seek her side,
Court her favor, feed her pride;
No, excuse me!

Let her frown; frowns never kill;
Let her shun me, if she will,
Hate, abuse me;
Shall I bend 'neath her annoy,
Bend, and make my heart a toy?
No, excuse me!

CHARLES SWAIN.

HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

HOW do I love thee? Let me count the ways:
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of each day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seem to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LOVE'S IMPRESS.

HER light foot on a noble heart she set,
And went again on her heedless way,
Vain idol of so steadfast a regret
As never but with life could pass away.

Youth and youth's easy virtues, made her fair;
Triumphant through the sunny hours she ranged,
Then came the winter—bleak, unlovely, bare,
Still ruled her image over one unchanged.

So, where some trivial creature played of old,
The warm soft clay received the tiny dint;
We cleave the deep rock's bosom, and behold,
Sapped in its core the immemorial print.

Men marvel such frail record should outlive
The vanished forests and the hills o'er hurled;
But high, souled love can keep a type alive
Which has no living answer in the world.

E. HINXMAN.



"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine."

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when, it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON.



"Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life."

OTHELLO'S DEFENSE.

(From "Othello," Act I., Scene 3.)

SO justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means,
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels, she had something heard,
But not intentively. I did consent;
And often did beguile her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them,
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

LOCHINVAR.

(From "Marmion," Canto V.)

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
Oh come ye in peace, here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar;
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered: "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung:
"She is won! we are gone over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A GLIMPSE OF LOVE.

SHE came as comes the summer wind,
A gust of beauty to my heart;
Then swept away; but left behind
Emotions which shall not depart.

Unheralded she came and went,
Like music in the silent night,
Which, when the burthened air is spent,
Bequeaths to memory its delight.

Or like the sudden April bow
That spans the violet-waking rain,
She bade those blessed flowers to grow
Which may not fall or fade again.

Far sweeter than all things most sweet,
And fairer than all things most fair,
She came and passed with foot-steps fleet,
A shining wonder in the air.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

ABSENCE.

'TIS not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what thou art,
But 'tis the too, too long endurance
Of absence, that afflicts the heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When each is lonely doomed to weep,
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
Or riches buried in the deep.

What though untouched by jealous madness,
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck,
Th' undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
Is but more slowly doomed to break.

Absence! is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath?
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,—
The pain without the peace of death.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweet-heart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened; such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;
Which were blackest none could tell,

But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Makes her tressy forehead dim;
Thus she stood among the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

SONG.

(From "Aglaura.")

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

SEND BACK MY HEART.

I PRYTHEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain,
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O Love, where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But Love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out,
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.



SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

LOVE.

(From "The Maiden Queen.")

I FEED a flame within, which so torments me,
That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me;
'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die, than once remove it.
Yet he, for whom I grieve, shall never know it;
My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes show it.
Not a sigh nor a tear my pain discloses,
But they fall silently, like dew on roses.
Thus to prevent my love from being cruel,
My heart's the sacrifice, as 'tis the fuel;
And while I suffer this to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.
On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
Where I conceal my love no frown can fright me;
To be more happy, I dare not aspire;
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

JOHN DRYDEN.



"Maiden crowned with glossy blackness,
Lithe as panther forest roaming,
Long-armed naiad, when she dances,
On a stream of ether floating,
Bright, O bright Fedalma!"

BRIGHT, O BRIGHT FEDALMA!

(From "The Spanish Gypsy.")

MAIDEN, crowned with glossy blackness,
Lithe as panther forest roaming,
Long-armed naiad, when she dances,
On a stream of ether floating,
Bright, O bright Fedalma!

From all curves, like softness drifted,
Wave-kissed marble roundly dimpling,
Far-off music slowly winged,
Gently rising, gently sinking,
Bright, O bright Fedalma!

Pure as rain-tear on a rose-leaf,
Cloud high-born in noon-day spotless,
Sudden perfect as the dew-bead,
Gem of earth and sky begotten,
Bright, O bright Fedalma!

Beauty has no mortal father,
Holy light her form engendered
Out of tremor, yearning, gladness,
Presage sweet and joy remembered,
Child of light, Fedalma!

MARIAN EVANS CROSS.
("George Eliot.")

A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up of loveliness alone;
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her heart each flows,
As one may see the burdened bee forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measure of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft, so fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns, the idol of past years.

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long remain;
But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh will be not life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone;
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
Her health! and would on earth there stood some more of such a frame!
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

EDWARD COATES PINKNEY.

THE GOLD-HUNTER.

(From "The Arizonian.")

I GATHERED the gold I had hid in the earth,
Hid over the door and hid under the hearth,
Hoarded and hid, as the world went over,
For the love of a blonde by a sun-browned lover;
And I said to myself, as I set my face
To the East and afar from the desolate place,
"She has braided her tresses, and through tears
Looked away to the West for years, the years
That I have wrought where the sun tans brown;
She has waked by night, she has watched by day,
She has wept and wondered at my delay,
Alone and in tears with her head held down,
Where the ships sail out and the seas swirl in,
Forgetting to knit and refusing to spin.
She shall lift her head, she shall see her lover,
She shall hear his voice like a sea that rushes,
She shall hold his gold in her hands of snow,
And down on his breast she shall hide her blushes,
And never a care shall her true heart know,
While the clods are below or the clouds are above her."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, alas forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I, the other day,
Walked o'er the sand-hills to the sea;
The setting sun adorned the coast,
His beams entire his fierceness lost,
And on the surface of the deep
The wind lay only not asleep.
The nymph did, like the scene, appear
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, O, the change! The winds grow high,
Impending tempests charge the sky,
The lightning flies, the thunder roars,
The big waves lash the frightened shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head and wings her flight,
And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore or view the main.

"Once more at least look back," said I,
Thyself in that large glass descry;
When thou art in good humor dressed,
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee;
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love;
I bless my chain, I hand mine oar,
Nor think on all I left on shore.

"But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear,
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh,
'Tis then thou art yon angry main,
Deformed by winds and dashed by rain;
And the poor sailor that must try
Its fury, labors less than I.
Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make,
While love and fate still drive me back;
Forced to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey;
Wretched when from thee, vexed when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

WOOING STUFFE.

FAINT amorist, what! dost thou think
To taste love's honey, and not drink
One drop of gall? or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour?
Dost thou e'er think to enter
The Elysian fields, that durst not venture
In Charon's barge? A lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind.
He that loves, and fears to try,
Learns his mistress to deny.
Doth she chide thee? 'Tis to show it,
That thy coldness makes her do it.
Is she silent? Is she mute?
Silence fully grants thy suit.
Doth she pout, and leave the room?
Then she goes to bid thee come.
Is she sick? Why, then, be sure,
She invites thee to the cure.
Doth she cross thy suit with no?
Tush! she loves to hear thee woo.
Doth she question faith of man?
Nay, forsooth, she loves thee then.
He that after ten denials
Dares attempt no further trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

"BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS."

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts, fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

THOMAS MOORE.

LOVE.

(From "The Curse of Kehama.")

THEY sin who tell us love can die.
With Life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly, these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth.
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"'TIS LIKE A TALE OF OLDEN TIME."

AH! 'tis like a tale of olden time,
Long, long ago;
When the world was in its golden prime,
And Love was lord below!
Every vein of Earth was dancing
With the Spring's new wine;
'Twas the pleasant time of flowers
When I met you, love of mine!

Ah! some spirit sure was straying
Out of heaven that day,
When I met you, Sweet! a-Maying
In that merry, merry May.
Little heart! it shyly opened
Its red leaves' love lore,
Like a rose that must be ripened
To the dainty, dainty core.

But its beauties daily brightened,
And it blooms so dear,
Though a many winters whiten,
I go Maying all the year,
And my proud heart will be praying
Blessings on the day
When I met you, Sweet, a-Maying,
In that merry, merry May.

GERALD MASSEY.



E. L. Palmer

"HOLLOW IS THE OAK BESIDE."

HOLLOW is the oak beside
The sunny waters drooping;
Thither came, when I was young,
Happy children trooping;
Dream I now, or hear I now,
Far, their mellow whooping?

Gay, beneath the cowslip bank,
See, the billow dances;
There I lay, beguiling time,
When I lived romances;
Dropping pebbles in the wave,
Fancies into fancies.

Farther, where the river glides,
By the wooded cover,
Where the merlin singeth low,
With the hawk above her,
Came a foot and shone a smile—
Woe is me, the lover!

Leaflets on the hollow oak
Still as greenly quiver,
Musical, amid the reeds,
Murmurs on the river,
But the footstep and the smile:
Woe is me forever!

SIR EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

"IF I DESIRE WITH PLEASANT SONGS."

IF I desire with pleasant songs
To throw a merry hour away,
Comes Love unto me, and my wrongs
In careful tale he doth display,
And asks me how I stand for singing,
While I my helpless hands am wringing.

And then another time, if I
A noon and shady bower would pass,
Comes he with stealthy gesture sly,
And flinging down upon the grass,
Quoth he to me, "My master dear,
Think of this noontide, such a year!"

And if elsewhile I lay my head
On pillow, with intent to sleep,
Lies love beside me on the bed,
And gives me ancient words to keep;
Says he, "These looks, these tokens number:
Maybe, they'll help you to a slumber."

So every time when I would yield
An hour to quiet, comes he still;
And hunts up every sign concealed,
And every outward sign of ill;
And gives me his sad face's pleasures,
For merriment's, or sleep's, or leisure's.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think;
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew;
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love—
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come, at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,

And your mouth of your own geranium's red,
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of so many men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed, or itself missed me,
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope:
What is the issue? Let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold;
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand;
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand!

ROBERT BROWNING.

SONG OF EGLA.

(From "Zophiel.")

DAY, in melting purple dying,
Blossoms, all around me sighing,
Fragrance from the lilies straying,
Zephyr with my ringlets playing,
Ye but waken my distress;
I am sick of loneliness!

Thou to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken!
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent;
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure;
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;
Let the shining ore lie darkling,
Bring no gem in luster sparkling;
Gifts and gold are naught to me;
I would only look on thee;

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation,
Yet but torture, if compressed
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still? Ah, come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee!
Once, in caution, I could fly thee;
Now, I nothing could deny thee;
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

MARIA GOWEN BROOKS.

LOVE-LETTERS.

AS snowdrops come to a wintry world
Like angels in the night,
And we see not the Hand who sent us them,
Though they give us strange delight;
And strong as the dew to freshen the flower
Or quicken the slumbering seed,
Are those little things called "letters of love,"
To hearts that comfort need.
For alone in the world, midst toil and sin,
These still, small voices wake music within.

They come, they come, these letters of love,
Blessing and being blest,
To silence fear with thoughts of cheer,
That give to the weary rest:
A mother looks out on the angry sea
With a yearning heart in vain,
And a father sits musing over the fire,
As he heareth the wind and the rain;
And a sister sits singing a favorite song,
Unsung for a long, long while,
Till it brings the thought, with a tear to her eye,
Of a brother's vanished smile;
And with hearts and eyes more full than all,
Two lovers look forth for these blessings to fall!

And they come, they come, these letters of love,
Blessing and being blest,
To silence fear with thoughts of cheer,
That give to the weary rest:
Oh! never may we be so lonely in life,
So ruined and lost to love,
That never an olive branch comes to our ark
Of home from some cherished dove;
And never may we, in happiest hours,
Or when our prayers ascend,
Feel that our hearts have grown too cold
For a thought on an absent friend!
For, like summer rain to the fainting flowers,
They are stars to the heart in its darkest hours.

ROWLAND BROWN.

SONG: FROM "SUPPER AT THE MILL."

Oh, have I loved sweet Lettice White.
By day light, & by candle light
When we two were apart—
Some better day come on apace
And let me tell her face to face
"Maiden, thou hast my heart—"

How gently rock yon poplars high
Against the reach of primrose sky
Where heaven's pale candles stored
She sees them all sweet Lettice White
I'll e'en go sit again to night
Beside her ironing-board!

Jean Ingelow

ON WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I LOVED thee once, I'll love no more;
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love, unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain;
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remained thy own,
I might, perchance, have yet been thine;
But thou thy freedom didst recall,
That if thou might elsewhere enthrall,
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquered thee,
And changed the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy to love thee still;
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice
To see him gain what I have lost;
The height of my disdain shall be
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee, still, but go no more
A-begging to a beggar's door.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gi'ed me her promise true;
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her ee;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' of her fairy feet;
Like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet;
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doune and dee.

DOUGLAS OF FINGLAND.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds, that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

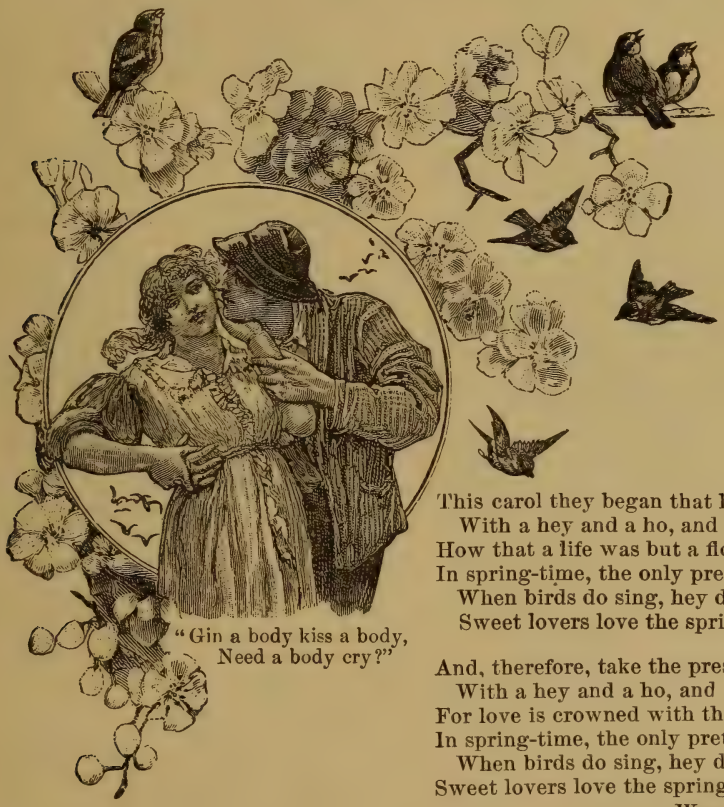
RICHARD LOVELACE.

SONG.

(From "As You Like It.")

IT was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.



"Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?"

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And, therefore, take the present time,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

———o———

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

GIN a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel',
But whaur his hame or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Every lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel',
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

ANONYMOUS.
(Scotland, 18th Century.)

SONG—"ASK ME NO MORE."

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love, heaven did prepare
These powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet, dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THOMAS CAREW.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

GO, lovely rose:
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

EDMUND WALLER.

—o—

Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath

Sloperton Cottage
May 27th 1842.

Thomas Moore

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA.

(From "The Courtship of Miles Standish.")

SO he entered the house; and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

* * * * *

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful spring-time,
Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the morrow.
"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England;
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet;
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together;
And, at the end of the street, the village church with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it; I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched.
Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed, I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;

So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth."

Thus he delivered his message; the dexterous writer of letters,
Did not embellish the theme, or array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-boy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla, the Puritan maiden,
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence,
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning."

Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter—
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;—
But, as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes running over with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

STANZA: THE CHOICE.

AS when a lady, walking Flora's bower,
Picks here a pink, and here a gilly-flower,
Now plucks a violet from her purple bed,
And then a primrose, the year's maidenhead,
There nips the briar, here the lover's pansy,
Shifting her dainty pleasures with her fancy,
This on her arms, and that she lists to wear

Upon the borders of her curious hair;
At length a rose-bud, passing all the rest,
She plucks, and bosoms in her lily breast.

FRANCIS QUARLES.



"With modest eyes downcast
She comes; she's here; she's past."

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout
And noise and humming;
They've hushed the minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell;
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither;
With modest eyes downcast
She comes; she's here; she's past;
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait,
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

TRIUMPH OF CHARIS.

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty,
And enamored do wish so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar,
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag o' the bee?
O so white! Oh so soft! O so sweet is she!

BEN JONSON.

SONG.

WITHDRAW not yet those lips and fingers
Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell;
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
And death seems in the word farewell.
The hour that bids us part and go,
It sounds not yet—oh! no, no, no!

Time, while I gaze upon thy sweetness,
Flies like a courser nigh the goal;
To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
When thou art parted from my soul?
Our hearts shall beat, our tears shall flow,
But not together—no, no, no!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

GOOD-MORROW.

BACK clouds away, and welcome day;
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, larks, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast;
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet and cock-sparrow;
You pretty elves, among yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

TO LUCASTA.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, must adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

SIR RICHARD LOVELACE.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

(From "Alexander and Campaspe.")

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He staked his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek, but none knows how;
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin.
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won; and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, hath she done thus to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

JOHN LYLY.

SONG.

(From "Much Ado About Nothing.")

SIGH no more ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, hey nonny, nonny.



"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever."

Sing no more ditties, sing no more,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, hey nonny, nonny.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

———o———

TO THE LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

TOO late I stayed; forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown make of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

FREEDOM AND LOVE.

HOW delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying!

Yet remember, mid your wooing,
Love has bliss, but love has ruing;
Others' smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays where sorest chidden,
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind love to last forever.

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel.
Love's wing moults when caged and captured;
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing?
No; nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



T. Campbell

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever,
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



"Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air!
Even in shadows you are fair."

SONG.

(From "The False One.")

LOOK out, bright eyes, and bless the air!
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Though your beauty be confined,
And soft love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly then and dare
Even the fetters that you wear!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE OLD COUPLE.

IT stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so sunny and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimney
And the gray roof sloping down!

The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold!

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pasture
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone;
And the old wife's ears are failing,
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek has fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of springtime prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown,
Since clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old doorstone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure
And dimmed her hair's young gold,
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in their place in the sunshine
Till the day was almost done;
And then at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyelids with balm;
And their last breath floated upward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen mystic road
That leads to the beautiful city
"Whose builder and maker is God."

ANONYMOUS.

THE EXCHANGE.

WE pledged our hearts, my love and I,
I in my arms the maiden clasping;
I could not tell the reason why,
But oh! I trembled like an aspen.

Her father's love she bade me gain;
I went, and shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man; in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'M wearing awa', John,
Like snaw when it's thaw, John,
I'm wearing awa'
To the Land o' the Leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the Land o' the Leal.

Ye wer aye leal and true, John,
Your task's ended noo, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the Land o' the Leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith guid and fair, John;
Oh, we grudged her right sair
To the Land o' the Leal!

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, John,
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels wait on me
To the Land o' the Leal.
Now fair ye weel, my ain John,
This warld's care is vain, John;
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the Land o' the Leal.

LADY NAIRN.



"And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale."

ALLEN-A-DALE.

(From "Rokeby," Canto III.)

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle; come, hearken my tale:
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,
The mere for his net and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty bold yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rerecross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his household and home;
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;

'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And all its bright spangles," said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry;
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my love, sweet Genevieve!
In beauty's light you glide along;
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice as seraph's song;
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow;
Within your soul a voice there lives;
It bids you hear the tale of woe.
When, sinking low, the sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretched to save,
Fair as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

"FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR."

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own grief to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened the pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles;
Too blest, if it tell me, that mid the gay cheer
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear;
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.

MORALITY IN ART.

MORAL beauty is the basis of all true beauty. This foundation is somewhat veiled and covered in nature. Art brings it out, and gives it more transparent forms. It is here that art, when it knows well its power and resources, engages in a struggle with nature in which it may have the advantage.

VICTOR COUSIN.



"Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds."

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

"THEY made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of Death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds;
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And, when on earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew.

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the coppersnake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting, cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh, when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played;
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark
Which carried him off from the shore;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark;
The winds were high, and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe.

THOMAS MOORE.

PROPOSAL.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
And I love thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover blooms,
But I kiss thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,
The lily's bride o' the bee,
Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth,
Shall I wed thee?

BAYARD TAYLOR.



"She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight."

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve.

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve:
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story,
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knows I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand,
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable Knight;

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves,
A dying man, he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve,

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved; she stepped aside;
As conscious of my look, she stepped;
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love and partly Fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride,
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown the stream
Gently, as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three;
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

BRYAN W. PROCTER.
(Barry Cornwall.)

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

HOW many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, love,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears; a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown!

Ah! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time!

BRYAN W. PROCTER.
(Barry Cornwall.)

SONNET.

(It is said that soon after the death of Longfellow, in 1882, the following tribute to his wife, which was written in July, 1879, was found in his portfolio. The lines were not, we believe, made public until very recently.)

IN the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died, and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant west
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



"I saw two clouds at morning
Tinged by the rising sun."

EPITHALAMIUM.

I SAW two clouds at morning
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was blessed,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
A purer sky, where all is peace.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.



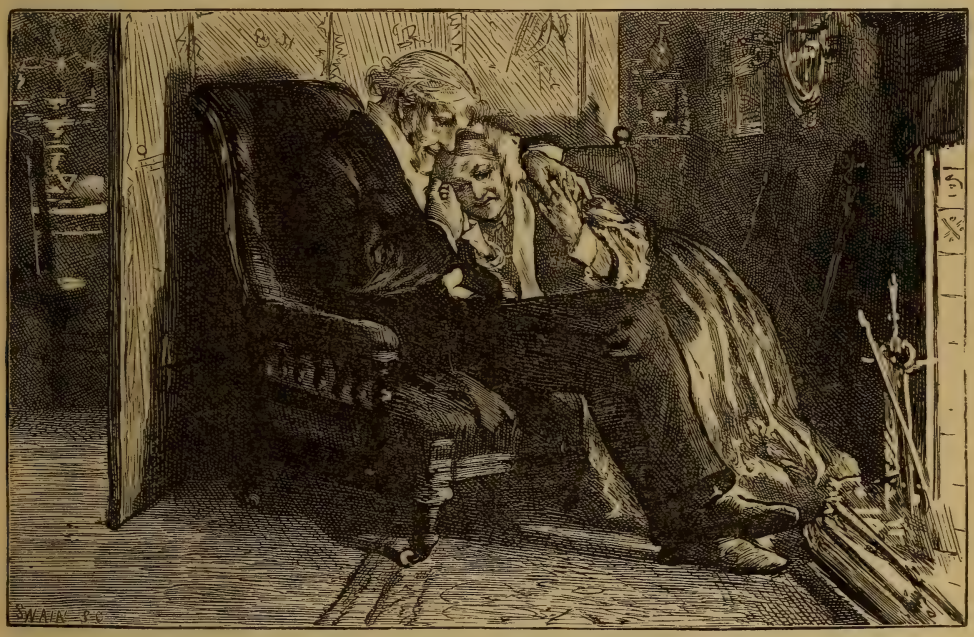
"Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."

JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.



"There's naething binds my puir auld heart
To earth, gude-wife, but thee."

THE GUDE-WIFE.

I FEEL I'm growing auld, gude-wife,
I feel I'm growing auld;
My steps are frail, my een are bleared,
My pow is unco bauld.
I've seen the snaws o' fourscore years
O'er hill and meadow fa',
And, hinnie, were it no for you,
I'd gladly slip awa'.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude-wife,
I feel I'm growing auld;
From youth to age I've keepit warm
The luve that ne'er turned cauld.
I canna bear the dreary thocht
That we maun sindered be;
There's naething binds my puir auld heart
To earth, gude-wife, but thee.

JAMES LINEN.

"NOT OURS THE VOWS."

NOT ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,
Have drawn our spirits nearer;
And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,
Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
And through death's shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

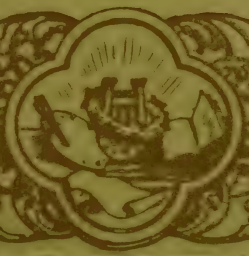
BERNARD BARTON.



RELIGION.

Through life's vapors dimly seeing,
Who but longs for light to break?
Oh, the feverish dream of being!
When, oh when, shall we awake?

CONDER.





"But peaceful was the night wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began."



Poems of Religion.

HYMN ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

IT was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child
All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies.
Nature, in awe to him,
Hath doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair,
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng:
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Hath given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear

Than his bright throne, or burning axletree
could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;



"When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet."

Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy
keep.

The air, such pleasures loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each
heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-faced night arrayed,
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music, as 'tis said,
Never before was made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellation set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow
And with your nine-fold harmony
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken and soon die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mold,
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest fate says No,
This must not yet be so;
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify;
Yet first, to those enchained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smoldering clouds outbreak,
The aged earth aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake,
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
The old dragon under ground
In straighter limits bound,
Not half so forecasts his usurped sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs, in twilight shade of tangled thickets, mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with mid-night plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with taper's holy shrine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammur mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain, with cymbals' ring,
They call the grisly king
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubus, haste.



"But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest."

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice battered god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green.
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;

Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbreled anthem dark,
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Nor Typhon, huge, ending in snaky twine;
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable,
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

JOHN MILTON.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

IT was the calm and silent night;
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed, for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought,
The air, how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

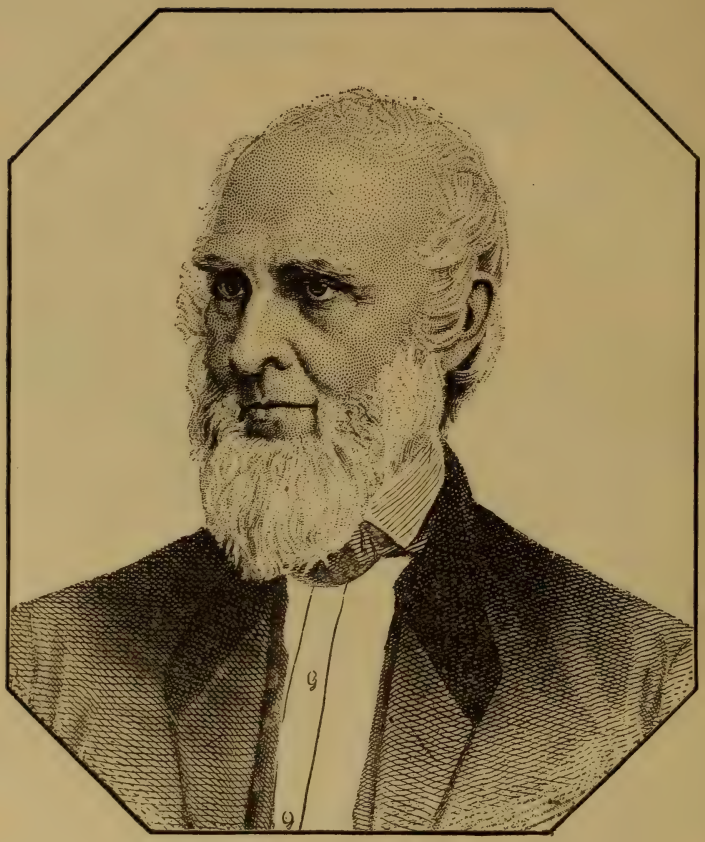
O strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why,
The world was listening unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever:
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

It is the calm and silent night!
A thousand bells ring out and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn mid-night,
Centuries ago.

ALFRED DOMETT.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at God's altar, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal!



John G. Whittier

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure!"

Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us:
"Earth has no sorrows that God cannot heal!"

THOMAS MOORE.

THE MYSTIC'S CHRISTMAS.

"ALL hail!" the bells of Christmas rang,
"All hail!" the monks at Christmas sang;
The merry monks who kept with cheer
The gladdest day of all their year.

But still apart, unmoved thereat,
A pious elder brother sat
Silent, in his accustomed place,
With God's sweet peace upon his face.

"Why sitt'st thou thus?" his brethren cried.
"It is the blessed Christmas-tide;
The Christmas lights are all aglow,
The sacred lilies bud and blow.

"Above our heads the joy-bells ring,
Without the happy children sing,
And all God's creatures hail the morn
On which the holy Christ was born!

"Rejoice with us; no more rebuke
Our gladness with thy quiet look."
The gray monk answered; "Keep, I pray,
Even as ye list, the Lord's birthday.

Let heathen Yule fires flicker red
Where thronged refectory feasts are spread;
With mystery-play and masque and mime
And wait-song speed the holy time!

"The blindest faith may haply save;
The Lord accepts the things we have;
And reverence howso'er it strays,
May find at last the shining ways.

"They needs must grope who cannot see,
The blade before the ear must be;
As ye are feeling I have felt,
And where ye dwelt I too have dwelt.

"But now, beyond the things of sense,
Beyond occasions and events,
I know, through God's exceeding grace,
Release from form and time and place.

"I listen, from no mortal tongue,
To hear the song the angels sung;
And wait within myself to know
The Christmas lilies bud and blow.

"The outward symbols disappear
From him whose inward sight is clear;
And small must be the choice of days
To him who fills them all with praise!

"Keep while you need it, brothers mine,
With honest zeal your Christmas sign,
But judge not him who, every morn,
Feels in his heart the Lord Christ born!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

(Job VII., 16.)

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where, seeking for rest, I but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves her brilliance to fade in the night of despair;
And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine ere I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own miserere prolongs.

I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Immortality's lamp burns there bright mid the gloom;
There too is the pillow where Christ bowed his head;

Oh, soft be my slumbers on that holy bed!
And then the glad morn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,
When the full matin-song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies!

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet on my ear;
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold;
The King, all arrayed in his beauty, behold!
Oh give me, oh give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above;
Ay, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.



"From under the boughs in the snow-clad wood
The merle and mavis are peeping."

CHRISTMAS IN THE WOODS.

FROM under the boughs in the snow-clad wood
The merle and mavis are peeping.
Alike secure from the wind and the flood,

Yet a silent Christmas keeping.
Still happy are they,
And their looks are gay,
And they frisk it from bough to bough,
Since berries bright red
Hang over their head,
A right goodly feast, I trow.

There under the boughs in their wintry dress,
Haps many a tender greeting;
Blithe hearts have met, and the soft caress
Hath told the delight of meeting.
Though winter hath come
To his woodland home,
There is mirth with old Christmas cheer,
For 'neath the light snow
Is the fruit-fraught bough.
And each to his love is near.

Yes! under the boughs, scarce seen, nestle they,
Those children of song together,—
As blissful by night, as joyous by day,
'Mid the snows and the wintry weather.
For they dream of spring,
And the songs they'll sing,
When the flowers bloom again in the mead;
And mindful are they
Of those blossoms gay,
Which have brought them to-day
Such help in their time of need!

HARRISON WEIR.

———o———

The wonders of all-ruling Providence;
The joys that from celestial Mercy flow;
Spiritual beauty; perfect excellence,
Ennoble and refine the native glow
The Poet feels — and thence his best resource
To paint his feelings with sublimest force.

April 23. 1817

The plain English of this, — is
the Bible is the best book
for a Poet to form his taste by.

John Keats

———o———

THE BIBLE.

THE Bible is the treasure of the poor, the solace of the rich, and the support of the dying; and while other books may amuse and instruct us in a leisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of the Bible to create light in the midst of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow which admits of no other alleviation, to direct a beam of hope to the heart which no other topic of consolation can reach; while guilt, despair, and death vanish at the touch of its holy inspiration.

ROBERT HALL.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

REDEMPTION.

(From "The Hind and the Panther.")

SO when of old the almighty Father sate
In council, to redeem our ruined state,
Millions of millions, at a distance round,
Silent, the sacred consistory crowned,
To hear what mercy, mixed with justice, could propound,
All prompt, with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will.
But when the stern conditions were declared,
A mournful whisper through the host was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads bent down,
Submissively declined the ponderous proffered crown.
Then, not till then, the eternal Son from high
Rose in the strength of all the Deity;
Stood forth to accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of heaven had bent,
Nor he himself could bear, but as Omnipotent.

JOHN DRYDEN.



JOHN DRYDEN.

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,

When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

THE WINGED WORSHIPERS.

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep;
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays,
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
To bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.



REGINALD HEBER.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

THE admiration of former times is a feeling at first, perhaps, engrafted on our minds by the regret of those who vainly seek in the evening of life for the sunny tints which adorned their morning landscape; and who are led to fancy a deterioration in surrounding objects, when the change is in themselves, and the twilight in their own powers of perception. It is probable that as the age of the individual or of the species is subject to its peculiar dangers, so each has its compensating advantages; and that the difficulties which, at different periods of time, have impeded the believer's progress to heaven, though in appearance equally various, are, in amount, very nearly equal. * * * Had we lived in the times of the infant Church, even amid the blaze of miracle on one hand, and the chastening fire of persecution on the other, we should have heard, perhaps, no fewer complaints of the cowardice and apostasy, the dissimulation and murmuring inseparable from a continuance of public distress and danger, than we now hear regrets for those days of wholesome affliction, when the mutual love of believers was strengthened by the common danger; when their want of worldly advantages disposed them to regard a release from the world with far more hope than apprehension, and compelled the Church to cling to her Master's cross alone for comfort and succor.

REGINALD HEBER.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

(Inscribed to Robert Aikin, Esq., of Ayr.)

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."
GRAY.

MY loved, my honored, much respected friend,
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aikin in a cottage would have been;

The blackening trains of craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,—
This night his weekly moil is at an end,—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And, weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward wend.



"The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end."

Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The shortening winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher through,
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clane hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,

At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town;



"Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher through,
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee."

Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' maks him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns came drapping in,

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,

Or deposite her sair-worn penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for others' welfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk an' play.
"An' oh, be sure to fear the Lord alway,
And mind your duty duly, morn and night:
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel an' assisting might;
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright."

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, an' flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi, kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta' en;
The father cracks o' horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But, blate and laithful, scarce can weel behave;
The woman, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sair experience bids me this declare:
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale!"

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then pants the ruined maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood.
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell;
An' aft he's pressed, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turn's o'er, wi patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And, "Let us worship God," he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;

Perhaps "Dundee's" wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyr's" worthy of the name;
Compared with these, Italian thrills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they wi' our Creator's praise.



"The priest-like father reads the sacred page."

Or noble "Elgin" beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays;
The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage

With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;

How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;



"The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay."

Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,

How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,

And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced
by Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal
King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's
pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the
soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous
nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them, and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts, with grace divine
preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered
abroad;
Princes and lords are but the work of kings;
"An honest man's the noblest work of
God;"
And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous
load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is
sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blessed with health, and peace, and
sweet content!
And oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much
loved isle!

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the glorious second part,
The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!
O never, never Scotia's realm desert!
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and
guard!

ROBERT BURNS.

HYMN: "ABIDE WITH ME."

ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-tide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

Hold, then, thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and Earth's vain shadows flee,
In Life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

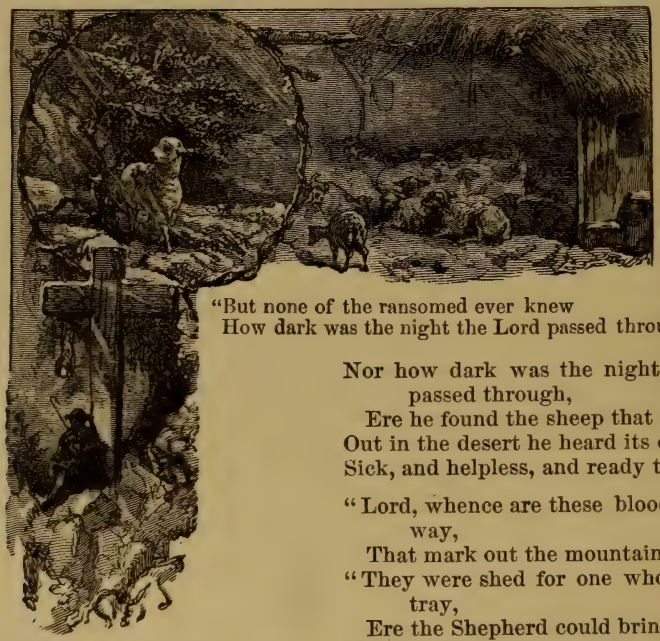
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,



"But none of the ransomed ever knew
How dark was the night the Lord passed through."

Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere he found the sheep that was lost;
Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"

"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gates of Heaven;
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne:
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence,
For Providence is kind,
An' bear ye a' life's changes
Wi' a calm an' tranquil mind;
Though pressed and hemmed on every side,
Ha'e faith, an' ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass
Keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae frinds, or crossed in love,
As whiles nae doubt ye've been,
Grief lies deep-hidden in your heart,
Or tears flow frae your een,
Believe it for the best, and trow
There's good in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass
Keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days of simmer,
When the clear and cloudless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain
To nature, parched and dry,
The genial night, wi' balmy breath,
Gars verdure spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass
Keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae lest 'mid fortune's sunshine
We should feel ower proud an' hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe
The tear frae poortith's e'e,
Some wee dark clouds of sorrow come,
We ken na whence or hoo,
But ilka blade o' grass
Keps it ain drap o' dew.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven,
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

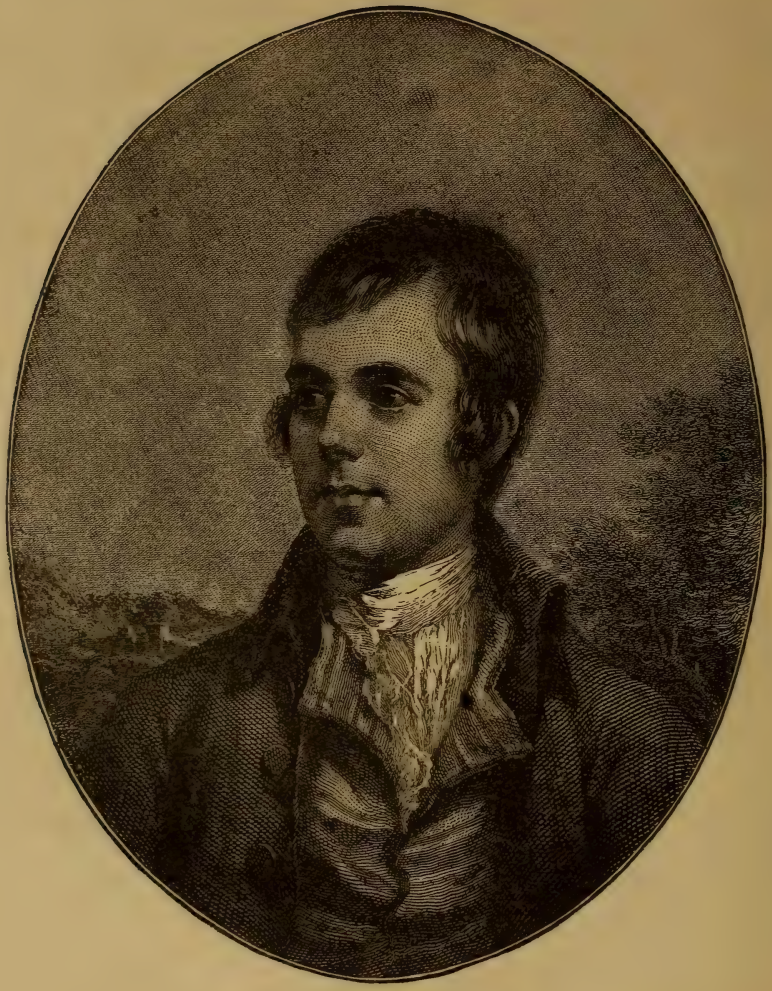
JOHN MILTON.

LINES.

(Written in his Bible, the evening before his execution.)

E'EN such is time, that takes on trust
Our joys, our youth, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.



Robert Burns

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

"MY son, these maxims make a rule;
And lump them aye thegither:
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither;
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles of caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin."

O ye who are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've naught to do but mark and tell
Your neebors' fauts and folly;
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defenses,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And, what's aft more than a' the lave,
Your better art o' hidin'.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What raging must his veins convulse
That still eternal gallop;
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth of baith to sail,
It makes an unco lee-way.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrified, they've grown
Debauchery and drinking;
Oh, would they stay to calculate
The eternal consequences,
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change of cases;
A dear loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination;
But, let me whisper in your lug,
Ye've, aiblins, no temptation.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentlier sister Woman;
Though they may gang a kennie wrang,
To step aside is human;
One point must still be greatly dark:
The moving Why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
Or the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Fades in the setting sun,

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;

So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
That grand procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance some lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
They lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
While the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
The dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave.
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave?

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
Through Christ the Incarnate God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still!
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

———o———

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

(From "The Imitation of Christ.")

WHO hath a harder conflict to endure than he who labors to subdue himself? But in this we must be continually engaged, if we would be more strengthened in the INNER MAN, and make real progress toward perfection. Indeed, the highest perfection we can attain to in the present state is alloyed with much imperfection; and our best knowledge is obscured by shades of ignorance. "We see through a glass darkly." An humble knowledge of thyself, therefore, is a more certain way of leading thee to God, than the most profound investigations of science. Science, however, or a proper knowledge of the things belonging to the present life, is so far from being blamable in itself, that it is good, and ordained of God; but purity of conscience, and holiness of life, must ever be preferred before it. And because men are more solicitous to learn much than to live well, they fall into error, and receive little or no benefit from their studies. Oh, that the same diligence were exerted to eradicate vice, and implant virtue, as are applied to the discussion of unprofitable questions, and the "vain strife of words!" So much daring wickedness would not be found among the common ranks of men, nor so much licentiousness disgrace those who live in monasteries. Assuredly, in the approaching day of judgment, it will not be inquired of us what we have read, but what we have done; not how eloquently we have spoken, but how holily we have lived.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.



"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad."

EVENING IN PARADISE.

From "Paradise Lost," Book IV.

NOW came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased; now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
Our eyelids; other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east,
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labor, to reform
Yon flowery arbors; yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth;
These blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."

JOHN MILTON.

EXAMPLE.

WE scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years,
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;

But they shall last;
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

JOHN KEBLE.



"Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee."

SONG.

(From "The Tent on the Beach.")

THE harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea.

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept, earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The choirs of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(It is said that a bird, pursued by some enemy of its own kind, flew into the study of the divine for safety, nestling close to him. After it had departed, he wrote the following hymn.)

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
  Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into thy haven guide;
  Oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
  Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone:
  Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
  All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
  With the shadow of thy wing!

Wilt thou not regard my call?
  Wilt thou not regard my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
  Lo! on thee I cast my care:
Reach me out thy gracious hand,
  While I of thy strength receive!

Hoping against hope I stand,
  Dying, and behold, I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
  More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
  Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy Name;
  I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am,
  Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
  Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
  Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
  Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
  Rise to all eternity!

CHARLES WESLEY.

—o—

FROM "MIRIAM."

Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where Love its arms has opened wide
For man or man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head.
Up from undated time they come,
The martyr souls of heathendom,
And to His cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

John G. Whittier

MORNING HYMN.

(From "Paradise Lost," Book V.)

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven;
On earth join all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb-'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now flyest
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all, ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

JOHN MILTON.

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I am nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burden down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown:

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

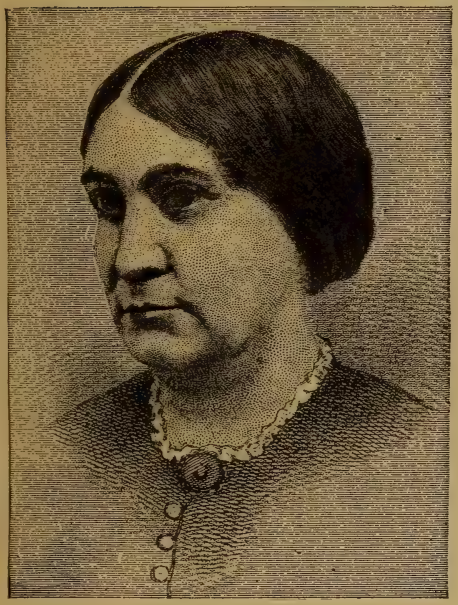
Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dark abysm;
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;

If it be I am nearer home
  Even to-day than I think!

Father, perfect my trust;
  Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
  On the rock of a living faith!

PHŒBE CARY.



PHŒBE CARY.

THE STATUE IN CLAY.

"MAKE me a statue," said the King,
  "Of marble white as snow;
It must be pure enough to stand
Before my throne, at my right-hand,
  The niche is waiting, go!"

The sculptor heard the King's command,
  And went upon his way;
He had no marble, but he went
With willing hands and high intent,
  To mould his thoughts in clay.

Day after day he wrought the clay,
  But knew not what he wrought:
He sought the help of heart and brain,
But could not make the riddle plain;
  It lay beyond his thought.

To-day the statue seemed to grow,
  To-morrow it stood still;
The third day all was well again;
Thus, year by year, in joy and pain,
  He wrought his Master's will.

At last his life-long work was done,—
  It was a happy day:
He took his statue to the King,
But trembled like a guilty thing,
  Because it was but clay!

"Where is my statue?" asked the King.
  "Here, Lord," the sculptor said.
"But I commanded marble." "True,
But lacking that, what could I do
  But mould in clay instead?"

"Thou shalt not unrewarded go,
  Since thou hast done thy best;
Thy statue shall acceptance win,
It shall be as it should have been,
  For I will do the rest."

He touched the statue and it changed;
  The clay falls off, and lo!
A marble shape before Him stands,
The perfect work of heavenly hands,
  An angel pure as snow!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

UP-HILL.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
  Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
  From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
  A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
  You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
  Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
  They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
  Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
  Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.



A Pope.

TRUST.

I CANNOT see, with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me;
I only know he hath said: "Child, follow me!"
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before;
I only know God could keep wide the door;
But I can trust.

I find no answer; often, when beset
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,
And often have but strength to faintly pray;
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,
If ripened fruit for God will there be found;
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;
But this I know, God watches all my path—
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight!
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,
To see while here the land beyond the river;
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;
So I can trust.

ANONYMOUS.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper! angels say:
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings; I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed,

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding isles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim-band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Aye, call it holy ground—
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE SLEEP.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if there any is
For gift or grace surpassing this:
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved,
A little dust, to over-weep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved," we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Aye, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is heard,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
Who sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who "giveth His beloved sleep."

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say: Not a tear must o'er her fall;
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

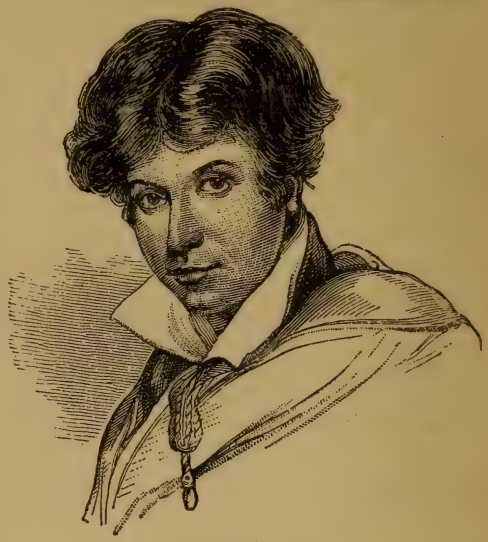
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night,
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT.



LEIGH HUNT.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

TALK not of temples; there is one
Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun
And all the stars of heaven;
Its walls are the cerulean sky;
Its floor the earth so green and fair;
The dome its vast immensity;
All nature worships there.

The Alps arrayed in stainless snow,
The Andean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset glow
Like altar-fires to God.
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,
As if with hallowed victims rare;
And thunder lifts its voice in praise;
All nature worships there.

The ocean heaves resistlessly,
And pours his glittering treasure forth;
His waves, the priesthood of the sea,
Kneel on the shell-gemmed earth,
And there emit a hollow sound,
As if they murmured praise and prayer;
On every side 'tis holy ground;
All Nature worships there.

The cedar and the mountain pine,
  The willow on the fountain's brim,
The tulip and the eglantine,
  In reverence bend to Him;
The song-birds pour their sweetest lays
  From tower and tree and middle air;
The rushing river murmurs praise;
  All Nature worships there!

DAVID VEDDER.

———o———

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head
And with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Adhem. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Adhem spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt

TIME AND ETERNITY.

THERE is an ancient fable told by the Greek and Roman Churches, which, fable as it is, may for its beauty and singularity well deserve to be remembered, that in one of the earliest persecutions to which the Christian world was exposed, seven Christian youths sought concealment in a lonely cave, and there, by God's appointment, fell into a deep and death-like slumber. They slept, the legend runs, two hundred years, till the greater part of mankind had received the faith of the gospel, and that Church which they had left a poor and afflicted orphan, had kings for her nursing fathers and queens for her nursing mothers. They then at length awoke, and entering into their native Ephesus, so altered now that its streets were altogether unknown to them, they cautiously inquired if there were any Christians in the city.

"Christians?" was the answer; "we are all Christians here."

And they heard with a thankful joy the change which, since they left the world, had taken place in the opinion of its inhabitants. On one side they were shown a stately fabric adorned with a gilded cross, and dedicated, as they were told, to the worship of their crucified Master; on another, schools for the exposition of those Gospels, of which, so short a time before, the bare profession was proscribed and deadly. But no fear was now to be entertained of those miseries which encircled the cradle of Christianity; no danger now of the rack, the lions, or the sword; the emperor and his prefects held the same faith with themselves, and all the wealth of the east, and all the valor and authority of the western world, were exerted to protect and endow the professors and teachers of their religion.

But joyful as these tidings must at first have been, their further inquiries are said to have met with answers which very deeply surprised and pained them. They learned that the greater part of those that called themselves by the name of Christ, were strangely regardless of the blessings which Christ had bestowed, and of the obligations which he had laid upon his followers. They found that, as the world had become Christian, Christianity itself had become worldly; and, wearied and sorrowful, they besought of God to lay them to sleep again, crying out to those who followed them:

"You have shown us many heathens who have given up their old idolatry without gaining anything better in its room; many who are of no religion at all; and many with whom the religion of Christ is no more than a cloak for licentiousness; but where, where are the Christians?"

And thus they returned to their cave; and there God had compassion on them, releasing them, once for all, from the world for whose reproof their days had been lengthened, and removing their souls to the society of their ancient friends and pastors, the martyrs and saints of an earlier and better generation.

REGINALD HEBER.

———o———

INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

(From "Paradise Lost," Book III.)

HAIL, holy Light! offspring of heaven, first-born,
Or of the eternal co-eternal beam!
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hearest thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos, and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare! Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two equaled with me in fate
(So were I equaled with them in renown),
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old;
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or, flocks or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me; from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out!
So much the rather thou, celestial Light!
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse; that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

JOHN MILTON.

"WHATEVER IS, IS BEST."

I KNOW, as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank Wrong, somewhere
There lies the root of Right.
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is sometime, somewhere, punished,
Tho' the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer;
But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great Eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In the grand, eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look earthward,
Whatever is, is best.

ANONYMOUS.

———o———

LOVE.

THAT is what we want—love toward God and love toward man. It is said the larks of Scotland are the sweetest singing birds of earth. No piece of mechanism that man has ever made has the soft, sweet, glorious music in it that the lark's throat has. When the farmers of Scotland walk out early in the morning they flush the larks from the grass, and as they rise they sing, and as they sing they circle, and higher and higher they go, circling as they sing, until at last the notes of their voices die out in the sweetest strains that earth ever listened to. Let us begin to circle up, and sing as we circle, and go higher and higher, until we flood the throne of God itself, and the strains of our voices melt in sweetest sympathy with the music of the skies.

SAM. P. JONES.

FROM "RIFTS IN THE CLOUD."

(Graduating Poem, June 17, 1869.)

But still, with honest purposed toil we on;
And if our steps be upright, straight, and true,
Far in the east, a golden light shall dawn,
And the bright smile of God come bursting through

Will Carleton

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose:
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway;
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives impressed
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow;
But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew),
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then, with the rising sun a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;



"Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew."

But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair;
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried.
And, "Hail, my son!" the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kinds deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and, loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,

Thus useful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature, in silence, bid the world repose,
When, near the road, a stately palace rose.
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides with grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The tables groan with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighboring woods to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet decks the splendid hall;
Rich, luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise,
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glittering and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear,
So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask to part;
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mixed with showers, began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran;
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain
At length some pity moves the master's breast;
'Twas then his mansion first received a guest;
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair.
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meager wine,
Each hardly granted, served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace;
With still remark, the pondering hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such, within himself he cried,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face,
When, from his vest, the young companion bore
That cup the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of his churlish soul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun, emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the swelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day;
The weather courts them from their poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the weary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here;

Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.



"When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hour with prayer."

Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,

The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome tables spread,
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hour with prayer.
At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near a closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck! the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasped, and died!
Horror of horrors: what, his only son!
How looked our hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed;
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplexed with roads; a servant showed the way;
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging, he falls, and rising, lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
While sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
"Detested wretch!" But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man;
His youthful face seemed more serenely sweet,
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet,
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air,
And wings, whose colors glittered as the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do.
Surprise, in secret chains, his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends;
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
The voice of music ravished as he spoke:
"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the Throne;
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky;
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world he made;
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its secret majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn, in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your action uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
Who made his ivory stand with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has with the cup the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,

And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God;
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind; this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew;
Thus stood Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view,
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun:
"Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!"
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

THOMAS PARNELL.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came;
When I heard a strange voice call his name.
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for Heaven, and when I'm there
I shall want my book of common prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blessed spot
Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
O'er his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then, as he gazed on the further shore,
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered Heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms,
Tied nicely up, in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in Heaven all round might sing.

But I thought he heaved an anxious sigh
As he saw the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as, one by one,
The psalms and hymns in the waves went down.

And after him with his MSS.,
Come Wesley, the pattern of Godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked me through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,

And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without the manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped by the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged? may I ask you, friend,
How you attain to life's great end?
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow;"
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now."

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian Church came down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree;
The Old or the New way, which it could be,
Nor never a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud,
Came ever up from the thronging crowd:
"You're in the old way and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true—"
Or, "I'm in the old way and you're in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true."

But the brethren only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'
For have you not heard the words of Paul:
'Oh! let the women keep silence all.'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two were met;
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journeying of life was done,
And all who in Christ the Savior died
Came out alike on the other side;
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or manuscripts,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

ANONYMOUS.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

REGINALD HEBER.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and His Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

—o—

Hail thee Spirit, thee Holy One
God in all the First, the Last,
For He spake and it was done
He commanded, it stood fast.

Sheffield.
Aug. 3. 1835.

J. Montgomery.

—o—

HABIT.

LIKE flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change, no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character. JEREMY TAYLOR.

AT THE LAST.

I FEEL in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the most luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal Spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work;" but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour, because I love this world as my fatherland; because the truth compels me as it compelled Voltaire, that human divinity. My work is only a beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.

VICTOR HUGO.

———o———



VICTOR HUGO.

VIRTUE.

SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright—
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Thy music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives:
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

GOD.

O THOU Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy—all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight,
Thou only God! there is no God beside.
Being above all beings, mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore!
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone.
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er!
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research philosophy

May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure. None can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's bright spark,
Though kindled by the light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence—Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Spring forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin—all life, all beauty there;
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with day divine;
Thou art, and wast, and shall be glorious, great!
Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee—by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine around the silver snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to them art as the moon to night.

Yes, as the drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;
What are ten thousand worlds compared with Thee?
And what am I, then! Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness—is a cypher brought
Against infinity. What am I, then? Naught.

Naught!—but the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom, too;
Yes; in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! But I live, and on Hope's pinions fly
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high;
E'en to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God, and surely thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wondering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank, 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just off the boundaries of the spirit land.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF DERZHAVIN.

SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,—
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.

And even as wise parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So, God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
O, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that *lengthened breath*
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

MAY RILEY SMITH.



"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale."

ODE TO THE CREATION.

(Originally published in the Spectator (No. 465) and hence often attributed to Addison.)

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

ANDREW MARVELL.

LIGHT.

(Extract.)

GOD said: "Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt His might,
And fled away;
Then startled seas, and mountains cold,
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried, "'Tis day, 'tis day!"

"Hail, holy light!" exclaimed
The thunderous cloud that flamed
O'er daisies white;
And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
And blushing, murmured, "Light!"

Then was the skylark born;
Then rose the embattled corn;
Then floods of praise
Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And then, in silent night, the moon
Poured forth her pensive lays.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

ALONE.

I WALK down the valley of silence—
Down the dim, noiseless valley, alone,
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I found but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave,
And I said, "In the world each ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue,
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart tired of the human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar,
And I heard a voice call me; since then
I walk down the valley of silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my trysting place with the divine,
And I fall at the feet of the holy,
And above me a voice said, "Be mine,"
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep and I dream and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses in May,
And my prayer, like a perfume from censers
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing,
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for each wing.
That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley,
  Ah, me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
  Their footsteps can scarcely be heard,
They pass through the valley like angels,
  Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
  Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
  And God and his angels are there,
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
  And one the bright mountain of prayer.

ABRAM J. RYAN.
(Father Ryan.)



ABRAM J. RYAN.

ONLY A LITTLE WAY.

A LITTLE way—I know it is not far,
To that dear home where my beloved are,
And yet my faith grows weaker as I stand
A poor, lone pilgrim in a dreary land,
Where present pain the future bliss obscures,
And still my heart sits, like a bird upon
The empty nest, and mourns its treasures gone;
  Plumed for their flight,
  And vanished quite.
Ah! me, where is the comfort—though I say
They have but journeyed on a little way!

A little way—at times they seem so near,
Their voices ever murmur at my ear;
To all my duties loving presence lend,
And with sweet ministry my steps attend,
And bring my soul the luxury of tears,
'Twas here we met, and parted company.
Why should their gain be such a grief to me?
  This scene of loss!
  Thou heavy cross!
Dear Savior, take the burden off, I pray,
And show me Heaven is but—a little way.

These sombre robes, these saddened faces, all
The bitterness and pain of death recall.
Ah! let me turn my face where'er I may,
I see the traces of a sure decay;
And parting takes the marrow out of life.
Secure in bliss, we hold the golden chain
Which death, with scarce a warning, snaps in twain,
  And never more
  Shall time restore
The broken links. 'Twas only yesterday
They vanished from our sight—a little way.

A little way! This sentence I repeat,
Hoping and longing to extract some sweet
To mingle with the bitter. From thy hand
I take the cup I cannot understand,
And in my weakness give myself to thee.
Although it seems so very, very far
To that dear home where my beloved are,
  I know, I know
  It is not so.
Oh! give me faith to feel it when I say
That they are gone—gone but a little way.

ANONYMOUS.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly—bow the head—
  In reverent silence bow—
No passing-bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
  Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
  With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
  Greater than thou.

Beneath that Beggar's roof,
  Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
  This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold
  No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands

Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

O change—O wondrous change!—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

O change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

LIFE.

I MADE a posie while the day ran by;
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band;
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part,
Time's gentle admonition,
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers; sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark;
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.



HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THE ELIXIR.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in anything
To do it as for thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action,
But still to make thee prepossessed,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleases, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture "for thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.



GEORGE HERBERT.

A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

GEORGE HERBERT.

(The attention of the reader is called to the use of the pronoun "his" instead of the modern form "its" in the last line of the second stanza. The ordinary meaning of the words would obscure the sense of the passage.)

THE SPILT PEARLS.

HIS courtiers of the Caliph crave:
"Oh, say how this may be,
That of thy slaves this Ethiop slave
Is best beloved of thee?

"For he is hideous as the night;
And when has ever chose
A nightingale, for its delight,
A hueless, scentless rose?"

The Caliph then: "No features fair
Nor comely mein are his;
Love is the beauty he doth wear,
And love his glory is.

"Once, when a camel of my train
There fell in narrow street,
From broken basket rolled amain
Rich pearls before my feet.

"I, nodding to my slaves, that I
Would freely give them these,
At once upon the spoil they fly,
The costly boon to seize.

"One only at my side remained;
Beside this Ethiop, none;
He, moveless as the steed he reined,
Behind me sat alone.

"'What will thy gain, good fellow, be,
Thus lingering at my side?'
'My king, that I shall faithfully
Have guarded thee,' he cried.

"True servant's title he may wear,
He only, who has not
For his lord's gifts, how rich soe'er,
His lord himself forgot."

So thou alone dost walk before
Thy God with perfect aim,
From him desiring nothing more
Beside himself to claim.

For if thou not to him aspire,
But to his gifts alone,
Not love, but covetous desire
Has brought thee to his throne.

While such thy prayer, it mounts above
In vain; the golden key
Of God's rich treasure-house of love
Thine own will never be.

RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH.

MAN'S MEDLEY.

HARK, how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring!
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet, if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present is.

To this life, things of sense
Make their pretense;
In th' other, angels have a right by birth;
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With one hand touching heaven, with th' other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies.

He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,
But trimmed with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here



"Hark, how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring!"

Taste of the cheer;
But as birds drink, and straight lift up the head,
So must he sip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble;
He hath two winters, other things but one;

Both thoughts and frosts do nip
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
Happy is he whose heart
Has found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

HABIT.

IN the vicious ways of the world it mercifully falleth out that we become not extempore wicked, but it taketh some time and pains to undo ourselves. We fall not from virtue, like Vulcan, in a day. Bad dispositions require some time to grow into bad habits; bad habits must undermine good, and often repeated acts make us habitually evil.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

BENEVOLENCE.

HE who does good to one person from a benevolent principle, lays an obligation on the whole species, for he shows that he has the interest of mankind at heart, and he sets a good example. Our love of good men, therefore, partakes of the nature of gratitude; to be destitute of it is a proof of such depravity as even profligates would be ashamed of.

JAMES BEATTIE.



PASSION
AND
ACTION.

"No thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himself
relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory."

MILTON.



"With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums."



Poems of Passion and Action.

THE ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall *Pinta* till the moon had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonnetted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the Sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield;
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,

And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight; ho! scatter flowers, fair maids;
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute; ho! gallants, draw your blades!
Thou sun, shine on her joyously! ye breezes, waft her wide—
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride!

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west, the ghastly war-flame spread—
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone; it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep each Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves;
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves;
O'er Longleat's tower, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew—
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer;
And from the furthest ward was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broader streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street.
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired, they bounded still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill,
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light;
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the Burghers of Carlisle.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE PERI'S OFFERING.

(From "Lalla Rookh.")

DOWNWARD the Peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war field's bloody haze,
Beholds a youthful warrior stand
Alone beside his native river,
The red blade broken in his hand,

And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror; "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood,
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood;
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell!
Yet marked the Peri where he lay,
And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly decending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last,
Last glorious drop his heart had shed
Before its free-born spirit fled.

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distill
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss:
Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

THOMAS MOORE.

BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR is king! Belshazzar is lord!
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board;
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth, runs redder than blood;
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth—
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth;
And the crowds all shout,
Till the vast roofs ring,
"All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

"Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold,
Which my father tore down from the temples of old;
Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone;
Bring forth!" And before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine;
Whilst the trumpets bray,
And the cymbals ring:
"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"



BRYAN W. PROCTER.

Now what cometh? Look, look! without menace or call?
Who writes, with the lightning's bright hand, on the wall?
What pierceth the king, like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?
"Chaldeans! Magicians! the letters expound!"
They are read, and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
Hark! The Persian is come
On a conqueror's wing,
And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king.

BRYAN W. PROCTER.
(Barry Cornwall.)

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slavery!

Scots, wha hae wi Wallace bled
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to glorious victorie

Now's the day, & now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach, proud Edward's power,
Edward! Chains & Slaverie

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a Slave
Traitor Coward, turn & flie
Wha for Scotland's king & law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or Free-man fa',
Caledonian, on wi' me.

By Oppression's woes & pains
By your sons in servile chains
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall they shall be free
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe
Liberty's in every blow
Forward let us do or die!!

Robert Burns

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! Coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonia! on with me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall, they *shall* be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

PATRIOTISM.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

(Wizard.—Lochiel.)

Wizard.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning; no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thine old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn!
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foeman outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O crested Lochiel, the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud form like the wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Glanronald the dauntless and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Wizard.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight;
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;

Culloden Is iost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; O, Mercy! dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

Lochiel.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black wtth dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



"We buried him darkly at dead of night,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light."

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory?
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne, a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on; the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke, to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as thunder loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"
They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought;
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight

Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy faith, and checks her tears;
And, she the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh!
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

ODE TO THE BRAVE.

(Written in the year 1746.)

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall deck a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

AN ODE.

(In Imitation of Alcæus.)

WHAT constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No! men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State,
And sovereign Law, that State's collected will
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Dissension like a vapor sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
These sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

FROM "AMERICA."

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country,—thee,
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,—
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

* * * * * * * *

Our fathers' God,—to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

1832—1895. S. F. Smith.

THE TRAITOR.

(From "Lalla Rookh.")

OH for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim,
With hopes, that but allure to fly,
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips:
His country's curse, his children's shame;
Outcast of virtue, peace and fame;
May he, at last, with lips of flame,
On the parched desert thirsting die,
While lakes, that shine in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouched, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damned one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE BARD.

(The following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I., when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.)

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state!
Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant! shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears."
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array;
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eye, the poet stood;
Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air;
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh king, their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue
That hushed the stormy main;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed;
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale;
Far, far aloof, the affrighted ravens sail,
The famished eagle screams and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light which visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops which warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.
No more I weep. They do not sleep;
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land;
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race;
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkley's roofs that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born who o'er thy country hangs

The scourge of heaven! What terrors round
him wait!
Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude be-
hind.

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye afford
A tear to grace his obsequies;
Is the sable warrior fled?'
Thy son is gone; he rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were
born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the golden vessel goes,
Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the
helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,



"Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eye the poet
stood."

That hushed in grim repose expects his
evening prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast.
Close by a regal chair
Fell thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon the baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,

Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius! London's lasting shame!
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread;
The bristled Boar, with infant gore,
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate,
(Weave we the woof; the thread is spun)
Half of thy heart we consecrate;
(The web is wove; the work is done)
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblest, unpitied here to mourn.
In yon bright tract, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish, from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,
Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll!
Visions of glory! spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail;
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold;
Sublime their starry fronts they rear,
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear;
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line,
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear!
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colored wings.

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again,
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And truth severe, by fairy Fiction dressed.
In buskined measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice as of the cherub-choir
Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond, impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
Tomorrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me; with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign:
Be thine Despair and sceptered Care;
To triumph and to die are mine!"
He spoke; and, headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide, he plunged to endless night.

THOMAS GRAY.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven
When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,

Like rainbows on the clouds of war,
The harbingers of victory:

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet;
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from thy glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
There shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er thy closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

OH say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof, through the night, that our flag was still there.
Oh, say! does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner—oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved it a nation!
Thus conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

MARYLAND.

(Written when the whole country, North and South, was anxiously awaiting the action of the doubtful states, this poem, one of the finest lyrics the War produced, has lost none of its beauty as a passionate appeal, a stirring call to arms. The allusion in the fifth stanza ("A new Key") is to the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," who was a Marylander.)

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother state: to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's war-like thrust;
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And gives a new *Key* to thy song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain!
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain;
Sic semper, 'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! she burns! she'll come, she'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

TWO armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents,
In meads of heavenly azure,
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down,
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunlight slanted;

When on the fervent air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band,
With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shores gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming boys in blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang;
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin on the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain,
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright celestial creature,
Who still, mid war's embattled lines,
Gave this one touch of nature.

JOHN RANDOLPH THOMPSON.

MONTEREY.

WE were not many, we who stood
Before the iron storm that day,
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray;
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on, our column kept
Through walls of fire its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stepped,
Still charging on the guns that swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full the murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day,
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

FROM "THE SWORD OF CASTRUCCIO CASTRUCANI."

7

Then the king exclaimed, 'This is for me!
And he dashed out his sword on the hilt,
While his blue eye shot fire openly
And his heart overboiled till it spilt
A hot prayer,—'God, the rest as thou wilt!
'But grant me this!—this is for me!'

8

O Victor Emmanuel the king,
The sword be for thee, and the deed,
And nought for the alien, next spring,
Nought for Hapsburg and Bourbon agreed,
But for us, a great Italy freed,
With a hero to head us, .. our king.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

———o———

ARLINGTON.

THE broken column, reared in air,
To him who made our country great,
Can almost cast its shadow where
The victims of a grand despair
In long, long lines of death await
The last loud trump, the Judgment sun
Which comes for all, and soon or late
Will come for those at Arlington.

In that vast sepulchre repose
The thousands reaped from every fray;
The men in blue who once uprose
In battle-front to smite their foes,
The Spartan bands who wore the gray.
The combat o'er, the death-hug done,
In summer's blaze, or winter's snows,
They keep the truce at Arlington.

And almost lost in myriad graves
Of those who gained the unequal fight,
Are mounds that hide Confederate braves,
Who reck not how the north wind raves,
In dazzling day or dimmest night.
O'er those who lost and those who won,
Death holds no parley which was right—
Jehovah judges Arlington.

The dead had rest; the dove had peace
Brooded o'er both with equal wings.

To both had come that great surcease,
The last omnipotent release
From all the world's delirious stings,
To bugle deaf, and signal gun,
They slept like heroes of old Greece,
Beneath the glebe at Arlington.

And in the spring's benignant reign,
The sweet May woke her harp of pines,
Teaching her choir a thrilling strain
Of jubilee to land and main.
She danced in emerald down the lines,
Denying largess bright to none;
She saw no difference in the signs
That told who slept at Arlington.

She gave her grasses and her showers
To all alike who dreamed in dust;
Her song-birds wove their dainty bowers
Amid the jasmine buds and flowers,
And piped with an impartial trust.
Waifs of the air and liberal sun,
Their guileless glees were kind and just
To friend and foe at Arlington.

And 'mid the generous spring there came
Some women of the land who strove
To make this funeral field of fame
Glad as the May God's altar flame,
With rosy wreaths of mutual love;
Unmindful who had lost or won,
They scorned the jargon of a name—
No North, no South, at Arlington.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

———o———

VINDICATION.

WERE I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere: whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges against me.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemies should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and wrathful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No! God forbid!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Be ye patient; I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world: it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no one who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

ROBERT EMMET.

CAVALRY SONG.

(From "Alice of Monmouth.")

OUR good steeds snuff the evening air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabers jingle.
HALT!
Each carbine sends its whizzing ball!
Now cling! clang! forward all,
Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome:
Through level lightnings gallop nearer!
One look to Heaven! No thoughts of home:
The guidons that we bear are dearer.
CHARGE!
Cling! clang! forward all!
Heaven help those whose horses fall:
Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!
They fall! they spread in broken surges.
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
And leave the foeman to his dirges.
WHEEL!
The bugles sound the swift recall:
Cling! clang! backward all!
Home, and good-night!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so my grace with you shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.



MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

"AS BY THE SHORE AT BREAK OF DAY."

AS by the shore, at break of day,
A vanquished chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the free;
And there the last unfinished word
He dying wrote, was "Liberty!"

At night a sea-bird shrieked the knell
Of him who thus for freedom fell;
The words he wrote ere evening came,
Were covered by the sounding sea;
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for liberty!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE PATRIOT'S PASSWORD.

(On the achievement of Arnold de Winkelried at the battle of Sempach, in which the Swiss secured the freedom of their country, against the power of Austria, in the fourteenth century.)

"MAKE way for liberty!" he cried,—
Made way for liberty, and died.
In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown,
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear;
A wood, like that enchanted grove
In which with friends Rinaldo strove,

Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
For manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And beat their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,



" 'Make way for liberty!' he cried,—
Made way for liberty, and died."

Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit imprisoned in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Might startle into hideous life;
So still, so dense, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood.
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,

In many a mortal fray maintained.
Marshaled once more, at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead, a living Tell;
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod

Which his awakening footstep trod.
And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within,
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
How could they rest within their graves
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?
It must not be; this day, this hour
Annihilates the invader's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known,
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.
It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him! Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done;
The field was in a moment won.
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp;
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed amidst them, like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.
Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart,
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all.
An earthquake could not overflow
A city with a surer blow;
Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled!
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's chill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart, indignant, breaks,
To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

(Written on the occasion of the removal of the remains of the Kentucky soldiers who fell at Buena Vista to their native state.)

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few;
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumed heads are bowed;

Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past.
Not war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Comes down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory, or death!"

Full many a mother's breath has wept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has swept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wakes each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air:
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

"YES, 'TIS NOT HELM NOR FEATHER."

YES, 'tis not helm nor feather,
For ask yon despot, whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.

Leave pomps to those who need 'em,
Give man but heart and freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.

The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'Tis mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free forever.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE DEATH OF MARMION.

(From "Marmion," Canto VI.)

FAINTING, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
And strove to staunch the gushing wound;
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said that close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear
For that she ever sung:
"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung.

Avoid thee, friend: with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine,
O think on faith and bliss!
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
And "Stanley!" was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted: "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on;"
Where the last words of Marmion.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

———o———

FROM ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "MARMION."

XXVIII

Still on the spot ~~I~~
~~His comrade's face~~ Lord Marmion stood
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd
When seated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below
The wat'ring eye could feed o'er it go
And ~~he~~ mark'd the distant glow city glow
With gloomy splendour red

———o———

CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM BY THE CRUSADERS.

(From "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.")

JERUSALEM has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. These obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed and imperfectly restored: the Jews, their nation and worship, were for ever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of an enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honor forbade them to resign. Aladin or Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was intrusted with the defence; his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulchre; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more numer-

ous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and numbers of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards—about two English miles and a half—to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Himmon and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of Mount Calvary; to the left, as far as St. Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier, but they were driven back with shame and slaughter to the camp: the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of those pious stratagems, and time and labor were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks, but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the uses of shade or building, but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders: a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down: the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigor and dexterity of Tancred; and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbor of Jaffa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense and in the stations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Tholouse, and rolled forwards with devout labor, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected parts of the fortification. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and successful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart; the drawbridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valor; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from the Mohammedan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque—seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver—rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians: resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify their implacable rage; they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been burnt in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe conduct to the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulchre was now free; and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in an humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Savior of the world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption.

EDWARD GIBBON.

TWILIGHT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

(From "Marmion," Canto VI.)

BY this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vanward wing,
Where Huntly and where Home?
Oh, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
Which to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Oliver,
And every paladin and peer
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils and bleeds, and dies
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish, for, far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.

* * * * *

But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The moment that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skillful Surrey's wise commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest, low,
They melted from the field, as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

I.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

II.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

III.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

IV.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

V.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.



" 'Press where you see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre!' "

VI.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

IVRY.

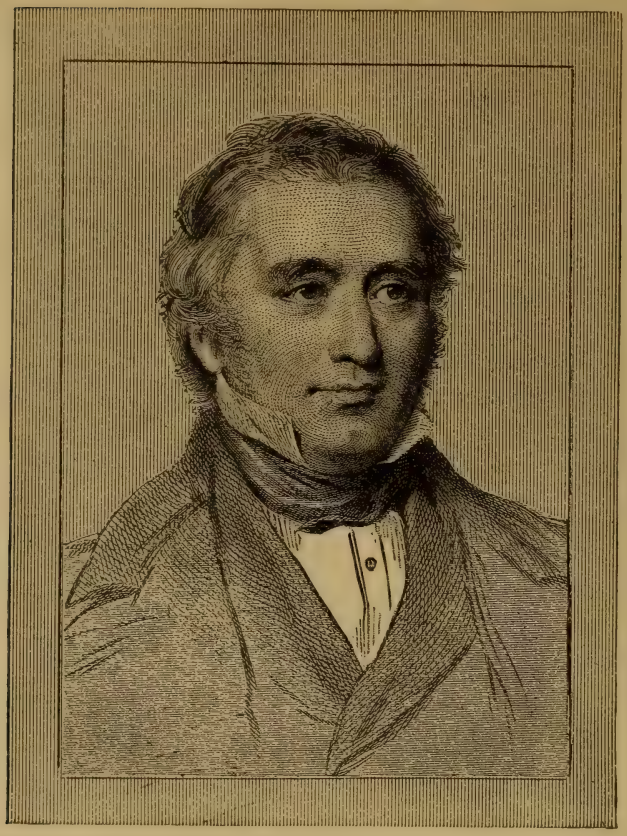
NOW glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array,
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in their midst, a truncheon in his hand!
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's impurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us in all his armor dressed,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout: "God save our lord the King!"
"And if my standard bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre!"

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised! the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter, the Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail,
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;



But out spake gentle Henry; "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day,
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey;
But we of the Religion have borne us best in fight,
And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white,
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.

Up with it high! unfurl it wide! that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church such woe;
Then on the ground while trumpets sound their loudest points of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho, maidens of Vienna! Ho, matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return!
Ho, Philip! send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho, gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho, burghers of Ste. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night;
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are,
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

SONG OF THE GREEK POET.

(From "Don Juan," Canto III.)

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silence still? and silent all?
Ah no!—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Phyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Phyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these?
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;

That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sumum's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three.
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through,
Behind shut the postern, the light sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle, and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Re-buckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffield 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half chime;
So Joris broke silence with: "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his back;
And one eye's black intelligence, ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, its own master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

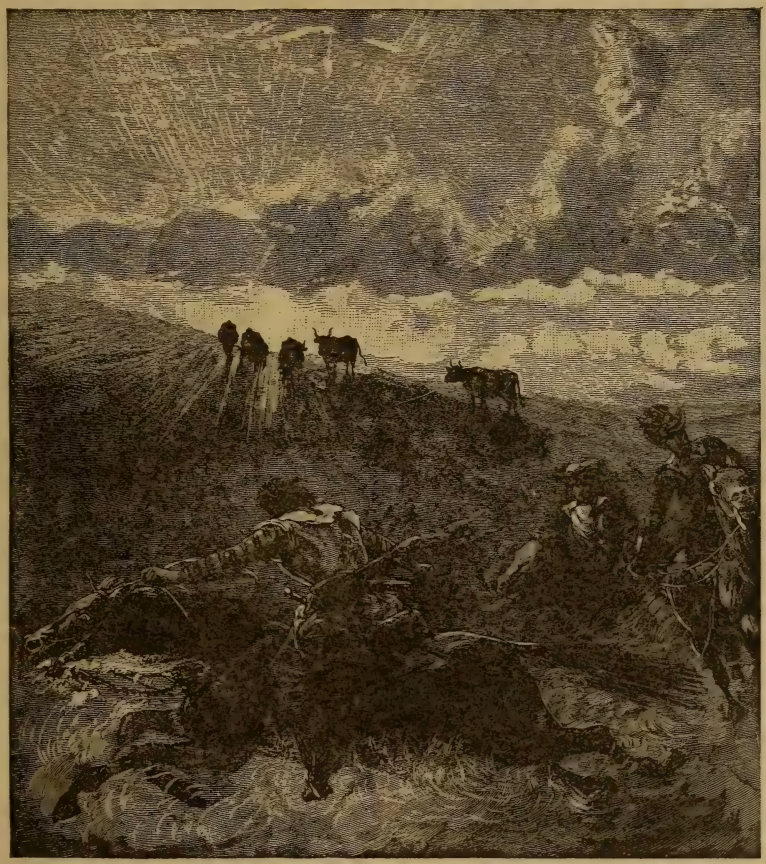
By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris:
"Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix—" for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and shrank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight."

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,



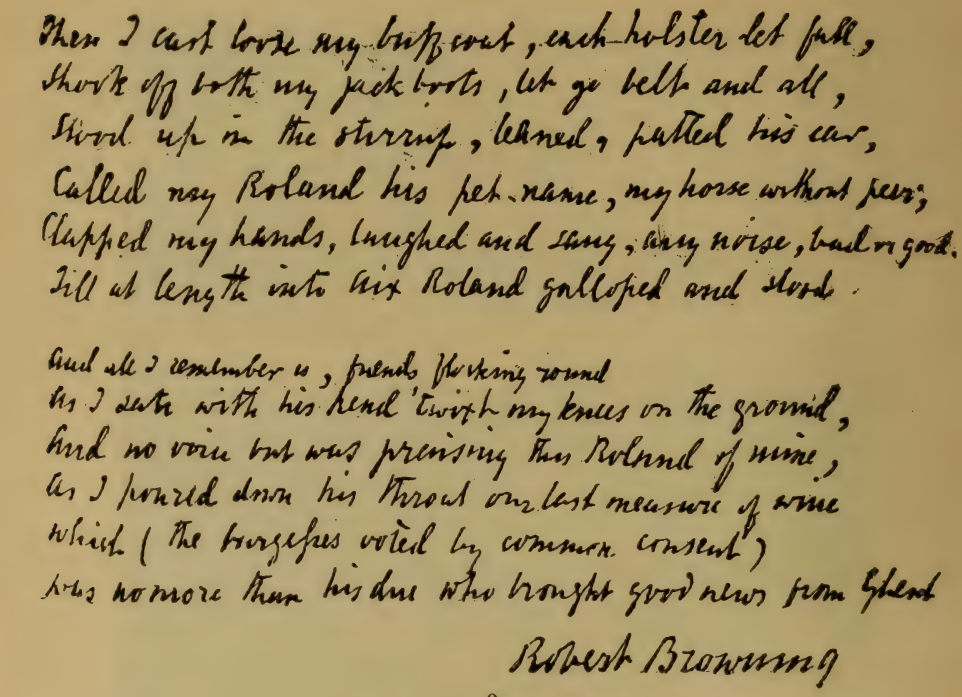
"At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one."

Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any sound, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,

As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which, the burgesses voted by common consent,
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.



THE FALL OF WOLSEY.

(From "King Henry VIII.," Act III., Scene 2.)

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms.
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have,

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—
Enter Cromwell, *amazedly.*
Why, how now, Cromwell?
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

* * * * *

Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king.
And,—pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O, Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

FEAR.

(From Macbeth, Act II., Scene 2.)

MACB. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, *murder!*
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the other.
As they had seen me, with these hangmen's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

THE SHIPWRECK.

(From "Don Juan," Canto II.)

THEN rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.
And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.



"And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave."

THE DREAM OF CLARENCE.

(From "King Richard III.," Act I., Scene 4.)

CLAR. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony!
Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul;
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy offer false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood: and he shriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarrence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.
Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me:—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.
Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!
[Cla. *reposes himself on a chair.*
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS.

(From "King Henry V.," Act III., Scene 1.)

KING HEN. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,

Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

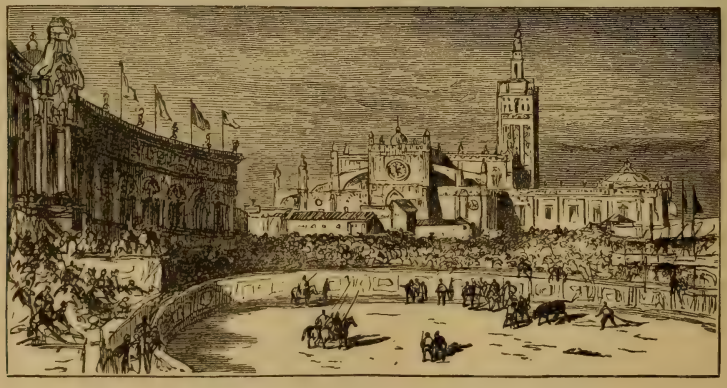
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

(From "Childe Harold," Canto I.)

THE lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant space for lated wight is found:
None through their cold disdain are doomed to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,



"The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round."

Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
With milk-white crests, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance;

Rich are their scarfs, their charges featly prance:
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all afoot, the light-lim'd Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk, to thwart his speed:
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without his friendly steed—
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe;
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fix'd: away,
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
Now is thy time, to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear;
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his woes.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears;
His gory chest unveils life's panting source,
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand:
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way.
Vain rage: the mantle quits the cunning hand,
Wraps his fierce eye; 'tis past; he sinks upon the sand.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

THE INGRATITUDE OF REPUBLICS.

(From "Julius Cæsar," Act I., Scene 1.)

MAR. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

———o———

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

THERE are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeon's deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,



"These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!"

A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,

I lost their long and heavy score,
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together—yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart;
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

* * * * *

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count—I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me.
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learned to love despair.
And thus when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

ENSIGN EPPS.

ENSIGN Epps at the battle of Flanders
Sowed a seed of glory and duty
That flowers and flames in height and beauty,
Like a crimson lily with a heart of gold,
To-day when the wars of Ghent are old
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.
Ensign Epps was the color bearer—
No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;
Their cause was the spell—his deed was the pearl.
Scarce more than a lad he had been a sharer
That day in the wildest work of the field,
He was wounded and spent and the fight was lost,
His comrades were slain or a scattered host,
But stainless and scathless out of the strife
He had carried his colors safer than life.
By the river's brink, without a weapon or shield,
He faced the victors. The thick heart mist
He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed
Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,
As proudly as if the fight were won.
And he smiled when they ordered him to yield;
Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,
Cut the silk from his gilded staff,
Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made,
And hurled at the leader with a laugh.
Then round his breast, like the scarf of love,
He tied the colors of his heart above,
And plunged in his armor into the tide,
And there, in his dress of honor, he died.
What are the lessons your kinglings teach?
And what is the text of your proud commanders?
Out of the centuries heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of death
  Rode the six hundred;
For up came an order which
  Some one had blundered.
"Forward, the light brigade!
Take the guns!" Nolan said:
Into the valley of death,
  Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the light brigade!"
No man was there dismayed—
Not though the soldier knew
  Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—
Into the valley of death,
  Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
  Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
  Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desp'rate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but not—
  Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
  Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the light brigade,
  Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.



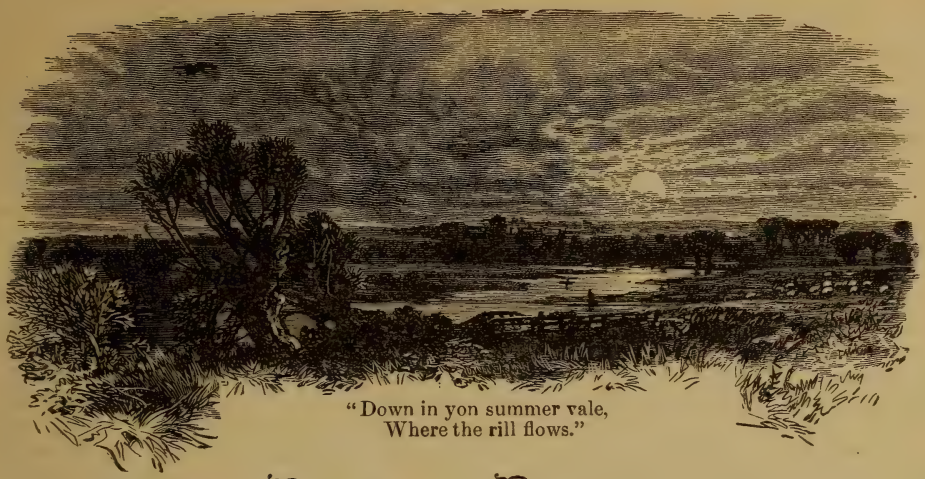
BEAUTY.

"This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairyland,
Where pleasure is the magic wand
That, wielded right,
Makes hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

BURNS.



"Beauty shall glide along,
Circled by song."



"Down in yon summer vale,
Where the rill flows."

Poems of Beauty.

BEAUTY AND SONG.

DOWN in yon summer vale,
Where the rill flows,
Thus said a Nightingale
To his loved Rose:
"Though rich the pleasures
Of song's sweet measures,
Vain were its melody,
Rose, without thee."

Then from the green recess
Of her night-bow'r,
Beaming with bashfulness,
Spoke the bright flow'r:
"Though morn should lend her
Its sunniest splendour,
What would the Rose be,
Unsung by thee?"

Thus still let Song attend
Woman's bright way;
Thus still let Woman lend
Light to the lay.
Like stars, through heaven's sea,
Floating in harmony,
Beauty shall glide along,
Circled by song.

THOMAS MOORE.

LOVE OF NATURE IN THE DECLINE OF LIFE.

(From "Caxtoniana.")

THERE was one period of my life when I considered every hour spent out of capitals as time wasted; when, with exhilarated spirits, I would return from truant loiterings under summer trees to the smoke and din of London thoroughfares; I loved to hear the ring of my own tread on the hard pavements. The desire to compete and combat; the thirst of excitements opening one upon another in the upward march of an opposed career, the study of man in his thickest haunts, the heart's warm share in the passions which the mind, clear from their inebriety, paused to analyze, these gave to me, as they give to most active men in the unflagging energies of youth, a delight in the vistas of gas-lamps, and the hubbub of the great mart for the interchange of ideas. But now, I love the country as I did when a little child, before I had admitted into my heart that ambition which is the first fierce lesson we learn at school. Is it, partly, that those trees never remind us that we are growing

old? Older than we are, their hollow stems are covered with rejoicing leaves. The birds build among their bowering branches rather than in the lighter shade of the saplings. Nature has no voice that wounds the self-love; her coldest wind nips no credulous affection. She alone has the same faith in our age as in our youth. The friend with whom we once took sweet counsel we have left in the crowd, a stranger, perhaps a foe. The woman in whose eyes, some twenty years ago, a paradise seemed to open in the midst of a fallen world, we passed the other day with a frigid bow. She wore rouge and false hair. But those wild-flowers under the hedge-rows, those sparkles in the happy waters, no friendship has gone from them; their beauty has no simulated freshness; their smile no fraudulent deceit.

But there is a deeper truth than all this, in the influence which Nature gains over us in proportion as life withdraws itself from struggle and contention. We are placed on earth for a certain period to fulfill, according to our several conditions and degrees of minds, those duties by which the earth's history is carried on. Desk and warehouse, factory and till, forum and senate, schools of science and art, arms and letters; by these we beautify and enrich our common habitation; by these we defend, bind together, exalt the destinies of our common race. And during this period the mind is wisely fitted less to contemplate than to act, less to repose than to toil. The great stream of worldly life needs attrition along its banks in order to maintain the law that regulates the movements of its waves. But when that period of action approaches towards its close, the soul, for which is decreed an existence beyond the uses of earth, an existence aloof from desk and warehouse, factory and till, forum and senate, schools of science and art, arms and letters, gradually relaxes its hold of former objects, and, insensibly perhaps to itself, is attracted nearer toward the divine source of all being, in the increasing witchery which Nature, distinct from man, reminds it of its independence of the crowd from which it begins to re-emerge.

And in connection with this spiritual process, it is noticeable how intuitively in age we go back with strange fondness to all that is fresh in the earliest dawn of youth. If we never cared for little children before, we delight to see them roll in the grass over which we hobble on crutches. The grandsire turns wearily from his middle-aged, care-worn son, to listen with infant laugh to the prattle of an infant grand-child. It is the old who plant young trees; it is the old who are most saddened by autumn, and feel most delight in the returning spring.

And, in the exquisite delicacy with which hints of the invisible eternal future are conveyed to us, may not that instinctive sympathy, with which life in age rounds its completing circle towards the point at which it touches the circle of life in childhood, be a benign intimation that

"Death is naught
But the soul's birth, and so we should it call."

And may there be no meaning more profound than the obvious interpretation in the sacred words, "Make yourselves as little children, for of such is the kingdom of heaven"?

SIR EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

———o———

THE SEASONS.

(From "The Faery Queen.")

SO forth issew'd the seasons of the yeare:
First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves and flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.



"First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves and flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare."

Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock colored greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the libberd or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbs with labor heated sore.

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore;
Upon his head a wreath, that was enroled
With eares of corne of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.



"Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock colored greene."



"Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad,"



"Lastly came Winter clothed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill."

Lastly came Winter clothed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distil;
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
That scarce his loose limbes he able was to weld.

EDMUND SPENSER.

———o———

THE SEASONS.

(From "The Revolt of Islam," Canto IX.)

THE blasts of Autumn drive the winged seeds
Over the earth; next come the snows, and rain,
And frost, and storms, which dreary Winter leads
Out of his Scythian cave, a savage train.
Behold! Spring sweeps over the world again,
Shedding soft dews from her ethereal wings;
Flowers on the mountain, fruits over the plain,
And music on the waves and woods she flings,
And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless things.

O Spring! of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when, with dark Winter's sadness,
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?
Sister of Joy! thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet,
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding sheet.

Virtue, and Hope, and Love, like light and Heaven,
Surround the world; we are their chosen slaves.
Has not the whirlwind of our spirit driven
Truth's deathless germs to thought's remotest caves?
Lo, Winter comes! the grief of many graves,
The frost of death, the tempest of the sword,
The flood of tyranny, whose sanguine waves
Stagnate like ice at Faith, the enchanter's word,
And bind all human hearts in its repose abhorred.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



"Yet what her lavish hand hath spilled remains,
For careful gleaning is to her unknown."

IN THE OCTOBER FIELDS.

THE bright-robed days sit now at feast, and sup
From golden service heaped with fruits divine;
The waning year drinks from October's cup
The melancholy cheer of autumn's wine.

A ruddier tide now fills the tingling veins
And life takes on a sturdier-hearted tone,
Care's hungering grasp the mounting soul disdains,
And scorns to count the sorrows she hath known.
What matters it if summer's birds have flown,
And rustling leaves drift on the upland plains?
Though Nature's wide arms bear her precious grains
To fragrant hidden garners of her own,
Yet what her lavish hand hath spilled remains,
For careful gleaning is to her unknown;
From her full hand her ripened seeds are thrown
On springing fields late freshened from the the rains,
And Hope's clear bugle on the hills is blown
By comely lips made moist with fruity stains.

Shall we be found less generous to our souls
Than are the seasons to the patient earth?
Shall we yet choose to drift in mental shoals
Where weak-winged fancies only find a birth?

Shall we be found more niggard of our store
Than are the flame-crowned princes of the wood,
While at our heart's inhospitable door
A brother faints for some withholden good?

The richest gifts of Nature kept unshared
Become but poverty; goods unbestowed,
Like fruits ungathered, shrivel into blight,
Which mars the soul's new blossoming; the road
Of excellence was by some god prepared
So that no souls might win the glorious height
Save those unweighted by that hindering load.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

———o———

OCTOBER DAYS.

(From "Shadow Brook," in "Wonder Book.")

THE sun was now an hour or two beyond its noontide mark, and filled the great hollow of the valley with its western radiance, so that it seemed to be brimming with mellow light, and to spill it over the surrounding hillsides, like golden wine out of a bowl. It was such a day that you could not help saying of it, "There never was such a day before!" although yesterday was just such a day, and tomorrow will be just such another. Ah, but there are very few of them in a twelvemonth's circle! It is a remarkable peculiarity of these October days that each of them seems to occupy a great deal of space, although the sun rises rather tardily at that season of the year, and goes to bed, as little children ought, at sober six o'clock, or even earlier. We cannot, therefore, call the days long; but they appear, somehow or other, to make up for their shortness by their breadth; and when the cool night comes, we are conscious of having enjoyed a big armful of life, since morning.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

———o———

A SONG IN OCTOBER.

OH, hear ye not a voice that comes a-singing through the trees,
Across the mead and down the dell, along the dying breeze?
And hear ye not the burden of its melancholy song,
Upon the lingering winds of Autumn sadly borne along?
"Home, shepherds; home, sheep; Winter cometh near:
Wither, flowers; fall, leaves; days will soon be drear."
And hear ye not another voice a-sighing o'er the main,
Across the surf, along the beach, a monody of pain?

Oh, tremble while ye listen to its melancholy song,
Upon the lingering winds of Autumn sadly borne along:
"Part, lovers; part, maids; Winter cometh near:
Sleep, kisses; die, love; life will soon be drear."
W. J. HENDERSON.



"In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
As mid wild scenes I chanced the muse to woo."

ECHO AND SILENCE.

IN eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the stores to strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanced the muse to woo
Through glens untrod, and woods that frowned on high,
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy;

And lo! she's gone—in robe of dark-green hue
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew:
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky.
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
Not so her sister. Hark! For onward still
With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill;
Ah! mark the merry maid, in mockful play,
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

AND NOW COMES AUTUMN.

AND now comes Autumn—artist bold and free,
Exceeding rich in brightest tints that be—
And with a skill that tells of power divine
Paints a vast landscape wonderfully fine.
Over the chestnut cloth of gold he throws,
Turns the ash purple, cheers with scarlet glows
The lonely sumac, that erewhile was seen
Clad in dull foliage of a somber green,
Where daises bloomed gives golden-rod in stead,
Stains every oak leaf with the darkest red,
Sets all the woodbine's waving sprays on fire,
And leaves them flaming from the cedar's spire,
And clust'ring berries hangs he here and there,
Some like the rubies, some as round and fair
As pearls, some blue as sapphires, some as brown
As the fast-fading leaves that rustle down
Beneath the trees that give them life, to die,
Or else away with roving winds to fly.
And when at last all's finished—hill and dale,
Wildwood and field—he drops a misty vail
Over the picture, and a few glad days
The world looks on with wonder and with praise,
Till faint and fainter all the colors grow,
And Winter hides it underneath the snow.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

AUTUMNAL SONNET.

NOW Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt.
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the keyhole, telling how it passed
O'er empty fields or upland solitudes,
Or grim, wide wave; and now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
Than any joy indulgent summer dealt.
Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,
Pensive and glad, with tones that recognize
The soft invisible dew in each one's eyes,
It may be somewhat thus we shall have leave
To walk with memory, when distant lies
Poor Earth, where we were wont to live and grieve.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

INDIAN SUMMER.

IT is the Indian summer-time,
The days of mist, and haze, and glory,
And on the leaves in hues sublime,
The Autumn paints poor Summer's story.

"She died in beauty," sing the hours,
"And left on earth a glorious shadow;"
"She died in beauty, like her flowers,"
Is painted on each wood and meadow.

She perished, like bright human hopes,
That blaze awhile upon life's altar;
And o'er her green and sunny slopes
The plaintive winds her dirges falter.

It is the Indian summer-time!
The crimson leaves like coals are gleaming,
The brightest tints of every clime
Are o'er our western forest streaming.

How bright the hours! Yet o'er their close
The moments sigh in mournful duty,
And redder light around them glows,
Like hectic on the cheek of beauty!

MRS. NICHOLLS.

INDIAN SUMMER.

(From "Miami Woods.")

WHAT a change hath passed upon the face
Of Nature, where the waving forest spreads,
Once robed in deepest green! All through the night
The subtle frost hath plied its mystic art;
And in the day, the golden sun hath wrought
True wonders; and the winds of morn and even

Have touched with magic breath the changing leaves;
And now, as wanders the dilating eye
Across the varied landscape, circling far,
What gorgeousness, what blazonry, what pomp
Of colors, bursts upon the ravished sight!
Here, where the maple rears its yellow crest,
A golden glory; yonder, where the oak
Stands monarch of the forest, and the ash
Is girt with flame-like parasite, and broad
The dogwood spreads beneath, a rolling flood
Of deepest crimson; and afar, where looms
The gnarled gum, a cloud of bloodiest red!

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.



W. D. Gallagher.

———o———

AUTUMN.

A DIRGE.

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the year,
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying;



Percy B Shelley

Come, months, come away.
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulcher.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling,
For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling.
Come, months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play;
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

NOVEMBER.

THE wild November comes at last
Beneath a veil of rain;
The night-wind blows its folds aside.
Her face is full of pain.

A barren realm of withered fields,
Bleak woods of fallen leaves,
The palest morns that ever dawned,
The dreariest of eves.



"The wild November comes at last
Beneath a veil of rain."

The latest of her race, she takes
The autumn's vacant throne,
She has but one short month to live,
And she must live alone.

It is no wonder that she comes,
Poor month! with tears of pain;
For what can one so hopeless do
But weep, and weep again?

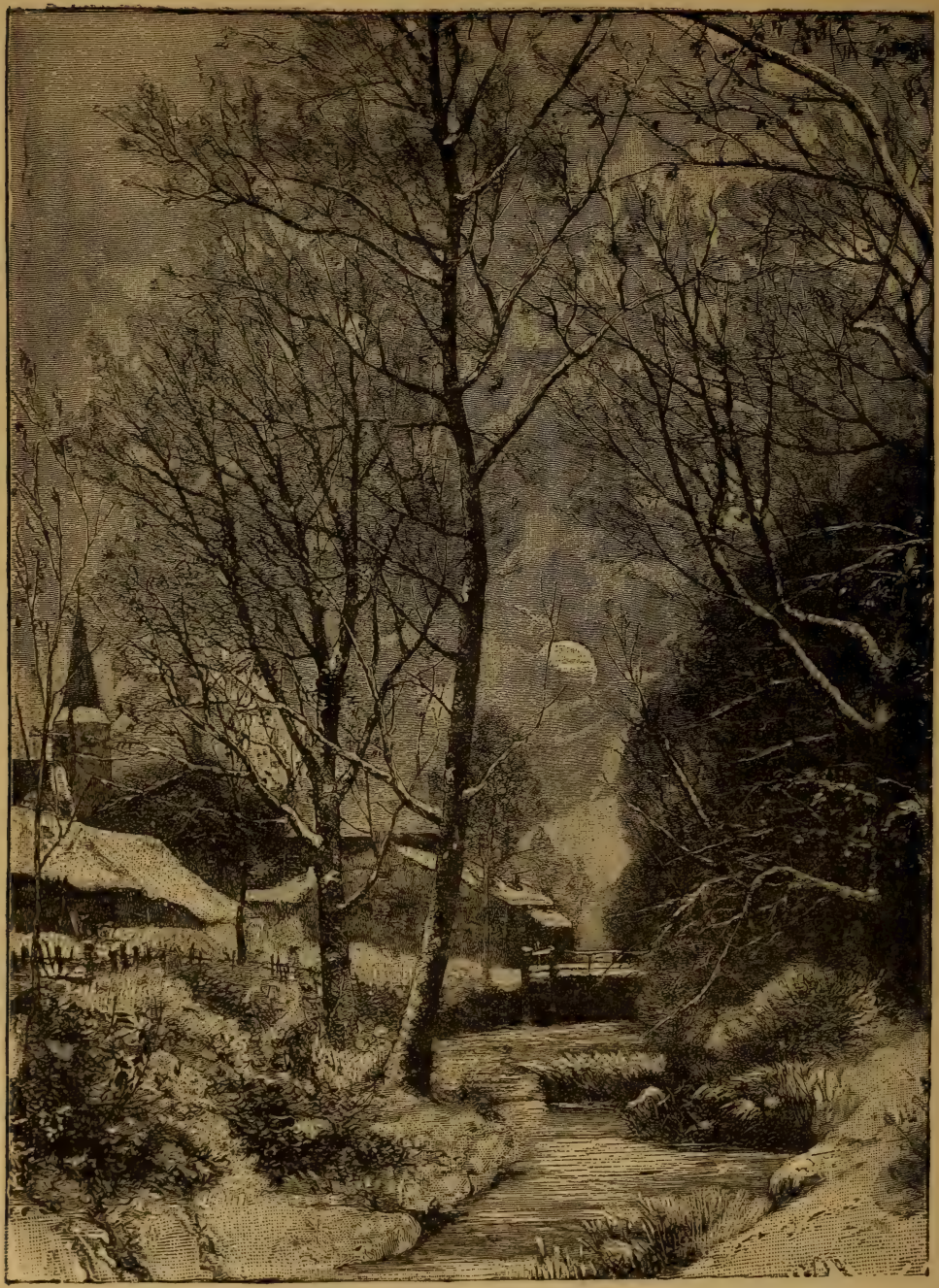
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

WINTER.

(From "The Task," Book IV.)

O WINTER, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy scepter, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.

WILLIAM COWPER.



"But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and water, no more is seen."

THE SNOW-SHOWER.

STAND here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below, thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil;
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet and are still in the depths below;
Flake after flake
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here, delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky way;
There, broader and burlier masses fall;
The sullen water buries them all;
Flake after flake,
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and side by side
Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife,
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh!
Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time, and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glitter a moment and then are lost,
Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake!

Yet look again, for the clouds divide;
A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away, on the mountain side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and water, no more is seen;
Flake after flake,
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

("From Winter.")

AS thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All Winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned
His tufted cottage, rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent, beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land, unknown;
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.



"From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps."

These check his fearful steps; and down he
sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man:
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every
nerve
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the Northern
blast.

JAMES THOMSON.



JAMES THOMSON.

THE SNOW-STORM.

(From "Snow-Bound.")

UNWARNED by any sunset light,
The gray day darkened into night;
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm;
As zigzag wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;

And ere the early bed-time came,
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,
A universe of sky and snow:
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



"Cottage and field
Alike concealed."

MIDWINTER.

ICICLES hang
Where Summer sang;
The north winds clang
From frozen lands.
O'er hill and valley,
Down wind-swept alley,
The storm-clouds sally
In whirling bands.

Cottage and field,
Alike concealed
Beneath the shield
Of Winter lie.
The world, snow-sheeted,
As one defeated—
A queen unseated—
Makes mournful cry.

The short day dies;
No stars arise
In serried skies
That shake with snow.
The rough wind whistles,
And hurls his missiles
Where keen ice bristles
On rocks below.

On rocks that reach
Above the beach,
Where sit and screech

The gulls at night.
By waves foam-fretted,
With seaweed netted
Their sharp teeth whetted
For dark sea-fight.

But winds may roll
O'er sound and shoal,
And cheek by jowl,
The storm-kings ride.
Men meet together,
Despite the weather;
Still nods the feather
O'er blushing bride.

In happy homes,
When twilight gloams,
And darkness roams,
The feast is made;
And fires are lighted,
And troths are plighted,
And hearts united
Of youth and maid.

And on lone heights
The beacon lights
Burn bright o' nights
For ships at sea.
Though warring Winter
May smile and splinter,
And ice-peaks glint, or
The snow falls free.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth, one still clear night,
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees,
There were cities, thrones, temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,—
"Now just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

SPRING.

(From "Ælla;" spelling modernized.)

THE budding floweret blushes at the light,
The meads he sprinkled with the yellow hue,
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
The fresh young cowslip bendeth with the dew;
The trees enleafed, into heaven straught,
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling wind is brought.

The evening comes, and brings the dews along,
The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne,
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,
Young ivy round the door-post doth entwine;
I lay me on the grass; yet to my will,
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

PRELUDE.

(To "The Loves of the Angels.")

'TWAS when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time

Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When, in the light of nature's dawn,
Rejoicing men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn;
Ere Sin had come, or Sorrow drawn
'Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet;
When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid-air, angelic eyes
Gazing upon this world below.

THOMAS MOORE.



"When daffodils begin to peer."

SONG.

(From "The Winter's Tale.")

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

SPRING.

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships, and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, Oh thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet!
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees and cling?
Oh, that man's heart were as fire, and could spring to her!
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!

For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain, and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and clover,
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot;
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows shading her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breasts shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with its weight of leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

THE SYMPHONY OF SPRING.

(From "Spring.")

AS rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting muse! And hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim!
Lend me your songs, ye nightingales! oh, pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, the passion of the groves.
When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounting sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
Of the coy choristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy; and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Poured out profusely, silent; joined to these,
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert; while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love,
That even to birds and beasts the tender art
Of pleasing teaches.

JAMES THOMSON.



"The buck in brake his winter coat he flings."

SONNET TO SPRING.

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings,
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes fleet, with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale;
And thus I see among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

———o———

TROUT-FISHING.

(From "Spring.")

WHEN, with his lively ray, the potent sun
Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair.
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channeled maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank
Reverted plays in undulated flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger, leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportioned to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space

He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled infant throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunts, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The caverned bank, his old secure abode,
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,



"There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly."

Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandoned, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

JAMES THOMSON.

SONG.

WOODMEN, shepherds, come away,
This is Pan's great holiday!
Throw off cares,—
With your heaven-aspiring airs!
Help us sing,—
While valleys with your echoes ring;
Nymphs that dwell within these groves,
Leave your arbors, bring your loves;
Gather posies,—
Crown your golden hair with roses;
As you pass,—
Foot like fairies on the grass. JAMES SHIRLEY.

MAY.

(From "The Faery Queen.")

THEN came faire May, the fairest maid on ground,
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around;
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twins of Leda; which, on either side,
Supported her like to their sovereign queene.
Lord! how all creatures laugh'd when her they spied,
And leap'd and danced as they had ravisht been;
And Cupid's self about her flutter'd all in greene!

EDMUND SPENSER.



"Month of little hands with daisies, Lovers' love and poet's praises."

TO MAY.

MAY, thou month of rosy beauty,
Month when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine,
Bosom rich, and breath divine,
Month of bees, and month of flowers,
Month of blossom-laden hours;

Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love and poet's praises;
O thou merry month complete,
May, thy very name is sweet!
May was maid in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes;
May's the blooming hawthorn bough,
May's the month that's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word,
Than it seems as though it heard,
And looks up, and laughs at me,
Like a sweet face, rosily,
Like an actual color, bright
Flushing from the paper's white;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Startled in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong
Come to keep the winter long,
And deny us thy sweet looks,
I can love thee, sweet, in books,
Love thee in the poet's pages,
Where they keep thee green for ages;
Love and read thee, as a lover
Reads his lady's letters over,
Breathing blessings on the art
Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books forever;
May will part from Spenser never;
May's in Milton, May's in Prior,
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;
May's in all the Italian books;
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise, and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.

Come ye rains, then, if ye will,
May's at home, and with me still,
But come rather, thou, good weather,
And find us in the fields together.

LEIGH HUNT.

SONG TO MAY.

(From "The Loves of the Plants.")

BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue, voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower,
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces decked in flowery wreaths
And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee Goddess of the Spring!

ERASMUS DARWIN.

JUNE.

(From "The Vision of Sir Launfal.")

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days
When heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in valleys green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest;
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

* * * * *

Joy comes, grief goes, we known not how;
Everything is happy now,
Every thing is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true,
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue;
'Tis the natural way of living;
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;

And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets the sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes of the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burned-out craters healed with snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

———o———

A HOLIDAY.

OUT of the city, far away,
With Spring to-day!
Where copses tufted with primrose
Give me repose,
Wood-sorrel and wild violet
Soothe my soul's fret,
The pure delicious vernal air
Blows away care,
The birds' reiterated songs
Heal fancied wrongs.
To kine that feed.

Much happier than the kine, I bed
My dreaming head
In grass; I see far mountains blue,
Like heaven in view;
Green world and sunny sky above
Alive with love;
All, all, however came they there,
Divinely fair.



"Out of the city, far away,
With Spring to-day."

Down the rejoicing brook my grief
Drifts like a leaf,
And on its gently murmuring flow
Doth glide and go;
The bud-besprinkled boughs and hedges,
The sprouting sedges,
Waving beside the water's brink,
Come like cool drink
To fevered lips; like fresh, soft mead
Is this the better oracle,
Or what streets tell?
O base confusion, falsehood, strife,
Man puts in life!
Sink, thou Life-Measurer! I can say
"I've lived a day,"
And Memory holds it now in keeping,
Awake or sleeping.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

AH! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May;
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorne brambles
With the woodbine alternating
Scent the dewy way;
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May;
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May;
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers, that dead or dying,
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May;
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing.
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May;
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;
Summer comes, yet, dark and dreary,
Life still ebbs away;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play;
And through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,
The musk-rat leaves his nook;
The blue-bird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O Mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee."

So, in these winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how, beneath the winter's snow,
Lie germs of summer flowers.

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring;
And ever, upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling;
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months
of beauty, song and flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring
thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart, and walk abroad; fling
cark and care aside;
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
Or underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquility.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand,
And like the kiss of maiden love the breeze is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee;

And mark how with thine own thin locks—
they now are silvery gray—
The blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "Be gay!"

Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all
gleaming like red gold,
And hark! with shrill pipe musical their merry course they hold.



"They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart, and walk abroad; fling cark and care aside."

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean
of yon sky
But hath its own winged mariners to give it
melody:

God bless them all, those little ones, who far
above this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a
nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound; from
yonder wood it came!
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe
his own glad name;
Yes, it is he, the hermit bird, apart from all
his kind
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft
western wind;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again; his notes
are void of art;
But simplest strains do soonest sound the
deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord, it is a gracious boon for thought-
crazed wight like me
To smell again these summer flowers beneath
this summer tree;
To suck once more in every breath their little
souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of
youth's bright summer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the
reckless, truant boy
Wandered through greenwoods all day long,
a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now; I have had cause; but Oh,
I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet
delight to drink;
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the
calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the
days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round
me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse, a heart
that hath waxed old!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

UP the dale and down the bourne,
O'er the meadow, swift we fly;
Now we sing, and now we mourn,
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep;
'Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolic things we say;
While aside her cheek we're rushing
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass,
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,
Whirling round about the fountain
Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh;
Then unto our rosy pillows
On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages deeming
Till we're at our play again.

GEORGE DARLEY.

"CARPE DIEM."

NOW, in the season of flowers,
Now, when the summer is bright,
When Phœbus stays long with the hours,
And the earth hardly knows any night,
The time for enjoyment is ours,
The time for delight.

Ere the chill winds have scattered the roses,
Ere the petals lie dead on the earth;
Ere the season of sweet blossoms closes,
And the cold winter months have their
birth,
Let us join, ere the year its youth loses,
In laughter and mirth.

Ah, sweet, youth can last not forever,
But will fade like a dream that is naught,
Though we fancy that summer dies never,
And on winter bestow not a thought;
But Time is a weariless weaver,
His task is soon wrought.

Then we'll spend not our days in sad guesses
As to what the dim future may bring,
But we'll cast off each thought that oppresses,
For life is a fugitive thing;
And, happy in love's soft caresses,
We'll dream but of Spring.

ANONYMOUS.

JUNE DAYS.

THE whilom hills of gray, whose tender shades
Were dashed with meagre tints of early Spring,
Lift now their rustling domes and cannonades,
And from the airy battlements they fling
Their banners to the wind, and in the glades
Spread rich pavilions for the Summer's king.

Now lifts the love-lit soul, and life's full tide
Swells from the ground and beats the trembling air,
Mounts from the steeps, and on the landscape wide
Spreads like a boundless ocean everywhere.
Delight's dear dreams the dancing waves divide,
And with swift sails outfly pursuing Care.

The sometime fields that sad and sodden lay,
Soaked in the first cold rains, or flecked with snow,
With helpless grasses trodden in the clay
By shivering herds that wandered to and fro,
Wave now with grain, and happy birds all day
Pipe, hidden on the slopes with flowers ablow.

The yellow streams that fled from Winter's hold
When first the young year saw the vernal moon,
And lipped the yielding banks whose moistened mould
Slipped mingling with the flood, now sleep at noon,
Calm as the imaged hills which they enfold,
All glimmering in the long, long skies of June.

The brindled meadow hides the winding path
With interlacing clover, white and red;



"Now to the cooling shades the cows retreat,
To drowse and dream with mild, half-opening eyes."

The blackbirds, startled from their dewy bath,
Fly chattering, joyful with imagined dread;
The while the whetting scythe foretells the swath,
And rings the knell of flowers that are not dead.

Now waves of sunlight cross the fields of wheat;
The shining crow toward the woodland flies;
Far in the fields the larks their notes repeat,
And from the fence the whistling partridge cries;
Now to the cooling shades the cows retreat,

To drowse and dream with mild, half-opening eyes.

No other days are like the days in June;
They stand upon the summit of the year,
Filled up with remembrance of the tune
That wooed the fresh spring fields; they have a tear
For violets dead; they will engird full soon
The sweet full breasts of summer drawing near.

Each matchless morning marches from the east
In tints inimitable and divine;
Each perfect noon sustains the endless feast
In which the wedded charms of life combine;
Sweet Evening waits till golden Day, released,
Shall lead her blushing down the world's decline.

And when the day is done, a crimson band
Lies glowing on the hushed and darkening west;
The groups of trees like whispering spirits stand;
The robin's song lifts from its trembling breast;
The shadows steal out from the twilight land;
And all is peace and quietness and rest.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.



FLOWERS.

FLOWERS.

FLOWERS seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity; children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure; and in the

crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace. Passionate or religious minds contemplate them with fond, feverish intensity; the affection is seen severely calm in the works of many old religious painters, and mixed with more open and true country sentiment in those of our own pre-Raphaelites. To the child and the girl, the peasant and the manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and the monk, they are precious always. But to the men of supreme power and thoughtfulness, precious only at times; symbolically, and pathetically often, to the poets, but rarely for their own sake. They fall forgotten from the great workmen's and soldiers' hands. Such men will take, in thankfulness, crowns of leaves, or crowns of thorns; not crowns of flowers.

JOHN RUSKIN.

———o———

THE IVY.

PUSHING the clods of earth aside,
Leaving the dark where foul things hide,
Spreading its leaves to the Summer sun,
Bondage ended, freedom won;
So, my soul, like the ivy be,
Rise, for the sunshine calls for thee!

Climbing up as the seasons go,
Looking down upon things below,
Twining itself in the branches high,
As if the frail thing owned the sky;
So, my soul, like the ivy be,
Heaven, not earth, is the place for thee.

Wrapping itself round the giant oak,
Hiding itself from the tempest's stroke;
Strong and brave is the fragile thing,
For it knows one secret, how to cling;
So, my soul, there's strength for thee,
Hear the Mighty One, "Lean on Me!"

Green are its leaves when the world is white,
For the ivy sings through the frosty night;
Keeping the hearts of oak awake,
Till the flowers shall bloom and the Spring shall break;
So, my soul, through the Winter's rain,
Sing the sunshine back again.

Opening its green and fluttering breast,
Giving the timid birds a nest;
Coming out from the Winter wild,
To make a wreath for the Holy Child;
So let my life like the ivy be,
A help to man and a wreath for Thee!

HENRY BURTON.

THREE SUMMER STUDIES.

MORNING.

THE cock hath crowed. I hear the doors unbarred;
Down to the grass-grown porch my way I take,
And, hear, beside the well within the yard,
Full many an ancient quacking, splashing drake,
And gabbling goose, and noisy brood-hen,—all
Responding to yon strutting gobbler's call.

The dew is thick upon the velvet grass,
The porch-rails hold it in translucent drops,
And as the cattle from the enclosure pass,
Each one, alternate, slowly halts and crops
The tall green spears, with all their dewy load,
Which grow beside the well-known pasture road.

A humid polish is on all the leaves,—
The birds flit in and out with varied notes,
The noisy swallows twitter 'neath the eaves,
A partridge whistle through the garden floats,
While yonder gaudy peacock harshly cries,
As red and gold flush all the eastern skies.

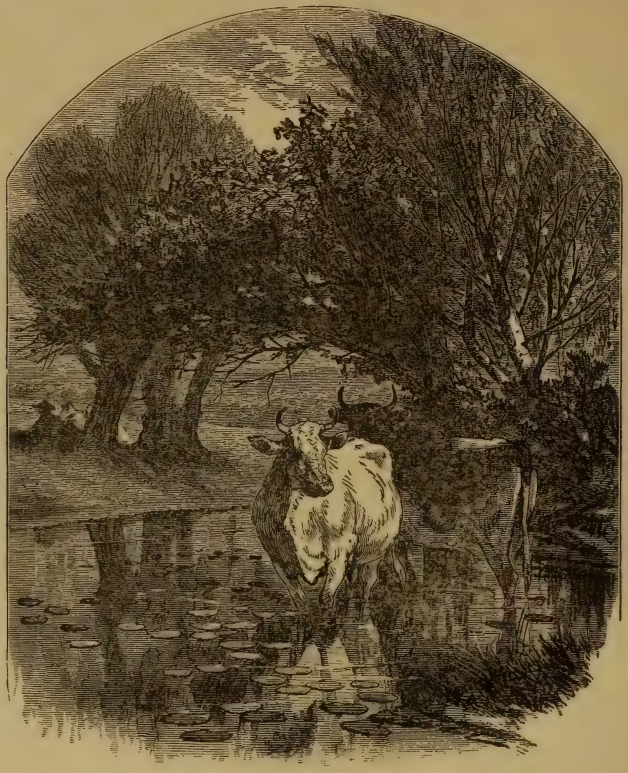
Up comes the sun! through the dense leaves a spot
Of splendid light drinks up the dew; the breeze
Which late made leafy music, dies; the day grows hot,
And slumbrous sounds come from marauding bees;
The burnished river like a sword-blade shines,
Save where 'tis shadowed by the solemn pines.

NOON.

OVER the farm is brooding silence now,—
No reaper's song, no raven's clangor harsh,
No bleat of sheep, no distant low of cows,
No croak of frogs within the spreading marsh,
No bragging cock from littered farmyard crows,—
The scene is steeped in silence and repose

The very air seems somnolent and sick;
The spreading branches with o'er-ripened fruit
Show in the sunshine all their clusters thick,
While now and then a mellow apple falls
With a dull thud within the orchard's wall.

The sky has but one solitary cloud
Like a dark island in a sea of light,



"The panting cattle in the river stand,
Seeking the coolness which its wave scarce yields."

A trembling haze hangs over all the fields,—
The panting cattle in the river stand,
Seeking the coolness which its wave scarce yields.
It seems a Sabbath through the drowsy land;
So hushed is all beneath the Summer's spell,
I pause and listen for some faint church-bell.

The leaves are motionless. the song-birds mute;
The parching furrows 'twixt the corn rows plowed
Seem fairly dancing in my dazzled sight,
While over yonder road a dusty haze
Grows luminous beneath the sun's fierce blaze.

EVENING.

THE solitary cloud grows dark and wide,
While distant thunder rumbles in the air,—

A fitful ripple breaks the river's tide,—
The lazy cattle are no longer there,
But homeward come, in long procession slow,
With many a bleat and many a plaintive low.

Darker and wider spreading o'er the west,
Advancing clouds, each in fantastic form,
And mirrored turrets on the river's breast,
Tell in advance the coming of a storm,—
Closer and brighter glares the lightning's flash,
And louder, nearer, sounds the thunder's crash.

The air of evening is intensely hot,
The breeze feels heated as it fans my brows,—
Now sullen rain-drops patter down like shot,
Strike in the grass, or rattle mid the boughs.
A sultry lull, and then a gust again,—
And now I see the thick advancing rain!

It fairly hisses as it drives along,
And where it strikes breaks up in silvery spray
As if 'twere dancing to the fitful song
Made by the trees, which twist themselves and sway
In contest with the wind, that rises fast
Until the breeze becomes a furious blast.

And now, the sudden, fitful storm has fled,
The clouds lie piled up in the splendid west,
In massive shadow tipped with purplish red,
Crimson, or gold. The scene is one of rest;
And on the bosom of yon still lagoon
I see the crescent of the pallid moon.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

IN THE SUMMER TIME.

SO beautiful the day had been,
I scarce could deem that it would end;
To me it was a constant friend,
A presence rather felt than seen.

I watched the swallow in its flight,
I watched the bounding river's flow,
And caught the sun's delicious glow
Through all the sleepless hours of light.

A gentle tremor of the air
Swept the tree-tops with murmurous sound;
While stretched upon the heathery ground
I kissed my Mother's purple hair.

And happy memories of the years
Came wafted on the Summer breeze—
Like perfumes borne from far-off seas—
Till pain was softened into tears.

It was a bliss to breathe, to move,
All thoughts of sorrow fled away;
Joy was my visitor that day,
And with him hand in hand came Love.

JOHN DENNIS.

IVY.

(An Ancient Christmas Carol.)

IVY is soft and meek of speech,
Against all bale she is bliss,
Well is he that may her reach.

Ivy is green, with colors bright,
Of all trees best she is,
And that I prove will now be right.

Ivy beneath berries black,
God grant us all His bliss,
For there shall be nothing lack.

ANONYMOUS.

THE RHODORA.

(Lines on being asked, Whence is the flower?)

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black waters with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora: if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose,
I never thought to ask; I never knew,
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



"And the gentle summer rain
Cooled the fevered earth again."

SUMMER RAIN.

YESTERMORN the air was dry
As the winds of Araby,
While the sun, with pitiless heat,
Glared upon the glaring street,
And the meadow fountains sealed,
Till the people, everywhere,
And the cattle in the field,
And the birds in middle air,
And the thirsty little flowers,
Sent to heaven a fainting prayer
For the blessed summer showers.

Not in vain the prayer was said;
For at sunset, overhead,
Sailing from the gorgeous West,
Came the pioneers, abreast,
Of a wondrous argosy,
The Armada of the sky!
Far along I saw them sail,
Wafted by an upper gale,
Saw them, on their lustrous route,
Fling a thousand banners out;
Yellow, violet, crimson, blue,
Orange, sapphire; every hue
That the gates of heaven put on
To the sainted eyes of John
In that hallowed Patmian isle,
Their skyey pennons wore; and, while
I drank the glory of the sight,
Sunset faded into night.

Then diverging far and wide,
To the dim horizon's side,
Silently and swiftly there,
Every galleon of the air,
Manned by some celestial crew,
Out its precious cargo threw;
And the gentle summer rain
Cooled the fevered earth again.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

JULY.

(From "The Earthly Paradise.")

FAIR was the morn to-day, the blossom's scent
Floated across the fresh grass, and the bees
With low vexed song from rose to lily went,
A gentle wind was in the heavy trees,
And thine eyes shone with joyous memories;
Fair was the early morn, and fair wert thou,
And I was happy.—Ah, be happy now!
Peace and content without us, love within,
That hour there was; now thunder and wild rain,
Have wrapped the cowering world, and foolish sin,
And nameless pride, have made us wise in vain;
Ah! love, although the morn shall come again,
And on new rose-buds the new sun shall smile,
Can we regain what we have lost meanwhile?

E'en now the west grows clear of storm and threat,
But midst the lightning did the fair sun die—
Ah, he shall rise again for ages yet,
He cannot waste his life—but thou and I—
Who knows next morn if this felicity
My lips may feel, or if thou still shalt live,
This seal of love renewed once more to give?

WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE VIOLET.

O FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet!
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
Blows through that open door,
The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low,
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar from that beloved place,
And that beloved hour,
When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass,
The lark sings o'er my head,
Drowned in the sky—O pass, ye visions, pass!
I would that I were dead!

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door,
From which I ever flee?
O vanished door! O love, that art no more!
Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor, through my brain
Hath searched, and stung to grief
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
Thy velvet leaf.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

The Mountain Heartsease.

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting
By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting
How plainly them to tell
The delicate strength, that cannot find expression
For ruder speech too fair,
That, like thy petals, trembles in possession
And scatters on the air.

Bret Harte

ARBUTUS.

IF Spring has maids of honor—
And why should not the Spring,
With all her dainty service,
Have thought of some such thing?

If Spring has maids of honor,
Arbutus leads the train;
A lovelier, a fairer
The Spring would seek in vain.

For sweet and subtle fragrance,
For pink, and pink and white,
For utmost grace and motion,
Of vines and vine's delight,

For joy and love of lovers,
For joy of young and old,
No blossom like arbutus
In all that Springtimes hold.

The noble maids of honor,
Who earthly queens obey,
And courtly service render
By weary night and day,

Among their royal duties,
Bouquets of blossoms bring
Each evening to the banquet,
And hand them to the king.

If Spring has maids of honor,
And a king that is not seen,
His choicest Springtime favor
Is arbutus from his queen!

HELEN JACKSON.
("H. H.")

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

WE are the sweet Flowers,
Born of sunny showers;
Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith;
Utterance mute and bright
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath;
All who see us, love us;
We befit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles; and unto graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March winds pipe to make our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green, when our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers,
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh atop, sweet flowers.

The dear lumpish baby,
Humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright stare, tumbling through the grass;
The honey-dropping moon,
On a night in June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the bridegroom pass.
Age, the withered clinger,
On us mutely gazes,
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his childhood's daisies.

See, and scorn all duller
Taste, how heaven loves color,
How great Nature clearly joys in red and green;
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flashing hues, made solely to be seen;
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth has the rose, the woman of the flowers!

Uselessness divinest
Of a use the finest
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travelers weary-eyed
Bless us far and wide;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sudden truce;
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylon's whole vaunting.

Sage are yet the uses
Mixed with our sweet juices,
Whether man or May-fly profit of the balm;
As fair fingers healed
Knights from the olden field,

We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm.
E'en the terror Poison
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

IN eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

Fame's bright star and glory's swell
In the glossy leaf of the bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes;
And the tender soul that cannot part
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.



"Innocence shines in the lily's bell,
Pure as the light in its native heaven."

The rose is a sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove
From the myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the lily's bell,
Pure as the light in its native heaven;

The cypress that daily shades the grave,
Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot;
And faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, forget-me-not.
Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

SENSITIVE PLANT.

(Extract.)

A SENSITIVE Plant in the garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
And the spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dream of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with sweet odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
The narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath addressed,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air,
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tube-rose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.
And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,
With gold and green light slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glided by,

And around them the soft stream did glide and glance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and moss,
Which led through the garden and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowers which, drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise,
The flowers, as an infant's awakening eyes,
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it,

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and odor its neighbor shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver—

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower,
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart full,
It desires what it has not, the Beautiful:

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings,
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on the sunny sea,

Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers, till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odor, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by,
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound,
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness;

Only overhead, the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as day might fail,
And snatches of his Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

LILIES OF THE FIELD.

(Extract.)

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed with soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay;
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing in our last decay,
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics are ye of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant and as fair
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fallen all beside! the world of life,
How it is stained with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions rage and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while,
Your first and perfect form ye show;
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow;
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know. JOHN KEBLE.

IN THE WOODS.

(From "The Complaint of the Black Knight.")

I ROSE anone, and thought I woulde gone
Into the woode, to heare the birdes sing,
Whan that the misty vapour was agone,
And clear and fair was the morning,
The dewe also like silver in shining
Upon the leaves, as any baume swete,
Till fiery Titan with his persant heat

Had dried up the lusty licour new
Upon the herbes in the grene mede,
And that the floures of many divers hue,
Upon hir stalks gon for to sprede,
And for to splay out hir leves in brede
Againe the sunne, gold burned in his sphere,
That doune to hem cast his beames clere.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

SONG OF THE ROSE.

(Attributed to Sappho.)

IF Zeus chose us a king of the flowers in his mirth,
He would call to the rose, and would royally crown it;
For the rose, ho! the rose is the grace of the earth,
Is the light of the plants that are growing upon it!
For the rose, ho! the rose is the eye of the flowers,
Is the blush of the meadows that feel themselves fair,
Is the lightning of beauty that strikes through the bowers
On pale lovers that sit in the glow unaware.
Ho, the rose breathes of love! ho, the rose lifts the cup
To the red lips of Cyprus invoked for a guest!
Ho, the rose having curled
Its sweet leaves for the world,
Takes delight in the motion its petals keep up,
As they laugh to the Wind as it laughs from the west.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S TRANSLATION.



"For the rose, ho! the rose is the eye of the flowers,
Is the lightning of beauty that strikes through the bowers."

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale;
Unnoticed and alone
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

SONG TO THE VIOLET.

VIOLET! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years;
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres?

Loved one of my youth thou wast,
Of my merry youth,
And I see
Tearfully,
All the fair and sunny past,
All its openness and truth,
Ever fresh and green in thee
As the moss is in the sea.

Thy little heart, that hath, with love
Grown colored like the sky above,
On which thou lookest ever,
Can it know
All the woe
Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging?

Out on it! no foolish pining
For the sky
Dims thine eye,
Or for the stars so calmly shining;
Like thee, let this soul of mine
Take hue from that wherefor I long,
Self-stayed and high, serene and strong,
Not satisfied with hoping, but divine.

Violet! dear violet!
Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love of Him who sent thee,
And for the fulfilling sense
Of that glad obedience
Which made thee all that nature meant thee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

BLOSSOM of the almond trees,
April's gift to April's bees.
Birthday ornament of Spring,
Flora's fairest daughterling;
Coming when no flowerets dare
Trust the cruel outer air;
When the royal kingcup bold
Dares not don his coat of gold;
And the sturdy black-thorn spray
Keeps his silver for the May;
Coming when no flowerets would,
Save thy lowly sisterhood,
Early violets, blue and white,
Dying for their love of light.
Almond blossom, sent to teach us
That the spring-days soon will reach us,
Lest, with longing over-tried,
We die as the violets died;
Blossom, crowding all the tree
With thy crimson broidery,
Long before a leaf of green
O'er the bravest bough is seen;
Ah! when winter winds are swinging
All thy red bells into ringing,
With a bee in every bell,
Almond bloom, we greet thee well.

EDWIN ARNOLD.



BLOSSOMS.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not yet past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER, hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise,
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see,
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home among my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem among the young and gay
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE IVY GREEN.

OH, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he;
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend the huge Oak-tree:
And slily he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

CHARLES DICKENS.



Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

THE SKYLARK.

FOR so I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the liberation and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! ye have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped as we
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before you have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."



"Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before you have a tongue."

ROBERT HERRICK.

———o———

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE, how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round in itself encloses,

And in its little globe's extent
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere;
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure,
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves, the blossoms green;



"See, how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn."

And recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts express
The greater heaven in a heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day;

Dark beneath, but bright above;
Here disdaining, here in love.
How loose and easy hence to go;
How girt and ready to ascend;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upward bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congealed and chill;
Congealed on earth; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the almighty Sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS

DAYSTARS! that ope your eyes with morn, to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her holy altars sprinkle
As a libation.

Ye matin worshipers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics; that with storied beauty
The floor of nature's temple tasselate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently I ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime.

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist,
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure;
Blooming o'er field and wave by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection:
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
A second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

HORACE SMITH.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon;
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

(On Turning One Down with the Plow in April, 1786.)

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! 'tis no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast;
When upward springing, blithe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter, biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above thy parent earth
Thy slender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histy stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There in the scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade:
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred;
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and winds blow hard,
And whelm him o'er.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink.

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE GROVE.

HAIL, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

* * * * *

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature, the wisest architect!
Who those fond artists does despise,
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.



DAFFODILS.

DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE WOOD GIANT.

FROM Alton Bay to Sandwich Dome,
From Mad to Saco River,
For patriarchs of the primal wood
We sought with vain endeavor.

And then we said: "The giants old
Are lost beyond retrieval.
This pigmy growth the axe has spared
Is not the wood primeval.

"Look where we will o'er vale and hill,
How idle are our searches,
For broad-girthed maples, wide-limbed oaks,
Centennial pines and birches!

"Their tortured limbs the axe and saw
Have changed to beams and trestles;
They rest in walls, they float on seas,
They rot in sunken vessels.

"This shorn and wasted mountain land
Of underbrush and boulder—
Who thinks to see its full-grown tree
Must live a century older."

At last to us a woodland path,
To open sunset leading,
Revealed the Anakim of pines
Our wildest wish exceeding.

Alone, the level sun before,
Below, the lake's green islands,
Beyond, in misty distance dim,
The rugged Northern Highlands.

Dark Titan on his Sunset Hill
Of time and change defiant!
How dwarfed the common woodland seemed,
Before the old time giant.

What marvel that in simpler days
Of the world's early childhood,
Men crowned with garlands, gifts and praise,
Such monarchs of the wild-wood?

That Tyrian maids with flower and song
Danced through the hill-grove's spaces,
And hoary-bearded Druids found
In woods their holy places?

With somewhat of that Pagan awe
With Christian reverence blending,
We saw our pine tree's mighty arms
Above our heads extending.

We heard his needle's mystic rune,
Now rising and now dying,
As erst Dodona's priestess heard
The oak leaves prophesying.

Was it the half unconscious moan
Of one apart and mateless,
The weariness of unshared power,
The loneliness of greatness?

Oh, dawns and sunsets, lend to him
Your beauty and your wonder;
Blithe sparrow, sing thy Summer song
His solemn shadow under!

Play lightly on his slender keys,
Oh wind of Summer, waking
For hills like these, the sound of seas
On far off beaches breaking!

And let the eagle and the crow
Rest on his still green branches,
When winds shake down his Winter snow
In silver avalanches.

The brave are braver for their cheer,
The strongest need assurance,
The sigh of longing makes not less
The lesson of endurance.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.



"And where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold."

And where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE RAINBOW.

MY heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it, now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

'TIS sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow,
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,
To the soothing song of sorrow.

Oh! nightingale, what does she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him,
He sings aloud to the calm blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.

As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling,
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet, ever and anon, a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And hers is of the earth.

By night and day she tunes her lay,
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow!

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

BLUEBIRD! on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me:
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"
Says't thou so, my birdie dear?
What is that, in misty shroud,
Stealing from the darkened cloud?
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whitened ground,
Yet thou singest, blithe and clear:
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain;
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky
With a black and threatening eye;
Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still;
Yon poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold?
Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry;
Hast thou wooed some winged love
To a nest in verdant grove?
Sung to her of greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower?
Lured her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care?
Pr'ythee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song?
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she'll closer cling to thee?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
Unappalled shall pass thee by;
Though thy curtained chamber show
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be;
Love shall make it Spring for thee.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

SONG.

(From Cymbeline, Act II., Scene 3.)

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

SONG: GAYETY OF NATURE.

THE sun is careering in glory and might,
'Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree,
And the cowslip and bluebell are bent by the bee;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they?

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.



" 'Come up, come up,' they seem to say,
Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway. "

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

HOW pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun and stars and moon,
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nest in the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old, they wander out,
And traverse the green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other they lovingly call:
"Come up, come up," they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway."

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air."
And the birds below give back the cry:
"We come, we come, to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in a leafy tree;
And away through the air what joy to go,
And look on the bright green earth below.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its clift-built home!
What joy it must be, to sail, up-borne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mid the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mate at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladdens some fairy region old!
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be.

MARY HOWITT.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the earthly hours,
Of winter's past or coming void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs,
Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, and, yes, to angels' lays.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place;
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away;
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place;
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.



JAMES HOGG.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant: with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering through the woods,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest;
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look, what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure there was never a bird so fine,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link.
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here,
Chee, chee, chee.

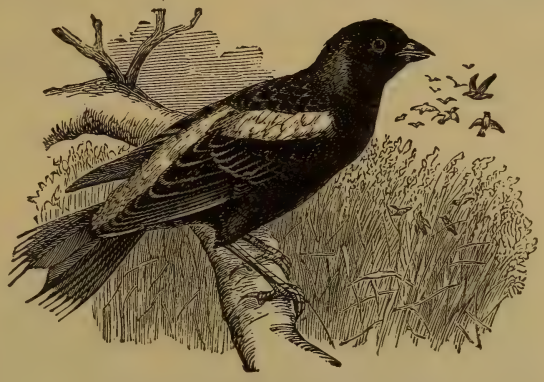
Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat!
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;

Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can,
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight;
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice, good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and nestlings lie,
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;



"Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
'Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link.'"

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again,
Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

TO AN INSECT.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks—
Old gentlefolks are they—
Thou says't an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid;
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill;
I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree;
A knot of spinster Katydids—
Do Katydids drink tea?

O tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,

And yet so wicked too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black,
Or wet their eyes of blue;
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
What did poor Katy do?

Ah no! the living oak shall crash,
That stood for ages still,
The rock shall rend its mossy base,
And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever murmuring race!
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings
Beneath the Autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice,
And lift her drooping lid;
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



"But all night long
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain."

SONNET: TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

WINGED mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe;
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,

Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule!
For such thou art by day; but all night long,
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,
As if thou didst, in this thy moonlight song,
Like to the melancholy Jacques complain,
Musing on folly, falsehood, vice and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

(From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.")

THIS is the ship of pearl, which poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold Sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past years; dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



"There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast."

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart,
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

———o———

FROM "THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE."

"What plant we with this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors.
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree."

William Cullen Bryant

Roslyn, L. I. July 12th 1875.

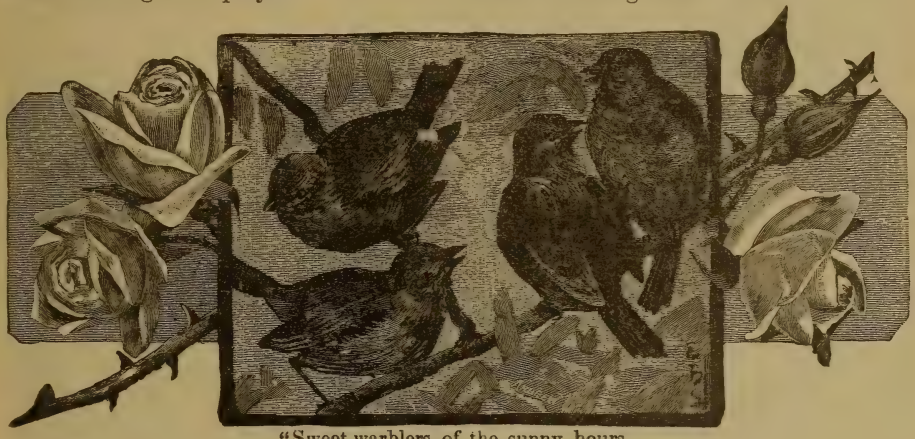
THE SUMMER BIRDS.

SWEET warblers of the sunny hours,
Forever on the wing,
I love them, as I love the flowers,
The sunlight, and the spring.
They come like pleasant memories,
In summer's joyous time,
And sing their gushing melodies
As I would sing a rhyme.

In the green and quiet places
Where the golden sunlight falls,
We sit with smiling faces
To list their silver calls;
And when their holy anthems
Come pealing through the air,
Our hearts leap forth to meet them,
With a blessing and a prayer.

For never can my soul forget
The loved of other years;
Their memories fill my spirit yet,
I've kept them green with tears;
And their singing greets my heart at times,
As in the days of yore,
Though their music, and their loveliness
Are o'er, forever o'er.

And often, when the mournful night
Comes with a low, sweet tune,
And sets a star on every height,
And one beside the moon,
When not a sound of wind or wave
The holy stillness mars,
I look above, and strive to trace
Their dwellings in the stars.



"Sweet warblers of the sunny hours,
I love them as I love the flowers,
The sunlight and the spring."

Amid the morning's fragrant dew,
Amid the mists of even,
They warble on as if they drew
Their music down from heaven.
How sweetly sounds each mellow note,
Beneath the moon's pale ray,
When dying zephyrs rise and float,
Like lovers' sighs, away!

Like shadowy spirits seen at eve,
Among the tombs they glide;
Where sweet, pale forms for which we grieve
Lie sleeping side by side.
They break with song the solemn hush
Where peace reclines her head,
And link their lays with mournful thoughts
That cluster round the dead.

The birds! the birds of summer hours!
They bring a gush of glee
To the child among the fragrant flowers,
To the sailor on the sea.
We hear their thrilling voices
In their swift and airy flight,
And the inmost heart rejoices
With a calm and pure delight.

In the stillness of the starlight hours,
When I am with the dead,
Oh, may they flutter 'mid the flowers
That blossom o'er my head,
And pour their songs of gladness forth
In one melodious strain,
O'er lips whose broken melody
Shall never sing again. AMELIA B. WELBY.



"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest."

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud;
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains,
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance,
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such
a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell
of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever
should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner
of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world would listen then, as I am
listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE BOBOLINK.

BOBOLINK! that in the meadow,
Or beneath the orchard's shadow,
Keepest up a constant rattle
Joyous as my children's prattle,
Welcome to the north again!
Welcome to mine ear thy strain,
Welcome to mine eye the sight
Of thy buff, thy black and white.
Brighter plumes may greet the sun
By the banks of Amazon;
Sweeter tones may weave the spell,
Of enchanting Philomel;
But the tropic bird would fail,
And the English nightingale,
If we should compare their worth
With thine endless, gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,
June and Summer nearing fast,
While from depths of blue above
Comes the mighty breath of love,
Calling out each bud and flower
With resistless, secret power,—
Waking hope and fond desire,
Kindling the erotic fire,—
Filling youths' and maidens' dreams
With mysterious pleasing themes;
Then, amid the sunlight clear
Floating in the fragrant air,
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure
By thy glad ecstatic measure.

A single note, so sweet and low,
Like a full heart's overflow,
Forms the prelude; but the strain
Gives no such tone again,
For the wild and saucy song
Leaps and skips the notes among,
With such quick and sportive play,
Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Gayest songster of the Spring!
Thy melodies before me bring
Visions of some dream-built land,
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,
I might walk the livelong day,
Embosomed in perpetual May.
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows;
For thee a tempest never blows;

But when our northern Summer's o'er,
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore
The wild rice lifts its airy head,
And royal feasts for thee are spread.
And when the Winter threatens there,
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,
But bear thee to more southern coasts,
Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taints of sadness;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing,
In Summer, Winter, Fall and Spring.

THOMAS HILL.

SONG OF THE RIVER.

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,



"Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool."

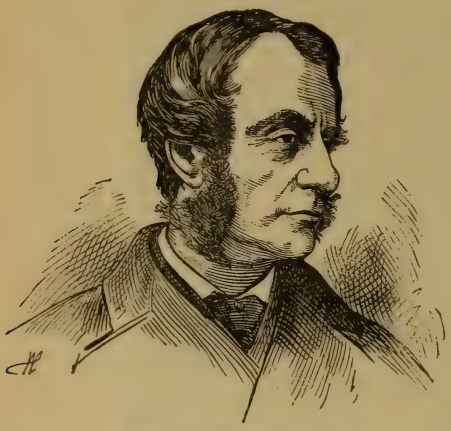
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe by me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoke-grimed town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf, and sewer, and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go.
Baser and baser the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood-gates are open, away to the sea!
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,

Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again,
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe by me, mother and child.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE SHADED WATER.

WHEN that my mood is sad, and in the noise
And bustle of the crowd I feel rebuke,
I turn my footsteps from its hollow joys
And sit me down beside this little brook;
The waters have a music to mine ear
It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen, as you may see,
Shut in from all intrusion by the trees,
That spread their giant branches, broad and free,
The silent growth of many centuries;
And make a hallowed time for hapless moods,
A sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter,—now, like me,
Do seek it out with such a fond desire,
Poring in idlesse mood on flower and tree,
And listening as the voiceless leaves respire,—
When the far-traveling breeze, done wandering,
Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,
And sweet companions from their boundless store,
Of merry elves bespangled all with dew
Fantastic creatures of the old-time lore,
Watching their wild but unobtrusive play,
I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch—the root of an old oak
Whose branches yield it moss and canopy—
Is mine, and, so it be from woodman's stroke
Secure, shall never be resigned by me;
It hangs above the stream that idly flies,
Heedless of any eyes.

There, with eye sometimes shut, but upward bent,
Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour
While every sense on earnest mission sent,
Returns, thought-laden, back with bloom and flower
Pursuing, though rebuked by those who moil,
A profitable toil.

And still the waters, trickling at my feet,
Wind on their way with gentlest melody,
Yielding sweet music, which the leaves repeat,
Above them, to the gay breeze gliding by,—
Yet not so rudely as to send one sound
Through the thick copse around.

Sometimes a brighter cloud than all the rest
Hangs o'er the archway opening through the trees,
Breaking the spell that, like a slumber, pressed
On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries,—
And with awakened vision upward bent,
I watch the firmament.

How like its sure and undisturbed retreat—
Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm
To the pure waters trickling at my feet
The bending trees that overshade my form!
So far as sweetest things of earth may seem
Like to those of which we dream.

Such, to my mind, is the philosophy
The young bird teaches, who, with sudden flight,
Sails far into the blue that spreads on high,
Until I lose him from my straining sight,—
With a most lofty discontent to fly
Upward, from earth to sky.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"O for a soft and gentle wind!"
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners—
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

STORM AT NIGHT.

(From "Childe Harold," Canto III.)

THE sky is changed!—and such a change!
Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:—
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around; of all the band,
The brightest through these parled hills hath fork'd
His lightnings—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul,
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.



"Your murmurs bring the pleasant breath
Of many a sylvan scene."

WOODLAND STREAMS.

YOUR murmurs bring the pleasant breath
Of many a sylvan scene;
They tell of sweet and sunny vales,
And woodlands wildly green;
Ye cheer the lonely heart of age,
Ye fill the exile's dreams
With hope, and home, and memory,
Ye unforgotten streams.

The bards, the ancient bards, who sang
When thought and song were new,
O mighty waters! did they learn
Their minstrelsy from you?
For still, methinks, your voices blend
With all their glorious themes,
That flow forever fresh and free
As the eternal streams.

Well might the sainted seer of old,
Who trod the tearless shore,
Like many waters deem the voice
The angel hosts adore!
For still, where deep the rivers roll,
Afar the torrent gleams,
Our spirits hear the voice of God,
Amid the rush of streams.

FRANCES BROWN.

THE RAIN.

LIKE a gentle joy descending,
To the earth a glory lending,
Comes the pleasant rain;
Fairer now the flowers are growing,
Fresher now the winds are blowing,
Gladder waves the grain;
Grove and forest, field and mountain,
Bathing in the crystal fountain,
Drinking in the inspiration,
Offer up a glad oblation;
All around, about, above us,
Things we love, the things that love us,
Bless the gentle rain.

Beautiful, and still, and holy,
Like the spirit of the lowly,
Comes the quiet rain;
'Tis a fount of joy distilling,
And the lyre of earth is trilling,
Swelling to a strain;
Nature opens wide her bosom,
Bursting buds begin to blossom;
To her very soul 'tis stealing,
All the springs of life unsealing;
Singing stream and rushing river
Drink it in, and praise the Giver
Of the blessed rain.

LAURA A. BOIES.

THE RAIN.

WE knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst.

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers—
Dipping the jewels out of the sea—
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The whites of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind, and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE FOUNTAIN.

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,

Changed every moment,
  Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
  Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
  Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
  Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
  Upward, like thee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



"Glorious fountain! Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant, upward, like thee!"

———o———

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

(From "The Task," Book I.)

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirts of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.

Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.



WILLIAM COWPER.

Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night; nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sakes.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

FAIR dweller by the dusty way,
Bright saint within a mossy shrine,
The tribute of a heart to-day,
Weary and worn is thine.

The earliest blossoms of the year,
The sweet-brier and the violet,
The pious hand of spring has here
Upon thine altar set.

And not alone to thee is given
The homage of the pilgrim's knee,
But oft the sweetest birds of heaven
Glide down and sing to thee.

Here daily from his beechen cell,
The hermit squirrel steals to drink,
And flocks, which cluster to their bell,
Recline along thy brink.

And here the wagoner blocks his wheels,
To quaff the cooling, generous boon;
Here, from the sultry harvest-fields,
The reapers rest at noon.

And oft the beggar, masked with tan,
With rusty garments gray with dust,
Here sits and dips his little can,
And breaks his scanty crust.

And lulled beside thy whispering stream,
Off drops to slumber unawares,
And sees the angels of his dream
Upon celestial stairs.



THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Dear dweller by the dusty way,
Thou saint within a mossy shrine,
The tribute of a heart to-day
Weary and worn is thine.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

(From "Childe Harold," Canto IV.)

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.



"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!"

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yest of waves which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?

Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves, play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.



"Up signal then, and let us hail
Yon looming phantom as we pass!"

PASSING THE ICEBERGS.

A FEARLESS shape of brave device,
Our vessel drives through mist and rain,
Between the floating fleets of ice,
The navies of the northern main.

These arctic ventures, blindly hurled,
The proofs of Nature's olden force,
Like fragments of a crystal world
Long shattered from its skyey course.

These are the buccaneers that fright
The middle sea with dreams of wrecks,
And freeze the southwinds in their flight,
And chain the Gulf-stream to their decks.

At every dragon prow and helm,
There stands some Viking as of yore;
Grim heroes from the boreal realm,
Where Odin rules the spectral shore

And oft beneath the sun or moon,
Their swift and eager falchions glow;
While, like a storm-vexed wind, the rune
Comes chafing through some beard of snow.

And when the far North flashes up
With fires of mingled red and gold,
They know that many a blazing cup
Is brimming to the absent bold.

Up signal then, and let us hail
Yon looming phantom as we pass!
Note all her fashion, hull and sail,
Within the compass of your glass.

And speak her well; for she might say,
If from her heart the words could thaw,
Great news from some far frozen bay,
Or the remotest Esquimaux;

Might tell of channels yet untold,
That sweep the pole from sea to sea;
Of lands which God designs to hold
A mighty people yet to be;

Of wonders which alone prevail
Where day and darkness dimly meet,
Of all which spreads the arctic sail;
Of Franklin and his venturous fleet;

How, haply, at some glorious goal,
His anchor holds, his sails are furled;
That Fame has named him on her scroll,
"Columbus of the Polar World;"

Or how his plunging barques wedge on,
Through splintering fields, with battered shares,
Lit only by that spectral dawn,
The mask that mocking darkness wears;

Or how, o'er embers black and few,
The last of shivered masts and spars,
He sits amid his frozen crew,
In council with the norland stars.

No answer but the sullen flow
Of ocean heaving long and vast;
An argosy of ice and snow,
The voiceless North swings proudly past.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

FAIRY GOLD.

IN the lore that is known to our childhood,
The beautiful story is told
That under the foot of the rainbow
The fairies have hidden their gold;
Forever eluding but tempting,
The sunshine is bright on the rain,
And over the hills and the valleys
We follow the glory—in vain.

Though we stand where we thought it had rested,
Yet distant it ever appears;
For what seems the rainbow to others
To those at its foot may be tears.
The strongest of charms is upon it,
This treasure, which never is gained;
And bright, with a glory celestial,
Is the goal that is never attained.

MIRIAM K. DAVIS.

THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

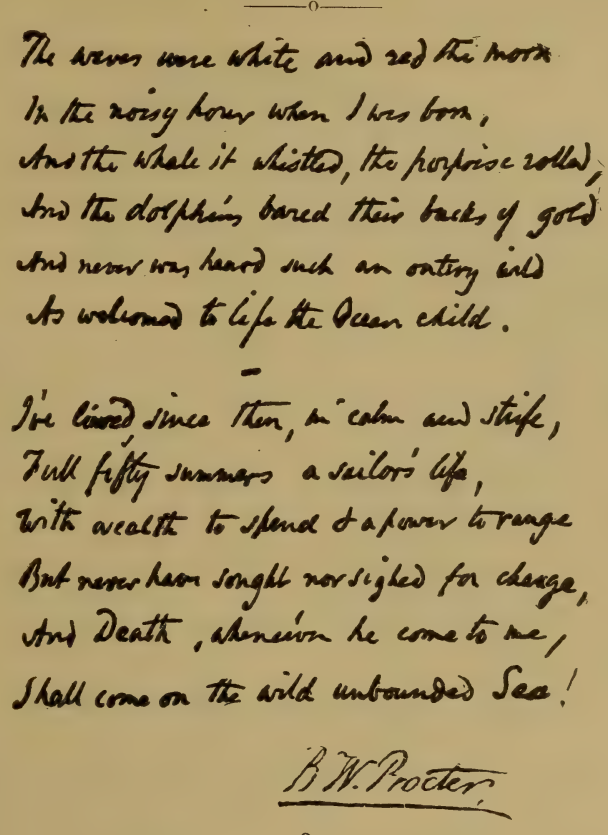
I love, oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

BRYAN W. PROCTER.
(Barry Cornwall.)



FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL.

SPEAK naught, move not, but listen: the sky is full of gold;
No ripple on the river, no stir in field or fold;
All gleams, but naught doth glisten, save the far-off unseen sea.

Look not, they will not heed thee; speak not, they will not hear;
Pray not, they have no bounty; curse not, they may not fear;
Cower down, they will not heed thee; long-lived the world shall be.

Forget days past, heart-broken, put all thy memory by!
No grief on the green hill-side, no pity in the sky;
Joy that may not be spoken fills mead and flower and tree;

Hang down thine head and hearken, for the bright eve mocks thee still;
Night trippeth on the twilight, but the summer hath no will
For woes of thine to darken, and the moon hath left the sea.

ANONYMOUS.



"Lo! Night's barbaric Khans,
Lo! the waste gulf's wild clans
Gallop across the skies with fiery bridles!"

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

HELL'S gates swing open wide!
Hell's furious chiefs forth ride!
The deep doth redden
With flags of armies marching through the Night,
As kings shall lead their legions to the fight
At Armageddon.

Peers and princes mark I,
Captains and Chilarchi;
Thee, burning Angel of the Pit, Abaddon!
Charioteers from Hades, land of Gloom,
Gigantic thrones, and heathen troopers, whom
The thunder of the far-off fight doth maddden.

Lo! Night's barbaric Khans,
Lo! the waste gulf's wild clans
Gallop across the skies with fiery bridles!
Lo! flaming Sultans. Lo! infernal Czars,
In deep-ranked squadrons gird the glowing cars
Of Lucifer and Ammon, towering Idols.

See yonder red platoons!
See! see the swift dragoons
Whirling aloft their sabres to the zenith!
See the tall regiments whose spears incline
Beyond the circle of that steadfast sign,
Which to the streams of ocean never leaneth.

Whose yonder dragon-crest?
Whose that red-shielded breast?
Chieftain Satanas! Emp'ror of the Furnace!
His bright centurions, his blazing earls;
In mail of lightning-dealing gems and pearls,
Alarm the kingdoms with their gleaming harness.

All shades and spectral hosts,
All forms and gloomy ghosts,
All frowning phantoms from the Gulf's dim gorges
Follow the Kings in wav'ring multitudes:
While savage giants of the Night's old brood,
In pagan mirth, toss high their crackling torches.

Monarchs, on guarded thrones,
Ruling Earth's Southern zones,
Mark ye the wrathful arches of Gehenna;
How gleam, affrighted Lords of Europe's crowns,
Their blood-red arrows o'er your bastioned towns,
Moscow, and purple Rome, and cannon-girt Vienna?
Go bid your prophets watch the troubled skies!
"Why through the vault cleave those infernal glances,
Why, ye pale Wizards, do those portents rise,
Rockets and fiery shafts and lurid lances?"

Still o'er the silent Pole,
Numberless armies roll,
Columns all plumed and cohorts of artillery;
Still girdled nobles cross the snowy fields
In flashing chariots, and their crimsoned shields
Kindle afar thy icy peaks, Cordillera!

On, Lords of dark Despair!
Prince of the Powers of Air,
Bear your broad banners through the constellations.

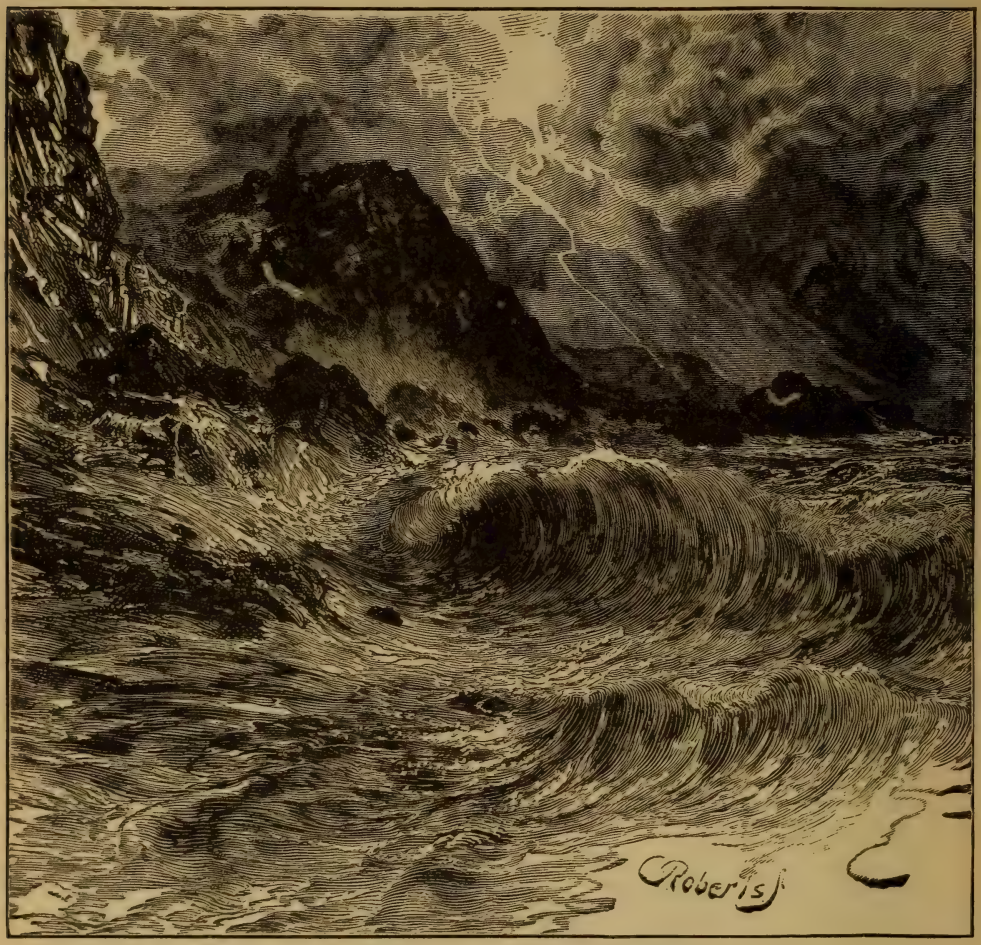
Wave, all ye Stygian hordes,
Through the black sky your swords;
Startle with warlike signs the watching nations,
March, ye mailed multitudes, across the deep;
Far shine the battlements on Heaven's steep.
Dare ye again, fierce Thrones and scarlet Powers,
Assail with Hell's wild host those crystal towers?
Tempt ye again the angels' shining blades,
Ithuriel's spear and Michael's circling truncheon,
The seraph-cavaliers, whose winged brigades
Drove you in dreadful rout down to the Night's vast dungeon?

GUY H. MCMASTER.

WITH HUSKY-HAUGHTY LIPS, O SEA!

WITH husky-haughty lips, O Sea!
Where day and night I wend thy surf-beat shore,
Imaging to my sense thy varied strange suggestions,

Thy troops of white-maned racers racing to the goal,
Thy ample, smiling face, dashed with the sparkling dimples of the sun,
Thy broodings scowl and murk—thy unloos'd hurricanes,
Thy unsubduedness, caprices, wilfulness ;
Thy lonely state—something thou ever seek'st and seek'st, yet never gain'st,
Surely some right withheld—some voice, in huge monotonous rage, of freedom-lover pent,
Some vast heart, like a planet's chain'd and chafing in those breakers,



"Thy troops of white-maned racers racing to the goal,
Thy broodings scowl and murk—thy unloos'd hurricanes."

Great as thou art above the rest, thy many tears—a lack from all eternity in thy content
(Naught but the greatest struggles, wrongs, defeats, could make thee greatest—no less could make thee),
By lengthen'd swell, and spasm, and panting breath,
And rythmic rasping of thy sands and waves,
And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter,
And undertones of distant lion roar

(Sounding, appealing to the sky's deaf ear—
but now, rapport for once,
A phantom in the night thy confidant for
once),
The first and last confession of the globe,
Outsurging, muttering from thy soul's abysms,
The tale of cosmic elemental passion,
Thou tellest to a kindred soul.

WALT WHITMAN.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

WHAT saith the river to the rushes gray,
Rushes sadly bending,
River slowly wending?
Who can tell the whispered things they say?
Youth, and prime, and life, and time,
For ever, ever fled away!

Drop your wither'd garlands in the stream,
Low autumnal branches,
Round the skiff that launches,
Wavering downward through the lands of
dreams.
Ever, ever fled away!
This is the burden, this the theme.

What saith the river to the rushes gray,
Rushes sadly bending,
River slowly wending?
It is near the closing of the day,
Near the night. Life and light
For ever, ever fled away!

Draw him tideward down; but not in haste.
Mouldering daylight lingers;
Night with her cold fingers
Sprinkles moonbeams on the dim sea-waste.
Ever, ever fled away!
Vainly cherish'd! vainly chased!

What saith the river to the rushes gray,
Rushes sadly bending,
River slowly wending?
Where in darkest glooms his bed we lay,
Up the cave moans the wave,
For ever, ever, ever, fled away?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

WINDLESS RAIN.

THE rain, the desolate rain!
Ceaseless and solemn and chill!
How it drips on the misty pane,
How it drenches the darkened sill!
O scene of sorrow and dearth!
I would that the wind awaking
To a fierce and gusty birth
Might vary this dull refrain
Of the rain, the desolate rain;
For the heart of the heavens seems
breaking
In tears o'er the fallen earth,
And again, again, again,
We list to the somber strain—
The faint, cold monotone
Whose soul is a mystic moan
Of the rain, the mournful rain,
The soft, despairing rain.
The rain, the mournful rain!
Weary, passionless, slow;



PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

'Tis the rhythm of settled sorrow,
The sobbing of cureless woe!
And all the tragic of life,
The pathos of long ago,
Comes back on the sad refrain
Of the rain, the dreary rain;
Till the graves in my heart unclose,
And the dead who are buried there,
From a solemn and a weird repose
Awake, and with eyes that glare
And voices that melt in pain
On the tide of the plaintive rain,
The yearning, hopeless rain,
The long, low, whispering rain!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams;
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun;
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plain under;
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea.
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
While he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded, I rest on my airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above the soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die;
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on

O'er the still radiance of the lake below;
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow;
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul;
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven;
Where to the eye of Faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

JOHN WILSON.

DAWN.

THROW up the window! 'Tis a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it are betrayed; for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose,
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing
As if to breathe were music, and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew,
Like the small tribute of humility.



"Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury."

I had awoke from an unpleasant dream,
And light was welcome to me. I looked out
To feel the common air, and when the breath
Of the delicious morning met my brow,
Cooling its fever, and the pleasant sun
Shone on familiar objects, it was like
The feeling of the captive who comes forth
From darkness to the cheerful light of day.

Oh, could we wake from sorrow! Were it all
A troubled dream like this, to cast aside
Like an untimely garment with the morn!
Could the long fever of the heart be cooled
By a sweet breath from Nature, or the gloom
Of a bereaved affection pass away
With looking on the lively tint of flowers,
How lightly were the spirit reconciled
To make this beautiful, bright world its home!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother,
As she used to, years agone,
To survey her darling dreamers,
Ere she left them till the dawn;
Oh! I see her bending o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother,
A serene, angelic pair!
Glide around my wakeful pillow
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue,
And forget I, gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue;
I remember but to love her
With a rapture kin to pain;
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

There is naught in Art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell
In the spirit's pure deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions well,
As that melody of Nature,
That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

COATES KINNEY.

MORNING PLEASURES.

(From "Summer.")

FALSELY luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of the enlightened soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wildered, and tossing through distempered dreams!
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves, when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?
But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colored air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, light!

Of all material beings, first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapped
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun,
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen,
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourn
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

JAMES THOMSON.

SUNRISE IN THE FOREST.

(From "Remarks on Forest Scenery.")

THE first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity, when the east begins just to brighten with the reflections only of effulgence; a pleasing and progressive light, dubious and amusing, is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye; which by such slender aid creates a thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown; and as the light steals gradually on, is amused by correcting its vague ideas by the real objects. What in the confusion of twilight seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various parts, becomes now vast masses of wood, and an extent of forest.

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only form, being enlightened, begins to receive effect. This effect depends upon two circumstances, the catching lights, which touch the summits of every object; and the mistiness in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped.

The effect is often pleasing, when the sun rises in unsullied brightness, diffusing its ruddy light over the upper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below; yet the effect is then only transcendent when he rises, accompanied by a train of vapors, in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mountains, this happy accompaniment often forms the most astonishing visions; and yet it is in the forest nearly as great. With what admirable effect do we sometimes see the sun's disc just appear above a woody hill; or, in Shakspere's language,

"Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain top,"

and dart his diverging rays through the rising vapor! The radiance, catching the tops of the trees, as they hang midway upon the shaggy steep, and touching here and there a few other prominent objects, imperceptibly mixes its ruddy tint with the surrounding mists, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts; while their lower skirts are lost in a dark mass of varied confusion, in which trees, and ground, and radiance, and obscurity, are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant (for it is always a vanishing scene), it furnishes an idea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances of nature. Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects which is often picturesque; but the glory of the vision depends upon the glowing lights which are mingled with it.

Landscape painters in general pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun; though their characters are very different both in the lights and shadows. The ruddy lights, indeed, of the evening are more easily distinguished; but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning. They may be brightened perhaps by the numberless rays floating in the atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberating in every direction; and may continue in action after the sun is set. Whereas, in the morning, the rays of the preceding day having subsided, no object receives any light but from the immediate rays of the sun. Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact is, I believe, well ascertained.

WILLIAM GILPIN.



ROMEO AND JULIET.

MORNING.

(From "Romeo and Juliet," Act. III., Scene 5.)

JUL. It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

HEAVEN PRESENT.

(From "The Vision of Sir Launfal.")

NOT only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinai climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"TO ME THE WORLD'S AN OPEN BOOK."

TO me the world's an open book
Of sweet and pleasant poetry;
I read it in the running brook
That sings its way towards the sea;
It whispers in the leaves of trees,
The swelling grain, the waving grass,
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze,
That crisps the wavelets as they pass.

The flowers below, the stars above,
In all their bloom and brightness given,
Are, like the attributes of love,
The poetry of earth and heaven.
Thus, Nature's volume, read aright,
Attunes the soul to minstrelsy,
Tinging life's clouds with rosy light,
And all the world with poetry.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

MORNING.

THE busy larke, the messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song, the morwe gray,
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the Orient laugheth at the sight;
And with his streams drieth in the greves
The silver droppes hanging on the leves.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright Morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! thou dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

SONNET: A JERSEY SUMMER DAY.

A SUNNY land, soft air, and dreamful ease;
I lie and watch a distant sail glide by,
And wonder at the azure of the sky—
Not here the thunder of the tumbling seas;
Beneath the noon, untouched by any breeze,
The long gray glimmering waters slumbering lie;
While sounds a faint and drowsy melody
Along the shore, my wearied ears to please.
For all the sunny pebbles on the beach
Laugh, as the lazy waters round them creep;

The rocks forget the storms and strife of Spring,
And greet the sea with whispered welcoming;
Which, sweeter than the sound of any speech,
Brings to tired eyes a gentler balm than sleep.

ANONYMOUS.

—o—

MORNING.

(From "Summer.")

THE meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
At first, faint-gleaming in the dappled east,
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
And from before the luster of her face
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes,



"The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east."

White break the clouds away. With quickened step,
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide,
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine,
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells,
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

JAMES THOMSON.

—o—

MORNING.

(From "The Minstrel.")

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell!
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide

The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees; the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark,
Crowned with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings;
The whistling plowman stalks afield; and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

JAMES BEATTIE.



"But who the melodies of morn can tell!
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell."

MORNING.

(From "Pharonnida.")

THE morning hath not lost her virgin blush,
Nor step, but mine, soiled the earth's tinselled robe.

How full of heaven this solitude appears,
This healthful comfort of the happy swain;
Who from his hard but peaceful bed roused up,

In's morning exercise saluted is
By a full choir of feathered choristers,
Wedding their notes to the enamoured air!
Here nature in her unaffected dress,
Plaited with valleys, and embossed with hills
Enchased with silver streams, and fringed with woods,
Sits lovely in her native russet.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.



"The morning hath not lost her virgin blush,
Nor step, but mine, soiled the earth's tinselled robe."

NIGHT.

(From "The Night Thoughts.")

O MAJESTIC Night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder-born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone, thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect! claim a graceful verse,
And like a sable curtain starred with gold,
Drawn o'er my labors past, shall close the scene.

EDWARD YOUNG.

THE GRAY NUN.

THERE comes, each dying day to bless,
A little while before the night,
A gentle nun in convent dress
Of clinging robes all gray and white.

She lays her cool hand on my face,
And smooths the lines of care away,
Her tender touch with magic grace
Dispels the worry of the day.

She folds the mystic curtain by
That hides from view the shadowy throng,
And gives me those for whom I sigh,
The vanished friends for whom I long.

Sometimes she brings a perfumed spray
Of flowers that bloomed long years ago,
The breath of summer laid away
'Neath many a winter's drifted snow.

No other guest gives such delight,
Nor can of peace bestow the same,
As she who comes twixt day and night,
And Twilight is the gray nun's name.

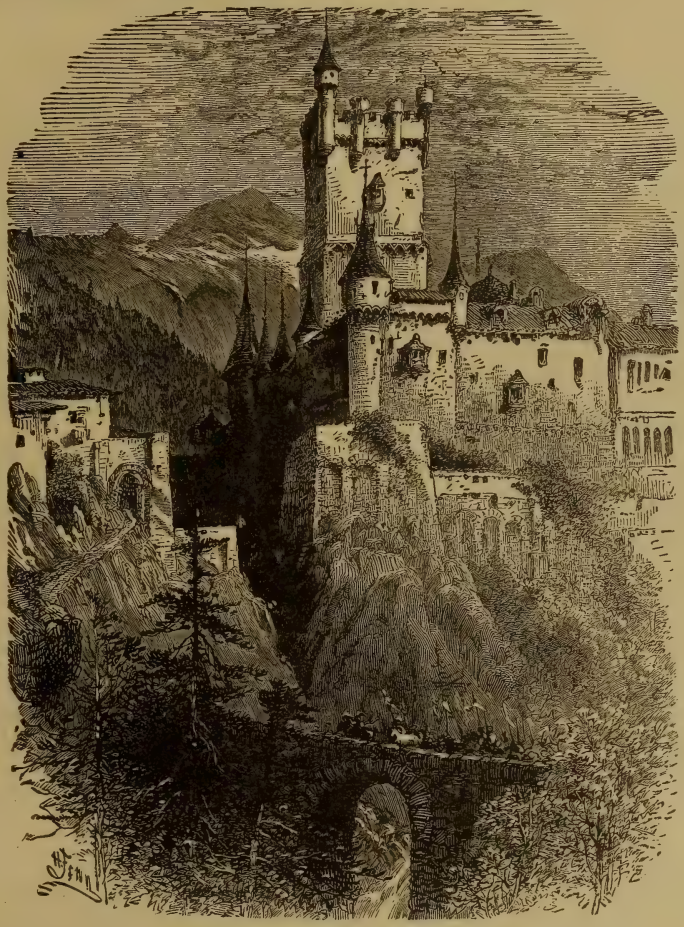
VIRGINIA B. HARRISON.

BUGLE SONG.

(From "The Princess.")

THE splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying,
dying.



"The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story."

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



"A woman's wistful eyes look out across the hills,"

WHEN DAY MEETS NIGHT.

OUT to the west the spent day kisses night,
And with one parting glow of passion dies
In gold and red; a woman's wistful eyes
Look out across the hills, a band of light
Plays on her parted hair, there softly dwells,
And throws a glory o'er her girlish dream;
The sheep slow nestle down beside the stream,
And cattle wander with their tinkling bells.

The clouds, sun-flushed, cling 'round the day's decline;
The woman's eyes grow tender; shadows creep;
Gold turns to gray; a sharp dividing line
Parts earth and heaven. Adown the western height
The calm cold dark has kissed the day to sleep;
The wistful eyes look out across the night.

CHARLES W. COLEMAN, JR.

TWILIGHT.

THE Sunrise waits behind Heaven's gates,
Unclosed of lagging Morning;
In shadows slow the world below
Fore-greets it, self-adorning.

The sweet song-bird is rising heard,
The cold, gray light is growing,
To herald still on every hill
The red Sun's royal flowing.

The still dark night foresees the light
Before her head she lends us;
And waning far, the dwindling star
Its mystic message sends us.

In glowing pride of prospect wide
The firmament uncloses;
And wakes to bliss with stooping kiss
The petals of the roses.

The watch-dog's sleep, serene and deep,
Breaks on the morning's breaking,
And pillowed head that mocked the dead
From dream to work is waking.

The sons of toil in earth's turmoil
Come forth ere day to labor;
And lazy wealth outsleeps his health,
To compensate his neighbor.

The world of sound springs up around,
In murmurs waxing ever;
And wearied men are armed again,
To face the long endeavor.

We know not, we, what this may be,
The mystery of ages,
Which day by day writes lives away
On unremembered pages.

But calm at least, they watch the East,
For victory or disaster,
Who firmly hold the best the old,
And Faith alone the Master.

HERMAN MERIVALE.

EVENING CALM.

(From "Lalla Rookh.")

HOW calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquility;
Fresh as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them;
When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs;
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest.

THOMAS MOORE.

TWILIGHT.

(From "Essays on the Picturesque.")

THERE are some days when the whole sky is so full of jarring lights, that the shadiest groves and avenues hardly preserve their solemnity; and there are others, when the atmosphere, like the last glazing of a picture, softens into mellowness whatever is crude throughout the landscape.

Milton, whose eyes seem to have been most sensibly affected by every accident and gradation of light (and *that* possibly in a great degree from the weakness and consequently the irritability of these organs), speaks always of twilight with peculiar pleasure. He has even reversed what Socrates did by philosophy; he has called up twilight from earth and placed it in heaven.

> From that high mount of God whence light and shade
> Spring forth, the face of brightest heaven had changed
> To grateful twilight.—*Paradise Lost*, v. 643.

What is also singular, he has in this passage made shade an essence equally with light, not merely a privation of it; a compliment never, I believe, paid to shadow before, but which might be expected from his aversion to glare, so frequently and so strongly expressed:

> Hide me from day's *garish* eye.—
> When the sun begins to fling
> His *flaring* beams.

The peculiarity of the effect of twilight is to soften and mellow. At that delightful time, even artificial water, however naked, edgy and tame its banks, will often receive a momentary charm; for then all that is scattered and cutting, all that disgusts a painter's eye, is blended together in one broad and soothing harmony of light and shadow. I have more than once, at such a moment, happened to arrive at a place entirely new to me, and have been struck in the highest degree with the appearance of wood, water and buildings, that seemed to accompany and set off each other in the happiest manner; and I felt quite impatient to examine all these beauties by daylight.

> At length the morn, and cold indifference came.

The charm which held them together, and made them act so powerfully as a whole, had vanished.

It may, perhaps, be said that the imagination, from a few imperfect hints, often forms beauties which have no existence, and that indifference may naturally arise from those phantoms not being realized. I am far from denying the power of partial concealment and obscurity on the imagination; but in these cases, the set of objects when seen by twilight is beautiful as a picture, and would appear highly so if exactly represented on the canvas; but in full daylight, the sun, as it were, decompounds what had been so happily mixed together, and separates a striking whole into detached unimpressive parts.

SIR UVEDALE PRICE.

———o———

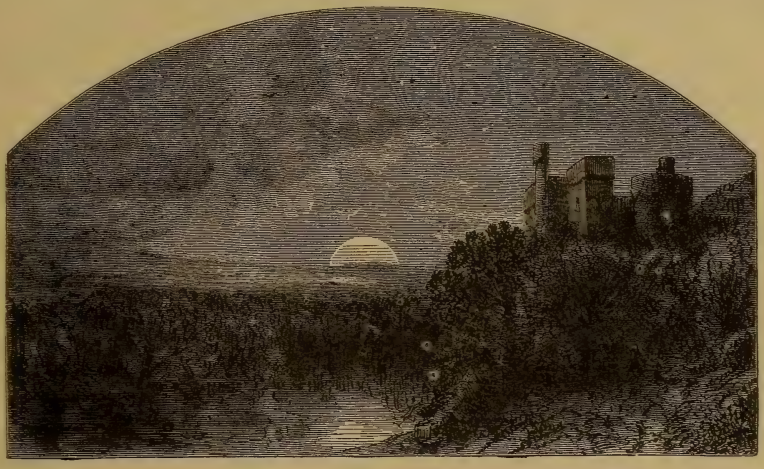
NIGHT.

(From "Queen Mab.")

HOW beautiful this night! the palmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breath in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,

Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castle steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace; all form a scene
Where musing Solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



NIGHT.

A STORMY SUNSET BY THE SEASIDE.

(From "The Antiquary.")

THE sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had traveled the live-long day, and, which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of the unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that inperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

* * * * * * * * *

Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point of headland or rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the

beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter to unnumbered seafowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard some time, and its effect became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

———o———

OUR INLAND SUMMER NIGHTFALL.

(Extract.)

WITHIN the twilight came forth tender snatches
Of birds' songs, from beneath their darkened eaves;
But now a noise of poor ground-dwellers matches
This dimness; neither loves, nor joys, nor grieves.
A piping, slight and shrill,
And coarse, dull chirpings, fill
The ear, that all day's stronger, finer music leaves.

From this smooth hill we see the vale below, there,
And how the mists along the stream-course draw;
By day, great trees from other ages grow there,
A white lake now, that daylight never saw.
It hugs in ghostly shape
The Old Deep's shore and cape,
As when, where night-hawks skim, swam fish with yawning maw.

All grows more cool, though night comes slowly over,
And slowly stars stand out within the sky;
The trampling market-herd and way-sore drover
Crowd past with seldom cries, their halt now nigh.
From out some lower dark
Comes up a dog's short bark;
There food and welcome rest, there cool soft meadows lie.

The children, watching by the roadside wicket,
Now houseward troop, for blind-man's-buff, or tag;
Here chasing, sidelong, fireflies to the thicket,
There shouting, with a grass-tuft reared for flag,
They claim this hour from night,
But with a sure, still sleight,
The sleep-time clogs their feet, and one by one they lag.

* * * * *

And now the still stars make all heaven sightly,
One, in the low west, like the sky ablaze;
The Swan that with her shining Cross floats nightly,
And Bears that slowly walk along their ways;
There is the golden Lyre,
And there the Crown of fire.
Thank God for nights so fair to these bright days.

ROBERT LOWELL.

———o———

SUNSET.

SUNSET is burning like the seal of God
Upon the close of day. This very hour
Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms,
To chase the flying sun, whose flight has left
Foot-prints of glory in the clouded west:
Swift is she hailed by winged swimming steeds,

Whose cloudy manes are wet with heavy dews,
And dews are drizzling from her chariot-wheels
Brainful of dreams, as summer hives with bees.
And round her, in the pale and spectral light,
Flock bats and grizzly owls on noiseless wings.
The flying Sun goes down the burning west,
Vast Night comes noiseless up the eastern slope,
And so the eternal chase goes round the world.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

SONNET ON NIGHT.

("It is a singular circumstance in literary history, that what many consider the finest sonnet in the English language should be one written by a Spaniard."—Robert Chambers.)

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came;
And lo! Creation widened in man's view!
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

NIGHT.

WHEN I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name;

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look,
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
That far-stretched power
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour;

That from the farthest north,
Some nation may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation, yet shut in
With hills of ice,
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

There those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watched since first
The world had birth,
And found sin in itself a curse,
And nothing permanent on earth.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

MOONRISE.

WHAT stands upon the highland,
What walks across the rise,
As though a starry island
Were sinking down the skies?

What makes the trees so golden?
What decks the mountain-side?
Like a veil of silver folden
Round the white brow of a bride?

She works, with touch ethereal,
By changes strange to see,
The cypress, so funereal,
To a lightsome fairy tree;



"The magic moon is breaking,
The waiting world awaking to a golden fairy feast."

The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conquerer, from the east,
The waiting world awaking
To a golden fairy feast.

Black rocks to marble turning
Like palaces of kings;
On ruin windows burning,
A festal glory flings;

The desert halls uplighting;
While falling shadows glance,
Like courtly crowds uniting
For the banquet or the dance;

With ivory wand she numbers
The stars along the sky;
And breaks the billow's slumbers
With the love-glance of her eye;

Along the corn-fields dances,
Brings bloom upon the sheaf;
From tree to tree she glances,
And touches leaf by leaf;

Wakes birds that sleep in shadows;
Through their half-closed eyelids gleams;
With her white torch through the meadows
Lights the shy deer to the streams.

The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conqueror from the east,
And the joyous world partaking
Of her golden fairy feast.

ERNEST JONES.

NIGHT AT SEA.

(Extract.)

THE lovely purple of the noon's bestowing
Has vanished from the waters, where it flung
A royal color, such as gems are throwing
Tyrian or regal garniture among.
Tis night, and overhead the sky is gleaming;
Through the slight vapor trembles each dim star;
I turn away—my heart is sadly dreaming
Of scenes they do not light, of scenes afar.
My friends, my absent friends! do you think of me as I think of you?

* * * * *

The world with one vast element omitted—
Man's own especial element, the earth;
Yet o'er the waters is his rule transmitted
By that great knowledge wherein power has birth.
How oft, on some strange loveliness while gazing,
Have I wished for you—beautiful as new,
The purple waves, like some wild army, raising
Their snowy banners as the ship cuts through.
My friends, my absent friends, do you think of me as I think of you?

LETITIA LANDON.
(Mrs. L. E. L. Maclean.)

SUMMER EVENING.

(From a Lyric entitled "Musings.")

THE moonbeams lay upon the hill,
The shadows in the vale,
And here and there a leaping rill
Was laughing on the gale.

One fleecy cloud upon the air
Was all that met my eyes;
It floated like an angel there,
Between me and the skies.

* * * * *

The twilight hours like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea;
For every wave with dimpled face
That leaped into the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.



AMELIA B. WELBY.

The young moon, too, with upturned sides,
Her mirrored beauty gave,
And as a bark at anchor rides,
She rode upon the wave.
The sea was like the heaven above,
As perfect and as whole,
Save that it seemed to thrill with love,
As thrills the immortal soul.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

SONG OF NOURMAHAL.

(From "Lalla Rookh.")

FOR mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly;
And the passionate strain, that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk wind, over the waters blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
The spirits of past delight obey;
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like genii, hovering round.
And mine is the gentle song that bears
From soul to soul the wishes of love,
As a bird that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
When Memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear,
And Hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near.

THOMAS MOORE.

FROM "THE SELF-ENCHANTED."

I had sense in dreams of a Beauty rare
Whom fate had spell bound and rooted there,
Stooping like some enchanted theme,
Over the marge of that chrystal stream
Where the blooming Greek, to Echo blind,
With self love fond had to waters pined

Chs Lamb

MUSIC.

(From "Merchant of Venice," Act V., Scene 1.)

HOW sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubim.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

MARE RUBRUM.

FLASH out a stream of blood-red wine,
For I would drink to other days,
And brighter shall their memory shine,
Seen flaming through its crimson blaze!
The roses die, the summers fade,
But every ghost of boyhood's dream
By nature's magic power is laid
To sleep beneath this blood-red stream.

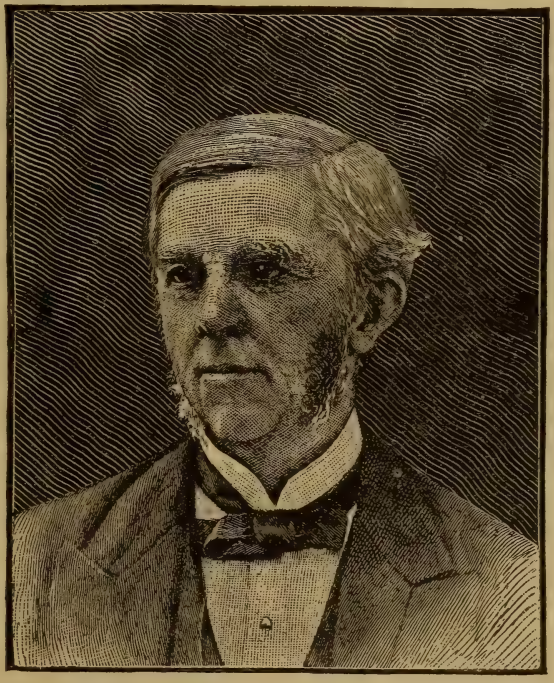
It filled the purple grapes that lay
And drank the splendors of the sun,
Where the long summer's cloudless day
Is mirrored in the broad Garonne;
It pictures still the bacchant shapes
That saw their hoarded sunlight shed;
The maidens dancing on the grapes,
Their milkwhite ankles splashed with red.

Beneath these waves of crimson lie,
In rosy fetters prisoned fast,
Those flitting shapes that never die—
The swift-winged visions of the past.
Kiss but the crystal's mystic rim,
Each shadow rends its flowery chain,
Springs in a bubble from its brim
And walks the chamber of the brain.

Poor beauty! Time and fortune's wrong
No shape nor feature may withstand;
Thy wrecks are scattered all along,
Like emptied sea-shells on the sand;

The shout of voices known so well,
The ringing laugh, the wailing flute,
The chiding of the sharp-tongued bell.

Here, clad in burning robes, are laid
Life's blossomed joys, untimely shed,
And here those cherished forms have strayed
We miss awhile, and call them dead.
What wizard fills the wondrous glass?
What soil the enchanted clusters grew?
That buried passions wake and pass
In beaded drops of fiery dew?



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Yet, sprinkled with this blushing rain,
The dust restores each blooming girl,
As if the sea-shells moved again
Their glistening lips of pink and pearl.

Here lies the home of school-boy life,
With creaking stair and wind-swept hall,
And, scarred by many a truant knife,
Our old initials on the wall;
Here rest, their keen vibrations mute,

Nay! take the cup of blood-red wine;
Our hearts can boast a warmer glow,
Filled with a vintage more divine,
Calmed, but not chilled, by winter's snow!
To-night, the palest wave we sip
Rich as the priceless draught shall be
That wet the bride of Cana's lip—
The wedding wine of Galilee!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

I.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It soften'd men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne!

II.

It told the triumphs of our King,
It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspired to heaven and there abode!
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
Devotion and her daughter Love
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

DRINKING.

(Paraphrased from "Anacreon,")

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are,
With constant drinking, fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun—and one would guess
By's drunken, fiery face no less—
Drinks up the sea, and when he has done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, so why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, men of morals, tell me why?

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

LOWLY PLEASURES.

METHINKS I love all common things,
The common air, the common flower,
The dear, kind, common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?

* * * * *

What good are fancies rare, that rack
With painful thought the poet's brain?
Alas! they cannot bear us back
Unto happy years again!
But the white rose without stain
Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers,
When youth was bounteous as the hours.

BRYAN W. PROCTER.
(Barry Cornwall.)

MUSIC.

WHEN whispering strains with creeping wind
Distil soft passions through the heart;
And when at every touch we find
Our pulses beat and bear a part;
When threads can make
A heartstring ache,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls are made of harmony.

When unto heavenly joys we fain
Whate'er the soul affecteth most,
Which only thus we can explain
By music of the heavenly host,
Whose lays, we think,
Make stars to wink,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls consist of harmony.

Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air!
My senses rock with wonder sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet;
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

WILLIAM STRODE.

OBSERVATION.

(From "Lacon.")

A DERVISH was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him.

"You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed, we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervish.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"Had he not lost a front tooth?" said the dervish.

"He had," rejoined the merchants.

"And was he not laden with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied, "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him."

"My friends, "said the dervish," I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him but from you."

"A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed part of his cargo?"

"I have neither seen your camel, nor your jewels," repeated the dervish.

On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence be adduced to convict him, either of falsehood or theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervish, with great calmness, thus addressed the court:

"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there was some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path. And I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the midst of its bite. As to that which formed the burthen of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

CALEB CHARLES COLTON.

DISTANCE.

ON softening days, when a storm was near,
At the farmhouse door I have stood in the gray,
And caught in the distance, faint but clear,
The sound of a train, passing, far away.
The warning bell when the start was made,
The engine's puffing of smoke unseen,
With the heavy rumble as wheels obeyed—
Across the miles between.

And so sometimes on a moonless night,
When the stars shine soft and the wind is low,
To my listening soul, in the pallid light,
Come the trembling voices of long ago.
The tuneful echoes when hope was young,
The tender song of love serene,
And the throbbing rhythm of passion's tongue,
Across the years between.

MARGARET W. HAMILTON.

MUSIC.

MUSIC and rhyme are among the earliest pleasures of the child, and in the history of literature poetry precedes prose. Every one may see, as he rides on the highway through an uninteresting landscape, how a little water instantly relieves the monotony; no matter what objects are near it, a gray rock, a grass-patch, an elder bush, or a stake, they become beautiful by being reflected. It is rhyme on the eye, and explains the charm of rhyme on the ear.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well,
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
How quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell!
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.



"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view."

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips;

And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well,
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

WITH deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
The Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would
In days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder,
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine;
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
From the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
Oh, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee!

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk O
In St. Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me:
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

FRANCIS MAHONY.
("Father Prout.")

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea;
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played;
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand;
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend,
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And woodman, leave the spot!
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall hurt it not.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.



GEORGE P. MORRIS.

COMMON THINGS.

THE bee from the clover blooms
Is ready to lift his wings;
I found him gathering honey
Out of the common things.

The bird to the maple bough
The twigs and the stubble brings;
He is building his love a cottage
Out of the common things.

The poet sits by himself;
What do you think he sings?
Nothing! he gets no music
Out of the common things.

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

OH, good painter, tell me, true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things you never saw?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you:

Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels; cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass;
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide;
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush;
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the selfsame way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon you must paint for me:
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while!
I need not speak these foolish words;
Yet one word tells you all I would say:
She is my mother; you will agree
That all the rest would be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee,
You must paint, sir; one like me,
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with noblest enterprise;
At ten years old he went to sea—

God knoweth if he be living now—
He sailed in the good ship Commodore;
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah! it is twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck;
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea.

Out in the fields, one summer night,
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills stretching so still and far;
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
Dead at the top; just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreath of shadow, day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,
The other, a bird held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat;
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So smooth and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood by our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed,
But that's no matter—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother—take good heed—
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces, down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet!
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,
The mother, the lads with the bird, at her knee;
But oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

ALICE CARY.



ALICE CARY.

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee.
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woeful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body does me grievous wrong;
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,

How lightly then it flashed along!
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide:
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O, the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah, woeful ere,
Which tells me Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit;
It cannot be that thou art gone:
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled;
And thou wert aye a masker bold;
What strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gate, this altered size,
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes:
Life is but thought; so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SECLUDED BEAUTY.

(From "Lalla Rookh.")

OH what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity.

THOMAS MOORE.



BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE PRESS.

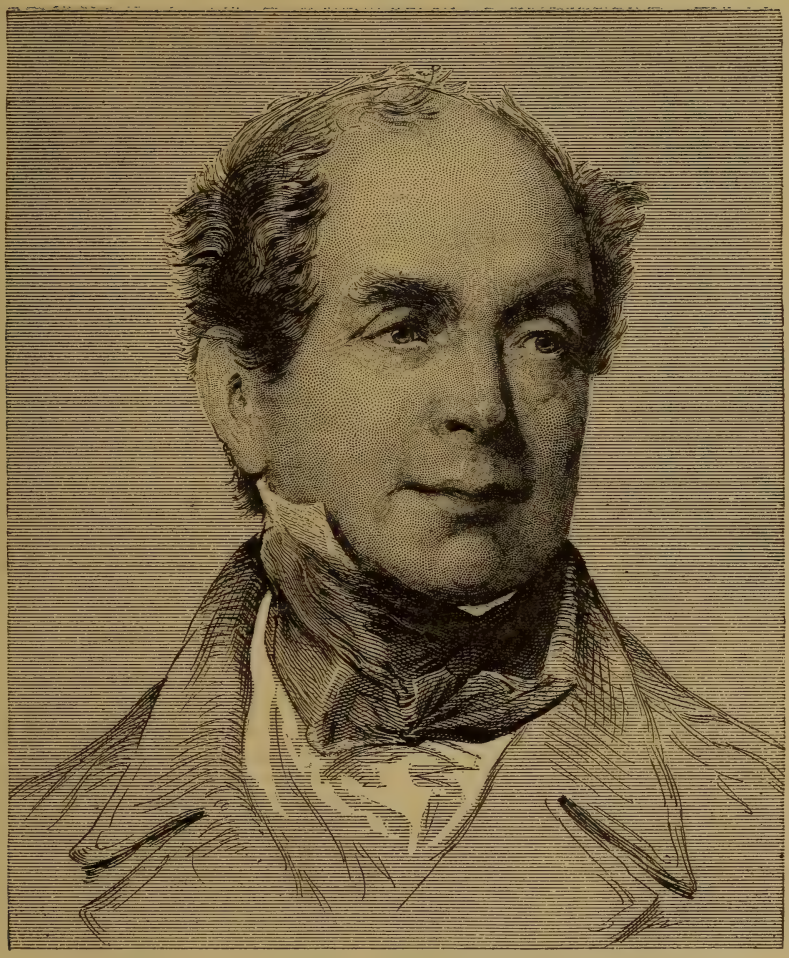
OH, the click of the type as it falls into line,
And the clank of the press, make a music divine!
'Tis the audible footfall of thought on the page,
The articulate beat of the heart of the age:
As the ebbing of ocean leaves granite walls bare,
And reveals to the world its great autograph there.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

MUSIC.

MUSIC is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal sea of light, when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations, all nations that can still listen to the mandate of nature, have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was a *vates*, admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man.

THOMAS CARLYLE.



Thomas Moore

SONG OF STEAM.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain;
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier-dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! Ha! Ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountain's steep decline,
Time, space, have yielded to my power;
The world, the world is mine:
The rivers the sun hath earliest blessed,
Or those where his last beams shine,
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the Orient floods divine!

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice;
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
And the lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth play;
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day,
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make thy fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the oar, and turn the wheel,
Where thy arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be lald on the shelf;
And soon I intend you shall go and play,
While I manage this world by myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CUTTER.

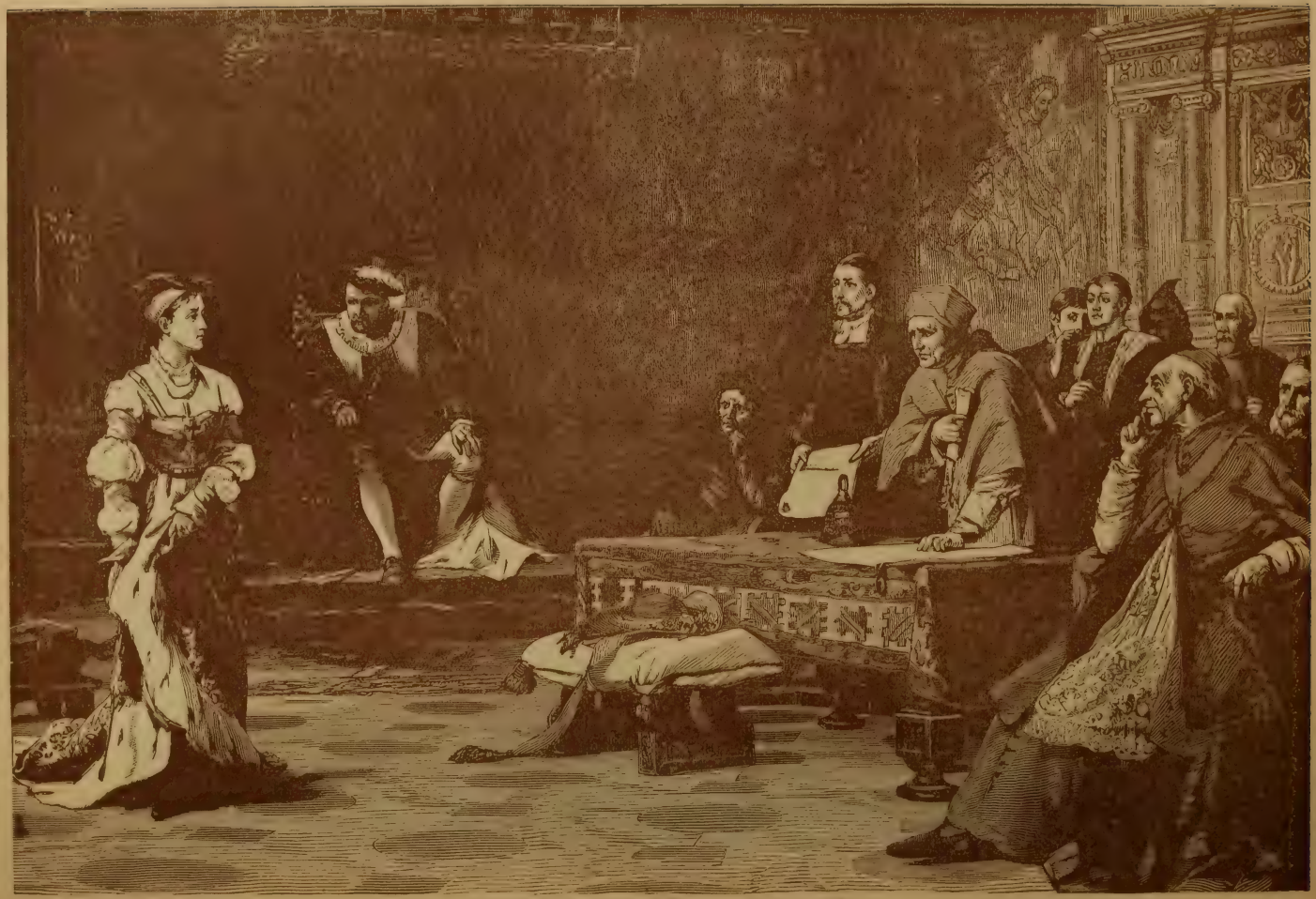
PERSONS AND CHARACTERS.

"Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man."

POPE.

"The few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

HALLECK.



QUEEN KATHARINE'S DEFENSE (*Page 433*).



Poems of Persons and Characters.

AFTERNOON.

THE farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee, was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the selfsame place;
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade afternoons used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning wheel,
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While, close to his heaving breast,
The moistened brow, and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grand-child were pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay;
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

(The following lines, said to have been written by a girl fifteen years old, are pronounced by John Boyle O'Reilly the finest words he ever read. He published them four times, and declared he liked them better every time he read them.)

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture
Up thro' the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field
That is yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
  They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
  In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest
  And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs thickest
  On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
  And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
  Fairy barks, that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
  Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
  By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
  The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
  Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
  The noble and wise of our land—
The sword and the chisel, and palette,
  Shall be held in the little brown hand.

ANONYMOUS.



"She milked into a wooden pail,
And sang a country ditty."

THE MILKING-MAID.

THE year stood on its equinox,
  And bluff the North was blowing,
A bleat of lambs came from the flocks,
  Green hardy things were growing;
I met a maid with shining locks
  Where milky kine were lowing.

She wore a kerchief on her neck,
  Her bare arm showed its dimple,
Her apron spread without a speck,
  Her air was frank and simple.

She milked into a wooden pail,
  And sang a country ditty,
An innocent fond lover's tale,
  That was not wise nor witty,
Pathetically rustical,
  Too pointless for the city.

She kept in time without a beat,
  As true as church-bell ringers,
Unless she tapped time with her feet,
  Or squeezed it with her fingers;
Her queer unstudied notes were sweet
  As many a practiced singer's.

I stood a minute out of sight,
  Stood silent for a minute,
To eye the pail, and creamy white
  The frothing milk within it,

To eye the comely milking-maid,
Herself so fresh and creamy.
"Good day to you!" at last I said;
She turned her head to see me.
"Good day!" she said with lifted head;
Her eyes looked soft and dreamy.

And all the while she milked and milked
The grave cow heavy-laden:
I've seen grand ladies, plumed and silked,
But not a sweeter maiden;
But not a sweeter, fresher maid
Than this in homely cotton,
Whose pleasant face and silky braid
I have not yet forgotten.

Seven springs have passed since then, as I
Count with sober sorrow;
Seven springs have come and passed me by,
And spring sets in to-morrow.

I've half a mind to shake myself
Free, just for once, from London,
To set my work upon the shelf,
And leave it done or undone;

To run down by the early train,
Whirl down with shriek and whistle,
And feel the bluff north blow again,
And mark the sprouting thistle
Set up on waste patch of the lane
Its green and tender bristle;

And spy the scarce-blown violet banks,
Crisp primrose-leaves and others,
And watch the lambs leap at their pranks,
And butt their patient mothers.

Alas! one point in all my plan
My serious thoughts demur to:
Seven years have passed for maid and man,
Seven years have passed for her too.

Perhaps my rose is overblown,
Not rosy or too rosy;
Perhaps in farm-house of her own
Some husband keeps her cosy,
Where I should show a face unknown.
Good-by, my wayside posy!

CHRISTIANA GEORGIANA ROSSETTI.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

OH! if no faces were beheld on earth
But toiling manhood and repining age,
No welcome eyes of innocence and mirth
To look upon us kindly, who would wage
The gloomy battle for himself alone?
Or through the dark of the o'erhanging cloud
Look wistfully for light? Who would not groan
Beneath his daily task, and weep aloud?

But little children take us by the hand,
And gaze with trustful cheer into our eyes;
Patience and Fortitude beside us stand
In woman's shape, and waft to heaven our sighs.

FREDERICK TENNYSON.

THE BACKWOODSMAN.

THE silent wilderness for me!
Where never sound is heard,
Save the rustling of the squirrel's foot,
And the flitting wing of bird,
Or its low and interrupted note,
Or the deer's quick, crackling tread,
And the swaying of the forest boughs,
As the wind moves overhead.

Alone—how glorious to be free!—
My good dog at my side,
My rifle hanging on my arm
I range the forests wide;
And now the regal buffalo
Across the plains I chase,
Now track the mountain stream, to find
The beaver's lurking-place.

* * * * *

My palace, built by God's own hand,
The world's fresh prime hath seen,
While stretch its living halls away,
Pillared and roofed with green.
My music is the wind, that now
Pours loud its swelling bars,
Now lulls in dying cadences;
My festal lamps, the stars.

* * * * *

And in these solitary haunts,
While slumbers every tree
In night and silence, God himself
Seems nearer unto me.
I feel his presence in these shades,
Like the embracing air,
And as my eyelids close in sleep,
My heart is hushed in prayer.

O. W. B. PEABODY.



"Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore."

FROM LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

THE fields were covered over
With colors as she went,
Daisies, buttercups and clover
Below her footsteps bent;
Summer shed its shining store;
She was happy as she pressed them
Beneath her little feet;
She plucked them and caressed them,
They were so very sweet;
They had never seemed so sweet before
To Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

She seems like an ideal love,
The poetry of childhood shown,
And yet loved with a real love,
As if she were our own,
A younger sister for the heart.
Like the woodland pheasant,
Her hair is brown and bright;
And her smile is pleasant
With its rosy light.
Never can the memory part
With Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

Too long in the meadow staying,
Where the cowslip bends,
With the buttercups delaying
As with early friends,
Did the little maiden stay.
Sorrowful the tale for us;
We, too, loiter 'mid life's flowers,
A little while so glorious,
So soon lost in darker hours.
All love lingering on their way
Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

LETITIA E. LANDON.
(Mrs. L. E. L. McLean.)

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' good fellows and wale of auld men:
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But O, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has naught but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

* * * * *

O, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hope she wad smiled upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom,
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,
Golden ear, and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king, his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's treasures,
Earthly goods, for earthly lives,
These are Nature's ancient pleasures,
These her child from her derives.

What the dream but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling,
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade,
Work with these, as bides thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness:
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

JOHN STIRLING.

Wanted!

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands,—
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue and
damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!—
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

G. G. Hallam

MEN OF GENIUS GENERALLY CHEERFUL.

MEN of truly great powers of mind have generally been cheerful, social, and indulgent; while a tendency to sentimental whining or fierce intolerance may be ranked among the surest symptoms of little souls and inferior intellects. In the whole list of our English poets we can only remember Shenstone and Savage—two certainly of the lowest—who were querulous and discontented. Cowley, indeed, used to call himself melancholy; but he was not in earnest, and at any rate, was full of conceits and affectations, and has nothing to make us proud of him. Shakspere, the greatest of them all, was evidently of a free and joyous temperament; and so was Chaucer, their common master. The same disposition appears to have predominated in Fletcher, Jonson, and their great contemporaries. The genius of Milton partook something of the austerity of the party to which he belonged, and of the controversies in which he was involved; but even when fallen on evil days and evil tongues, his spirit seems to have retained its serenity as well as its dignity; and in his private life, as well as in his poetry, the majesty of a high character is tempered with great sweetness, genial indulgences, and practical wisdom. In the succeeding age our poets were but too gay; and though we forbear to speak of living authors, we know enough of them to say with confidence, that to be miserable or to be hated is not now, any more than heretofore, the common lot of those who excel.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

———o———

THE VICAR.

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the Green,
And guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret in her tidy kirtle
Led the lorn traveler up the path,
Through clean-clipped rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlor steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say:
"Our master knows you; you're expected."

Up rose the reverend Doctor Brown,
Up rose the doctor's "winsome marrow;"
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow;
Whate'er the stranger's cast or creed,
Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in court or college,
He had not gained an honest friend,
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,
Good sooth, the traveler was to blame,
And not the Vicarage or the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns;
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
Of loud dissent the mortal terror;
And when by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished truth or startled error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
The deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep
And dreamed of eating pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome or from Athanasius;
And sure a righteous zeal inspired

The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble lords and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost;
Lines to a ringlet or a turban,
And trifles for the "Morning Post,"
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking;
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That, if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage.
At his approach complaint grew mild,
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome that they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus;
From him I learned the rule of three,
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and quæ genus;
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled!
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted for the gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat; you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose voice is clear,
Whose tone is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid? Look down
And construe on the slab before you:

"*Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,*
Vir nulla non donandus laura."

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week-in, week-out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught:
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



"Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands."

A PORTRAIT.

I WILL paint her as I see her:
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped, and drooped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air;

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child,
Though too calm, you think, and tender,
For the childhood you would lend her;

Yet child-simple, undefiled,
Frank, obedient, waiting still
On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all young things,
As young birds, or early wheat
When the wind blows over it.

Only free from flutterings
Of loud mirth that scorneth measure;
Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasures, for the rest,
Which come softly; just as she,
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
In a bower of gentle looks,
Watering flowers or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run,
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her,
He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her, unaware,
With a halo round her hair.

And if reader read the poem,
He would whisper: "You have done a
Consecrated little Una!"

And a dreamer, did you show him
That same picture, would exclaim:
"'Tis my angel, with a name!"

And a stranger, when he sees her
In the street even, smileth stilly,
Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her
Soften, sleeken every word,
As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth whereon she passes
With thymy-scented grasses

And all hearts do pray: "God love her!"
Aye, and always, in good sooth,
We may all be sure He doth.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

JAFFAR.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief,
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried. The man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance would but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go; and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took, and holding it
High towards the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

LEIGH HUNT.



Elizabeth Barrett Browning

THE CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF.

(From "The Characters of Shakspere's Plays.")

FALSTAFF'S wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberation of good-humour and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is cut and come again; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain "it snows of meat and drink." He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupefy his other faculties, but "ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull crude vapours that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated description which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking; but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him and he is himself "a tun of man." His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to show his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess' bill found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one-half penny-worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humour the jest upon his favorite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, etc., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humourous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian who should represent him to the life, before one of the police-offices.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

———o———

THE OLD MINSTREL.

(From the Introduction to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel.")

HE passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower;
The minstrel gazed with wistful eye;
No humbler resting-place was nigh;
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should use the old man well;
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride;

And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him, God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleugh;
And would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain?
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained:
The aged minstrel audience gained.
But when he reached the room of state,
Where she with all her ladies sate,
Perchance he wished the boon denied;
For when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes long past, of joy and pain,
Come wildering o'er his aged brain;—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain
He never thought to sing again.

It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his finger strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head;
And when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled,
And lightened up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory void
The poet's glowing thought supplied.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



"With what free growth the elm and plane
Fling their huge arms across my way."

THE PRAIRIE HUNTER.

AY, this is freedom! These pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke;
The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
Is breathed from wastes by plows unbroke,

Here, with my rifle and my steed,
And her who left the world for me,
I plant me, where the red deer feed,
In the green desert, and am free.

For here the fair savannas know
No barriers in the bloomy grass;
Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
Or beam of heaven may gleam, I pass.

In pastures measureless as air,
The bison is my noble game;
The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
The branches, fall beneath my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
From the long stripe of waving sedge;
The bear, that marks my rifle's gleam,
Hides vainly in the forest's edge.

In vain the she-wolf stands at bay;
The brinded catamount, that lies
High in the boughs, to watch his prey,
E'en in the act of springing, dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane
Fling their huge arms across my way,
Gray, old, and cumbered with a train
Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray!

* * * * *

Here, from dim woods, the aged past
Speaks solemnly, and I behold
The boundless future in the vast
And lonely river, sea-ward rolled.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

What figure more immovably august
Than that grave strength so patient & so pure,
Calm in good fortune, when it wavered. Sure,
That soul serene, impenetrably just,
Modelled on classic lines so noble they endure?
That soul so softly-radiant & so white
The track it left seems less of fire than light
And cold to such as love distemperature?

J. R. Lowell. 1st July, 85.

THE PLOWMAN.

CLEAR the brown path, to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dewdrops on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plow!
First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
Still, where he treads, the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves,

Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain;
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging plowshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field a billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time!
We stain thy flowers, they blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn
Waves the green plumage of thy tasseled corn;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,



"Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plow!"

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
This is the page, whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green;
This is the scholar, whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;
These are the lines which heaven-commanded Toil
Shows on his deed—the charter of the soil.

O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,

Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms
Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.

No! by these hills, whose banners now displayed
In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed;
By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests

The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles' nests;
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravines,
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
And true to God, to freedom, to mankind,
If her chained bandogs Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that, bending even now,
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plow,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph run;
The sword has rescued what the plowshare won!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE POOR PARSON.

(From "Canterbury Tales.")

(That Chaucer was an adherent of Wiclif is proved by many things, but by none more clearly than the following passage from his great work. The name "Poor Priest" or "Parson" was given in derision to Wiclifite preachers; and the virtues here enumerated were lacking sadly, the Reformer claimed, in the great mass of the clergy of the time.)

A GOOD man was ther of religioun,
And was a poure Parsoun of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parisschens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful pacient;
And such he was i-proved ofte sithes.
Ful loth were him to curse for his tythes,
But rather wolde he geven out of dowte,
Unto his poure parisschens aboute,
Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce.
He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parisch, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne lafte not for reyne ne thonder,
In siknesse nor in meschief to visite
The ferreste in his parissche, moche and lite,
Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf,
This noble ensample to his scheep he gaf,
That first he wroughte, and after that he taughte,
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte,
And this figure he addede eek therto,
That if gold ruste, what schal yren do?
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed man to ruste; . . . .
He sette not his benefice to hyre,
And leet his scheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to Londone, unto seynte Poules,
To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,
Or with a bretherhede to ben withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and keepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it not myscarye.
He was a schepherde and no mercenarie;
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nought dispitous,
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
But in his teching discret and benigne.
To drawe folk to heven by fairnesse,
By good ensample, this was his busynesse:
But it were eny person obstinat,
What so he were, of high or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snybbe scharply for the nones.
A bettre preest I trowe ther nowher non is.
He waytede after no pompe and reverence,
Ne makede him a spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, and first he fowlede it himselve.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway;
'Twas near the twilight-tide;
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair;
For all God ever gave to her,
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true;
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo;
But honored well are charms that sell,
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair:
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail;

'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow,
For this world's peace to pray;
For as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way;
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven,
By man is cursed alway.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

—o—

The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight-tide —
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walk'd she; but, viewless by,
Walk'd spirits at her side.

Peace charm'd the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charm'd the air;
And all astir look'd kind on her,
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For all God ever gave to her
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N. P. Willis.

—o—

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprize.
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of Merit ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chanced to espy
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shades and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame,

And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
And, as they looked, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed,
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray;
There sits the dame disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron, dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand for scepter she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark mistrust and sad repentance filled;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenned, in semblance meet portrayed,
The childish faces of old Eol's train,
Libs, Notus, Auster; these in frowns arrayed.
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were she not rebellious breasts to quell,
And were she not her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deemed the cell
Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair,
'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she ben the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear,
Ne would esteem him act as mought behoove,
Who should not honored eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came,
Such favor did her past deportment claim;
And if neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;

For well she knew and quaintly could expound
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew,

And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
And plaintain ribbed, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posy found;
And lavender, whose pikes of azure bloom
Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amid the labors of her loom,



"A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame."

Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown within these borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm and marigold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;

And crown her kerchief clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rose-marine, that whilom crowned
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts appear.
O wassail days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere,
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,

Nor ever would she more with thane and
lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did
mete;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer seat.
Sweet melody; to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres; small heart had
they to sing!

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous
deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when truth by popish rage did
bleed,
And tortuous death was true devotion's
meed,
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image placed her
creed,
And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did
burn.
Ah, dearest Lord, forfend those days should
e'er return!

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld de-
faced,
In which when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is
placed,
The matron sate; and some with rank she
graced
(The source of children's and of courtier's
pride),
Redressed affronts, for vile affronts there
passed;
And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them be-
tide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to
raise,
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of
praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she frays;
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd
she sways;
Forewarned if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene
unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books, of stature small, they take in
hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair;
The work so gay that on their backs is seen,
St. George's high achievements does de-
clare,
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight,
I ween.

Ah, luckless he! and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me while I write!
As erst the bard, by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late de-
light!
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

Oh ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see!
All playful as she sat, she grows demure,
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free,
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
If gentle pardon could with dames agree,
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could
die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, through awful
fear,
To rushen forth, and with presumptuous
hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear!
Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may
trace,
Or what device his loud laments explain?

The form uncouth of his disguised face,
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous shower that does his cheeks disdain,
When he, in abject-wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And through the thatch his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast with sore dismay,
Attend and con their tasks with mickle care;
By turns, astonied, every twig survey,
And from their fellow's hateful wound beware,
Knowing, I wis, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugared cates she doth 'em greet,
And gingerbread y-rare, now certes, doubly sweet.

See, to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled; he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form, and chair;
This hand in mouth y-fixed, that rends his hair;
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest;
And scorns her proffered love, and shuns to be caressed.

His face besprent with liquid crystal, shines,
His blooming face, that seems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smeared and sullied by a vernal shower!
O the hard bosoms of despotic power!
All, all but she, the author of his shame,
All, all but she, regret this mournful hour;
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns,
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look askance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'havior past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames; with nice discernment see
Ye quench not, too, the sparks of nobler fires.
Ah, better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valor's generous heat;
The firm fixed breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul, more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false deceit!

Yet nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
E'en now sagacious Foresight points to show
A little heedless bench of bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Shakspere, Milton, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting that the Muse should soar on high,
Wishing, poor starveling elf, his paper kite may fly!

And this, perhaps, who censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
And many a poet quit the Aonian field,
And, soured by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who, now, with 'sdainful fury thrilled,
Surveys my work, and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is here?"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And Liberty unbars her prison door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque have covered o'er

With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I implore:
For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
For never may you taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts, where proud Ambition towers.
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kaiser or of king!

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebble smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's savr'y cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens the allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-covered o'er,
Galling full sore the unmoneyed wight, are seen,
And gooseberry, clad in livery red or green;
And here, of lovely dye, the Catharine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween.
O may no wight e'er penniless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scattering like blooming maid their glance around,
With pampering look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown;
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honored names the inventive city owns,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

Admired Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave.
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

THE FOP.

(From King Henry IV., Act 1., Scene 3.)

HOTSPUR. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,



Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!),
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

UNA.

NOUGHT is there under heaven's wide hollowness,
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness
Through envy's snares or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pressed with so great agony
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
Forsaken, woful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's press, as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed,
To seek her knight; who subtily betrayed
Through that late vision which th' enchanter wrought,
Had her abandoned; she, of nought afraid,
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay,
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside; her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse:
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof, he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As he her wronged innocence did meet.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong,
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion;
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate:—
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adored
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbor wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayed champion if she might attain.



"The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard."

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared:
From her fair eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

(Dr. Johnson, in Boswell's Life.)

I RECEIVED one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I would soon return; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.

DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS.

(From "The Canterbury Tales.")

BEFELLE that in that season on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage,
That unto Canterbury wolde ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we were esed and beste.
And shortly, when the sonne was gon to reste,



"Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie,
That unto Canterbury wolde ride."

At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folke, by aventure yfalle
In felawship, and pilgrims were the alle,
So had I spoken with hem everich on,
That I was of hir felowship anon,
And made forward early for to rise,
To take our way ther as I you devise.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

KATHERINE'S DEFENSE.

(From "King Henry VIII.," Act II., Scene 4.)

QUEEN KATH. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will comformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea subject to your countenance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

HOTSPUR'S DEATH.

(From First Part "King Henry IV.," Act I., Scene 3.)

HOTSPUR. O, Harry, thou has robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

Prince Henry. For worms, brave Percy:
Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

ANNE HATHAWAY.

(To the Idol of my Eye, and Delight of my Heart, Anne Hathaway.)

WOULD ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to mine Anne Hathaway!
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might wondering stop to hear.
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Anne hath a way;
She hath a way;
Anne Hathaway,
To breathe delight Annie hath a way.

When envy's breath and rancorous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To soothe the heart Anne hath a way.
She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day;
Thou know'st, fond heart, Anne hath a way;
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway,
To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay;
Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway!
She hath a way with her bright eye,
Their various lustres to defy;
The jewel she, and the foil they,
So sweet to look, Anne hath a way.
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway,
To shame bright gems, Anne hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven;
For though a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Anne Hathaway.
She hath a way so to control
To rapture the imprisoned soul,
And sweetest heaven on earth display,
That to be heaven, Anne hath a way.
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway,
To be heaven's self, Anne hath a way.

ATTRIBUTED TO SHAKSPERE.

BEETHOVEN.

INTO his listening ear the universe
Poured all of its harmonies divine,
The roll of billows on the ocean shore,
The whisper of the pine;
The roar of tempests through the oak's strong boughs,
The dash and drip of rain;
The ring of laughter and the sigh of love,
The moan of tearful pain.

The God his awful hand upon him laid,
And lo! no more he heard,
As others hear, the voice of man or beast,
Of insect or of bird;
But deep within the silence of his soul
Each tone imprisoned lay,
To utterance find in music that shall keep
The willing world in sway.

MARY H. KROUT.

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Boston July 20th 1875.



"The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground."

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said;
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has press'd
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My Grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin

Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches,—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TO MARGARET HUSSEY.

MERRY Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth, and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning,
In everything,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
As patient and as still,
And as full of good will,
As fair as Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought,
Far may be sought,
Ere you can find
So courteous, so kind,
As Merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower.

JOHN SKELTON.



CLEOPATRA IN HER BARGE.

CLEOPATRA.

(From "Antony and Cleopatra," Act II., Scene 2.)

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.
Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed: but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the mad race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Has writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy; for the reader
Was youngest of them all;
But as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes, o'ertaken
As by some spell divine,
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost in that camp and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
With laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
This spray of western pine!

(FRANCIS) BRET HARTE.



GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

EMILIE.

(From the "Knight's Tale.")

THUS passeth year by year, and day by day,
Till it fell once on a morrow of May,
That Emilie, that fairer was to seen
Than is the lily upon her stalk green,
And fresher than the May with floures new—
For with the rose colour strove her hue,
I n'ot which was the fairer of them two—
Ere it was day, as it was her wont to do,
She was arisen, and all already dight—
For May will have no sluggardie a-night.
The season pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleepe start,
And saith: "Arise, and do thine observance!"
This maketh Emilie have remembrance
To do honour to May, and for to rise,
Yclothed was she fresh for to devise.
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress,
Behind her back, a yard long, I guess;
And in her garden, as the sun uprist,
She walked up and down, and as her list,
She gathereth floures, party white and red,
To make a sotil garland for her head;
And as an angel heavenly she sung!

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

A POET'S CREED.

MY soul drinks in its future life
Like some green forest thrice cut down,
Whose shoots defy the axmen's strife,
And skyward spread a greener crown.

While sunshine gilds my aged head
And bounteous earth supplies my food,
The lamps of God their soft light shed
And distant worlds are understood.

Say not my soul is but a clod,
Resultant of my body's powers;
She plumes her wings to fly to God,
And will not rest outside His bowers.

The Winter's snows are on my brow,
But Summer suns more brightly glow,
And violets, lilacs, roses now,
Seem sweeter than long years ago.

As I approach my earthly end,
Much plainer can I hear afar,
Immortal symphonies which blend,
To welcome me from star to star.

Though marvelous, it still is plain;
A fairy tale, yet history,
Losing Earth, a Heaven we gain;
With death, win immortality.

For fifty years my willing pen,
In history, drama, and romance;
With satires, sonnets, or with men,
Has flown, or danced its busy dance.

All themes I tried; and yet I know,
Ten thousand times as much unsaid
Remains in me! It must be so,
Though ages should not find me dead.

When unto dust we turn once more,
We can say, "One day's work is done;"
We may not say, "Our work is o'er,"
For life will scarcely have begun.

The tomb is not an endless night:
It is a thoroughfare—a way
That closes in a soft twilight,
And opens in eternal day.

Moved by the Love of God, I find
That I must work as did Voltaire,
Who loved the World and all mankind;
But God is Love! Let none despair!

Our work on Earth is just begun;
Our monuments will later rise,
To bathe their summits in the sun,
And shine in God's Eternal Skies!

VICTOR HUGO.
(Row's Translation).

SONG.

(From "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act IV., Scene 2.)

WHO is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

THE POET'S WIFE.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she glanced upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn;
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too—
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see, with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a Spirit, too, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



"Jennie kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in."

RONDEAU.

("Jennie" was Mrs. Carlyle. Hunt was the bearer of a piece of good news to the then obscure and struggling Scotchman; the lady was unable to contain her joy, and jumping up, threw her arms about the poet's neck and kissed him. The next morning she received the following lines with some flowers:)

JENNIE kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in;
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jennie kissed me! LEIGH HUNT.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

MY boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate!

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Wer't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

HE wandered o'er the dreary earth,
Forgotten and alone;
He who could teach Home's matchless worth
Ne'er had one of his own.
'Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun,
Along the hilly road,
He bore his great heart, and had none
To help him with the load;
And wheresoever in his round
He went with weary tread,
His sweet pathetic song he found
Had floated on ahead!

He heard the melodies it made
Come pealing o'er and o'er,
From royal music bands that played
Before the palace door;
He heard its gentle tones of love
From many a cottage creep,
When tender crooning mothers strove
To sing their babes to sleep;
And wheresoe'er true love had birth
This thrilling song had flown,
But he who taught Home's matchless worth
Had no home of his own.

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Shall have a home at last!
And he shall rest where laurels wave
And fragrant grasses twine;
His sweetly kept and honored grave
Shall be a sacred shrine,
And pilgrims with glad eyes grown dim
Will fondly bend above
The man who sung the triumph hymn
Of earth's divinest love.

WILL H. CARLETON.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

(Read at the unveiling of the bust at Prospect Park, Brooklyn.)

TO him who sang of "Home, sweet home,"
In strains so sweet, the simple lay
Has thrilled a million hearts, we come
A nation's grateful debt to pay.
Yet, not for him the bust we raise;
Ah, no! can lifeless lips prolong
Fame's trumpet voice? The poet's praise
Lives in the music of his song!

The noble dead we fondly seek
To honor with applauding breath;
Unheeded fall the words we speak,
Upon "the dull, cold ear of death."
Yet, not in vain the spoken word;
Nor vain the monument we raise;
With quicker throbs our hearts are stirred
To catch the nobleness we praise!

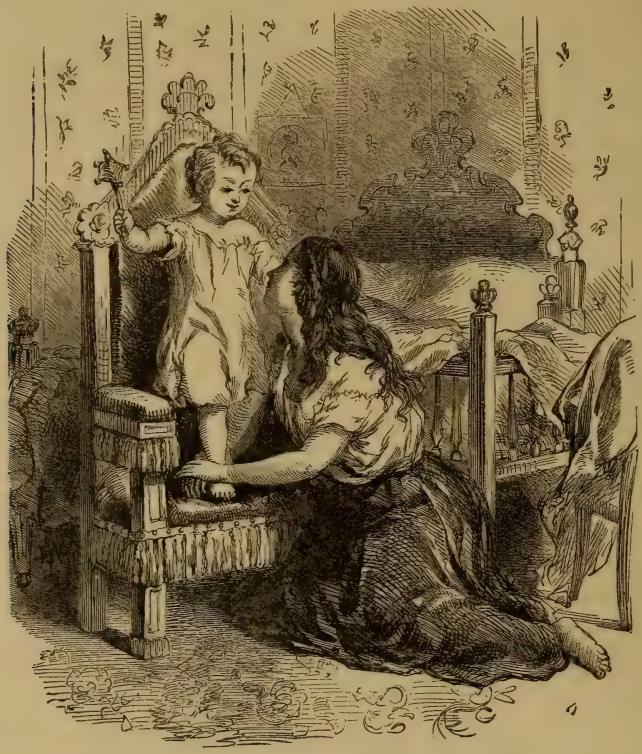
Columbia's sons—we share his fame;
'Tis for ourselves the bust we rear,
That they who mark the graven name
May know that name to us is dear;
Dear as the home the exile sees—
The fairest spot beneath the sky—
Where, first—upon a mother's knees—
He slept, and where he yearns to die.

But not alone the lyric fire
Was his, the Drama's muse can tell;
His genius could a Kean inspire;
A Kemble owned his magic spell;
A Kean, to "Brutus'" self so true
(As true to Art and Nature's laws),
He seemed the man the poet drew,
And shared with him the town's applause.

Kind hearts and brave with truth severe
He drew, unconscious, from his own;

O nature rare! But pilgrims here
Will oft'nest say, in pensive tone,
With reverend face and lifted hand,
" 'Twas he—by Fortune forced to roam—
Who, homeless in a foreign land,
So sweetly sang the joys of home!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.



" Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King! "

PHILIP, MY KING.

(" Philip" was Philip Bourke Marston, who afterwards achieved distinction as a poet.)

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With love's invisible scepter laden;
I am thine Esther to command,
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing;
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified! Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King!
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow

As to one God-throned amidst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but of palm. Some day,
Philip, my King,
Thou, too, must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sittest at the feet of God, victorious,
"Philip, the King!"

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.



PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

"PHILIP, MY KING."

(TO PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.)

THEY tell us thou art he, about whose brow,
In cradle years, a poet twined the lays
Through which she glorified, in poet's phrase,
Those splendid eyes that forced her to avow
Heart-fealty to thee her liege, and bow
Before thy regal looks, with regal praise
Of more enduring freshness than the bays
Which blatant crowds bind for their heroes now.

Had she prevision that above those eyes
God meant to press his hand, the better
To cage the lark-like spirit, lest it soar
So deep into the blue inviolate skies,
That earthly listeners, standing far below,
Should fail to catch the ethereal music more!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

BURNS.

(Extract.)

THERE have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death;
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures, the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined!
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT bird, in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the bard compare
Who sang as sweet, and soared as strong
As ever child of air;

His plume, his note, his form could Burns
For whim or pleasure change;
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The black bird, oracle of spring,
When flowed his moral lay;
The swallow wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously, at play.

The humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The raven, in the tempest's gloom;
The halcyon, in the calm.

In "auld kirk Alloway," the owl;
At witching time of night;
By "Bonnie Doon," the earliest fowl
That caroled to the light;

He was the wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein;
At Bannockburn the bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train;

The wood-lark in his mournful hours;
The goldfinch in his mirth;
The thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enriching heaven and earth;

The swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But roused, no falcon in the chase
Could like his satire kill.

The linnet, in simplicity;
In tenderness the dove;
And more than all beside was he
The nightingale in love.

Oh, had he never stooped to shame,
Not lent a charm to vice,
How had Devotion loved to name
That bird-of-paradise!

Peace to the dead! In Scotia's choir
Of minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The phœnix of them all!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



JAMES MONTGOMERY.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

IT is a place where poets crowned may feel
the heart's decaying,
It is a place where happy saints may weep
amid their praying;
Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish!
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom
she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured
the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless
hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood your weary
paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and
died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through
brimming tears the story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness
on the glory,
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds and
wandering lights departed,

He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be in praise by wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him,
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars harmonious influences:
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

While timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses;
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him true and loving.

But though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy-desolated,
Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses,
That turns his fevered eyes around: "My mother? where's my mother?"
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other!

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she bore him:
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, that closed in death to save him!

Thus? oh, not thus! no type of earth can image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him breaking,
Or felt the new, immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew "My Saviour: not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness rested
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er th' atoning drops averted,
What tears have washed them from the soul, that one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from his own essence rather,
And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous son and Father;
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath shaken;
It went up, single, echoless: "My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation,
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition,
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a vision!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

(Extract.)

TOO frail to keep the lofty vow
That must have followed when his brow
Was wreathed—"The Vision" tells us how—
With holly spray,
He faltered, drifted to and fro,
And passed away.



W Wordsworth

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight;
Think rather of those moments bright
When to the consciousness of right
His course was true,
When wisdom prospered in his sight
And virtue grew.

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of earth's bitter leaven
Effaced forever.

But why to him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart the purest share
With all that live?—
The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

AT THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

LONG, long ago, in the sweet Roman Spring,
Through the bright morning air, we slowly strolled,
And in the blue heaven heard the skylark sing
Above the ruins old—

Beyond the Forum's crumbling grass-grown piles,
Through high-walled lanes o'erhung with blossoms white
That opened on the far Campagna's miles
Of verdure and of light;

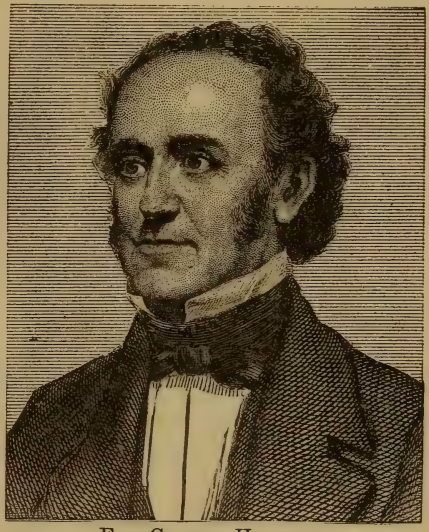
Till by the grave of Keats we stood, and found
A rose—a single rose left blooming there,
Making more sacred still that hallowed ground
And that enchanted air.

A single rose, whose fading petals drooped,
And seemed to wait for us to gather them.
So, kneeling on the humble mound, we stooped
And plucked it from its stem.

One rose, and nothing more. We shared its leaves
Between us, as we shared the thoughts of one
Called from the field before his unripe sheaves
Could feel the harvest sun.

That rose's fragrance is forever fled
For us, dear friend—but not the Poet's lay.
He is the rose, deathless among the dead,
Whose perfume lives to-day.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.



FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow,
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,

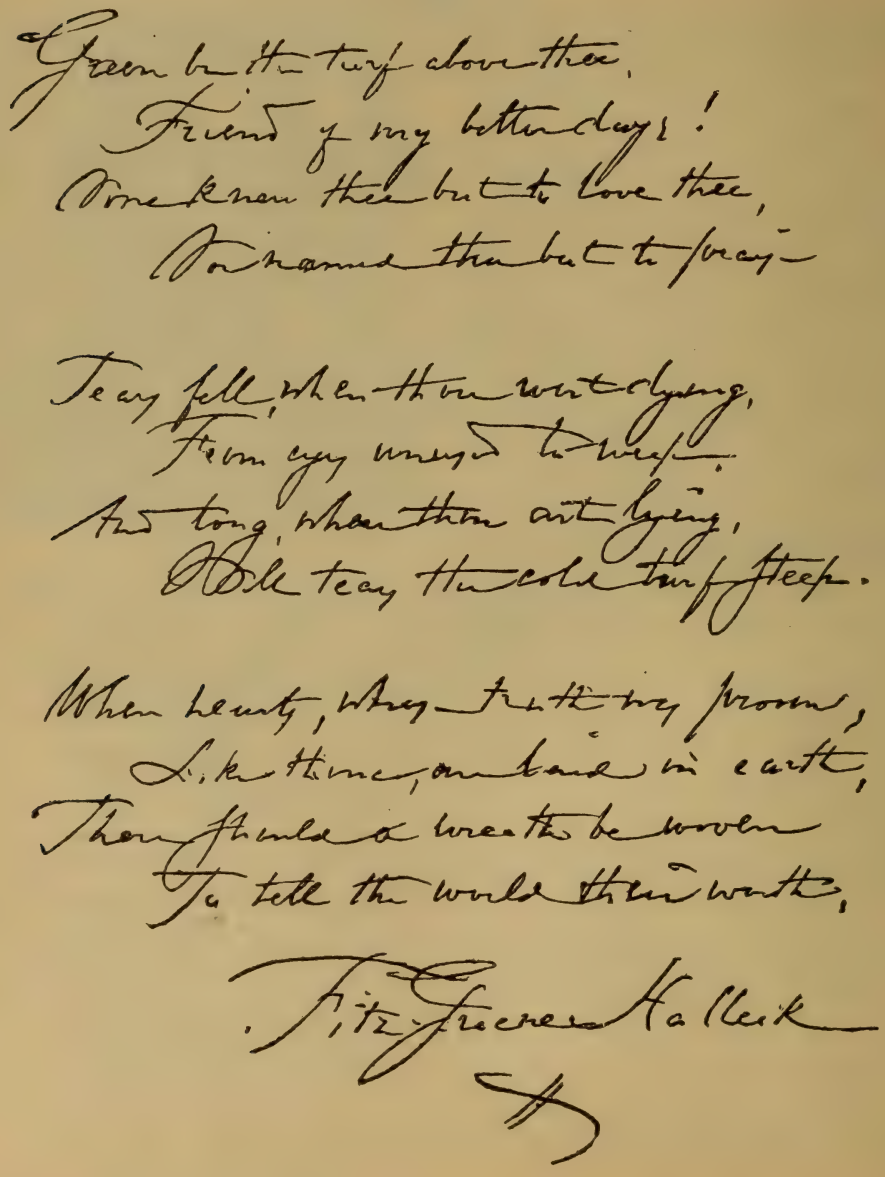
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free;

The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

———o———



ELIZABETH.

(From "King Henry VIII.," Act V., Scene 4.)

THIS royal infant (Heaven still move about her!),
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness),
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

ON QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(A governess at Wilton House, happening to read the "Arcadia," discovered between two of the leaves, folded in paper as yellow from age as the printed pages between which it reposed, a lock of hair, and on the envelope inclosing the lock was written in Sir Philip Sidney's own hand an inscription purporting that the hair was that of her gracious Majesty, Queen Elizabeth. Pinned to this was another paper, on which was written the following tribute to the royal coquette:)

HER inward worth all outward show transcends,
Envy her merits with regret commends;
Like sparkling gems her virtues draw the sight,
And in her conduct she is always bright.
When she imparts her thoughts, her words have force,
And sense and wisdom flow in sweet discourse.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(From "The History of England.")

THERE are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities and prevented them from running into excess; her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition; she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities—the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the

throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration—the true secret for managing religious factions—she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to made deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the praise due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy, and with all their abilities they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress; the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

DAVID HUME.

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CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

TO all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconcious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her: we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither

these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and, may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her dispositions, and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survive them, we are apt altogether to forget their frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though according to the fashion of that age she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark gray, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat, and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. "No man," says Brantome, "ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow."

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

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THE FATHER OF HISTORY.

(From the Essay on "History.")

IT may be laid down as a general rule, though subject to considerable qualifications and exceptions, that history begins in novel and ends in essay. Of the romantic historians Herodotus is the earliest and best. His animation, his simple-hearted tenderness; his wonderful talent for description and dialogue, and the pure sweet flow of his language, place him at the head of narrators. He reminds us of a delightful child. There is a grace beyond the reach of affectation in his awkwardness, a malice in his innocence, an intelligence in his nonsense, an insinuating eloquence in his lisp. We know no writer who makes such interest for himself and his book in the heart of the reader. At the distance of three-and-twenty centuries, we feel for him the same sort of pitying fondness which Fontaine and Gay are supposed to have inspired in society. He has written an incomparable book. He has written something better perhaps than the best history; but he has not written a good history; he is, from the first to the last chapter, an inventor. We do not here refer to those gross fictions with which he has been reproached by the critics of later times. We speak of that coloring which is equally diffused over his whole narrative, and which perpetually leaves the most sagacious reader in doubt what to reject and what to receive. The most authentic parts of his work bear the same relation to his wildest legends which Henry V. bears to the Tempest. There was an expedition undertaken by Xerxes against Greece; and there was an invasion of France. There was a battle at Platæa; and there was a battle at Agincourt. Cambridge and Exeter, the Constable and the Dauphin, were persons as real as Demaratus and Pausanias. The harangue of the Archbishop on the Salic Law, and the Book of Numbers, differs much less from the orations which have in all ages proceeded from the right reverend bench than the speeches of Mardonius and Artabanus differ from those which were delivered at the

council-board of Susa. Shakspere gives us enumerations of armies, and returns of killed and wounded, which are not, we suspect, much less accurate than those of Herodotus. There are passages in Herodotus nearly as long as acts of Shakspere in which everything is told dramatically, and in which the narrative serves only the place of stage-directions. It is possible, no doubt, that the substance of some real conversations may have been repeated to the historian. But events, which, if they ever happened, happened in ages and nations so remote that the particulars could never have been known to him, are related with the greatest minuteness of detail. We have all that Candaules said to Gyges, and all that passed between Astyages and Harpagus. We are, therefore, unable to judge whether, in the account which he gives of transactions respecting which he might possibly have been well informed, we can trust to anything beyond the naked outline; whether, for example, the answer of Gelon to the ambassadors of the Grecian confederacy, or the expressions which passed between Aristides and Themistocles at their famous interview, have been correctly transmitted to us. The great events are, no doubt, faithfully related; probably, are many of the slighter circumstances; but which of them it is impossible to ascertain. The fictions are so much like the facts, and the facts so much like the fictions, that, with respect to many interesting particulars, our belief is neither given nor withheld, but remains in an uneasy and interminable state of abeyance. We know that there is truth, but we cannot decide exactly where it lies.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.



"You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes."

TO HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

(THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF JAMES I., OF ENGLAND.)

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents, what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
The eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

TO THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

ONCE more, my harp, once more! although I thought
Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought,
And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,
Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below.

And unto thee, the beautiful and pure,
Whose lot is cast amid that busy world
Where only sluggish dullness dwells secure,
And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furled;
To thee, whose friendship kept its equal truth
Through the most dreary hour of my embittered youth,

I dedicate the lay. Ah! never bard,
In days when poverty was twin with song,
Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starred,
Cheered by some castle's chief, and harbored long,
Not Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays,
Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of praise.

For easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent;
But thou gav'st me, what woman seldom dares,
Belief; in spite of many a cold dissent,
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not crushed, my heart.

Thou, then, when cowards lied away my name,
And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide,
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some, who might have battled for my sake,
Stood off in doubt to see what turn the world would take.

Thou gav'st me what the poor do give the poor;
Kind words, and holy wishes, and true tears;
The loved, the near of kin could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying years
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted Slander's dart with their indignant scorn.

For they who credit crime are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts that steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have themselves deceived.

But like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam,
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing,
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide.

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint, false-hearted shame;
Thou didst not shrink, of bitter tongues afraid,
Who hunt in packs the objects of their blame;
To thee the sad denial still held true,
For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its mercy drew.

And though my faint and tributary rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every poet hopes that after-times
Shall set some value on his votive lay;
And I would fain one gentle deed record,
Among the many such with which thy life is stored.

So when these lines, made in a mournful hour,
Are idly opened to the stranger's eye,

A dream of thee, aroused by Fancy's power,
Shall be the first to wander floating by;
And they who never saw thy lovely face
Shall pause, to conjure up a vision of its grace.

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

MILTON, DANTE, AND ÆSCHYLUS.

(From the Essay on "Milton.")

POETRY which relates to the beings of another world ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque. That of Milton is so. That of Dante is picturesque indeed beyond any that was ever written. Its effect approaches to that produced by the pencil or the chisel. But it is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery. This is a fault on the right side, a fault inseparable from the plan of Dante's poem, which, as we have already observed, rendered utmost accuracy of description necessary. Still it is a fault. The supernatural agents excite an interest; but it is not the interest which is proper to supernatural agents. We feel that we could talk to the ghosts and dæmons without any emotion of unearthly awe. We could, like Don Juan, ask them to supper, and eat heartily in their company. Dante's angels are good men with wings. His devils are spiteful ugly executioners. His dead men are merely living men in strange situations. The scene that passes between the poet and Farinata is justly celebrated. Still, Farinata in the burning tomb is exactly what Farinata would have been at an *auto da fe*. Nothing can be more touching than the first interview of Dante and Beatrice. Yet what is it, but a lovely woman chiding, with sweet austere composure, the lover for whose affection she is grateful, but whose vice she reprobates? The feelings which give the passage its charm would suit the streets of Florence as well as the summit of the Mount of Purgatory.

The spirits of Milton are unlike those of almost all other writers. His fiends, in particular, are wonderful creations. They are not metaphysical abstractions. They are not wicked men. They are not ugly beasts. They have no horns, no tails, none of the "fee-faw-fum" of Tasso and Klopstock. They have just enough in common with human nature to be intelligible to human beings. Their characters are, like their forms, marked by a certain dim resemblance to those of men, but exaggerated to gigantic dimensions, and veiled in mysterious gloom.

Perhaps the gods and dæmons of Æschylus may best bear a comparison with the angels and devils of Milton. The style of the Athenian had, as we remarked, something of an oriental character; and the same peculiarity may be traced in his mythology. It has nothing of the amenity and elegance which we generally find in the superstitions of Greece. All is rugged, barbaric, and colossal. The legends of Æschylus seem to harmonize less with the fragrant groves and graceful porticoes in which his countrymen paid their vows to the God of Light and the Goddess of Desire, than with those huge and grotesque labyrinths of eternal granite in which Egypt enshrined her mystic Osiris, or in which Hindostan still bows down to her seven-headed idols. His favorite gods are those of the elder generation, the sons of heaven and earth (compared with whom Jupiter himself was a stripling and an upstart), the gigantic Titans, and the inexorable furies. Foremost among his creations of this class stands Prometheus, half fiend, half redeemer, the friend of man, the sullen and implacable enemy of heaven. Prometheus bears undoubtedly a considerable resemblance to the Satan of Milton. In both we find the same impatience of control, the same ferocity, the same unconquerable pride. In both characters also are mingled, though in very different proportions, some kind and generous feeling. Prometheus, however, is hardly superhuman enough. He talks too much of his chains and his uneasy posture; he is rather too much depressed and agitated. His resolutions seems to depend on the knowledge which he possesses that the fate of his torturer is in his hands, and that the hour of his release will surely come. But Satan is

a creature of another sphere. The might of his intellectual nature is victorious over the extremity of pain. Amidst agonies which cannot be conceived without horror, he deliberates, resolves, and even exults. Against the sword of Michael, against the thunder of Jehovah, against the flaming lake, and the marl burning with solid fire, against the prospect of an eternity of unintermitted misery, his spirit bears up unbroken, resting on its own innate energies, requiring no support from anything external, nor even from hope itself.

To return for a moment to the parallel which we have been attempting to draw between Milton and Dante, we would add, that the poetry of these great men has in a considerable degree taken its character from their moral qualities. They are not egotists. They rarely obtrude their idiosyncrasies upon their readers. They have nothing in common with those modern beggars for fame, who extort a pittance from the compassion of the inexperienced by exposing the nakedness and sores of their minds. Yet it would be difficult to name two writers, whose works have been more completely, though undesignedly, colored by their personal feelings.

The character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of spirit; that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the Divine Comedy we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is perhaps no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love, nor glory, neither the conflicts of earth nor the hope of heaven could dispel it. It turned every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness." The gloom of his characters discolors all the passions of men, and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the eternal throne. All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look upon the features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woeful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belong to a man too proud and sensitive to be happy.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

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ZIMRI.

(George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.)

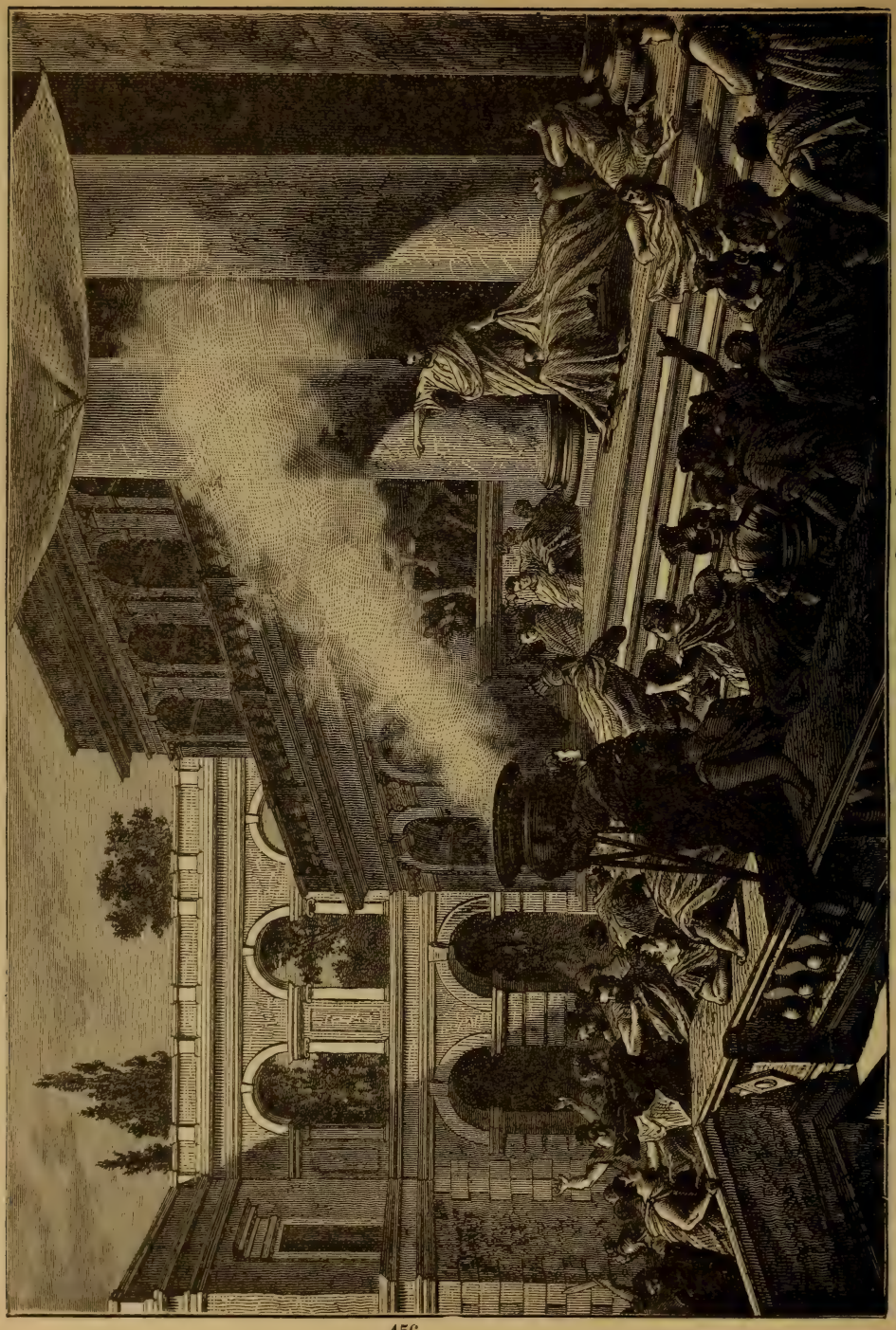
IN the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon,
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy:
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over-violent or over-civil,
That every man with him was god or devil;
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court, then found relief
In forming parties, but could ne'er be chief.

* * * * *

Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left no faction but of that was left.

(From "Absalom and Achitophel.")

JOHN DRYDEN.



Antony's Oration over Cæsar's Dead Body.

ANTONY'S ORATION.

(From "Julius Cæsar," Act III., Scene 2.)

ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen,
lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar, The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men);
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for
him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with
me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

* * * * *

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he
there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's
wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

* * * * *

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent:
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger
through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd
him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty
heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar
fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you
here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up,
To such a a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

ANTONY TO CÆSAR'S BODY.

(From "Julius Cæsar," Act III., Scene 1.)

ANTONY. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Wo to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And, Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc* and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

WILLIAM WALKER.

(Having accompanied the filibuster Walker to Nicaragua, the poet thus describes the chieftain and the course of the ill-fated expedition.)

(Extracts.)

A PIERCING eye, a princely air,
A presence like a chevalier,
Half angel and half Lucifer;
Fair fingers, jewel'ed manifold
With great gems set in hoops of gold;
Sombrero black, with plume of snow
That swept his long silk locks below;
A red serape with bars of gold,
Heedless falling fold on fold;
A sash of silk, where flashing swung
A sword as swift as serpent's tongue,
In sheath of silver chased in gold;
A face of blended pride and pain,
Of mingled pleading and disdain,
With shades of glory and of grief;
And Spanish spurs with bells of steel,
That dashed and dangled at the heel;
The famous filibuster chief
Stood by his tent 'mid tall brown trees
That top the fierce Cordilleras,
With brawn arm arch'd above his brow;
Stood still; he stands a picture now,
Long gazing down the sunset seas.

What strange strong-bearded men are these
He led toward the tropic seas!
Men sometime of uncommon birth,
Men rich in histories untold,
Who boasted not though more than bold,
Blown from the four parts of the earth.
Men mighty-thewed as Samson was,
That had been kings in any cause,
A remnant of the races past;
Dark-brow'd as if in iron cast,
Broad-breasted as twin gates of brass,
Men strangely brave and fiercely true,
Men dared the West when giants were,
Who erred, yet bravely dared to err;
A remnant of that early few
Who held no crime or curse or vice
As dark as that of cowardice;
With blendings of the worst and best

Of faults and virtues that have blest
Or cursed or thrilled the human breast.

* * * * *

Wild lilies tall as maidens are,
As sweet of breath, as pearly fair,
As fair as faith, as pure as truth,
Fell thick before our every tread,
As in a sacrifice to ruth,
And all the air with perfume fill'd,
More sweet than ever man distill'd.
The ripen'd fruit a fragrance shed
And hung in hand reach overhead,
In nest of blossoms on the shoot,
The bending shoot that bore the fruit.

* * * * *

Ill comes disguised in many forms;
Fair winds are but a prophecy
Of foulest winds full soon to be
The brighter these, the blacker they;
The clearest night has darkest day,
The brightest days bring blackest storms,
There came reverses to our arms;
I saw the signal-light's alarms
At night red-crescenting the bay.
The foe poured down a flood next day
As strong as tides when tides are high,
And drove us bleeding in the sea,
In such wild haste of flight that we
Had hardly time to arm and fly.

* * * * *

To die with hand and brow unbound
He gave his gems and jewell'd sword;
He walked out from the prison wall
Dress'd like a prince for a parade,
And made no note of man or maid,
But gazed out calmly over all.

* * * * *

Two deep, a musket's length they stood,
A-front, in sandals, nude, and dun
As death and darkness wove in one,
Their thick lips thirsting for his blood.
He took their black hands one by one,
And smiling, with a patient grace,
Forgave them all, and took his place.
He bared his broad brow to the sun,
Gave one long last look to the sky,
The white-winged clouds that hurried by,
The olive hills in orange hue;
A last list to the cockatoo
That hung by beak from cocoa bough
Hard by, and hung and sung as though
He never was to sing again,
Hung all red-crown'd and robed in green,
With belts of gold and blue between.
A bow, a touch of heart, a pall
Of purple smoke, a crash, a thud,
A warrior's raiment rent, and blood,
A face in dust, and that was all.

Success had made him more than king;
Defeat made him the vilest thing
In name, contempt or hate can bring:
So much the leaded dice of war
Do make or mar of character.

JOAQUIN MILLER.



SAMUEL JOHNSON.

CHARLES XII.

(From "The Vanity of Human Wishes.")

ON what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific scepters yield;
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign!
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain.
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain
On Moscow's walls; till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,

And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost.
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day!
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile minions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

———o———

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

(From "Heroes and Hero-Worship.")

HIS notions of the world, as he expresses them there at St. Helena, are almost tragical to consider. He seems to feel the most unaffected surprise that it has all gone so; that he is flung out on the rock here, and the world is still moving on its axis. France is great, and all-great; and, at bottom, he is France. England itself, he says, is by nature only an appendage of France; "Another Isle of Oleren to France." So it was by nature, by Napoleon-nature; and yet look how in fact—Here am I: He cannot understand it; inconceivable that the reality has not corresponded to his programme of it; that France was not all-great; that he was not France. "Strong delusion," that he should believe the thing to be which it is not! The compact, clear-seeing, Italian nature of him, strong, genuine, which he once had, has enveloped itself, half dissolved itself, in a turbid atmosphere of French fanfaronade. The world was not disposed to be trodden down underfoot, to be bound into masses, and built together, as he liked, for a pedestal for France and him; the world had quite other purposes in view! Napoleon's astonishment is extreme. But alas, what help now? He had gone that way of his; and nature also had gone her way. Having once parted with reality, he tumbles helpless in vacuity; no rescue for him. He had to sink there, mournfully as man seldom did; and break his great heart, and die—this poor Napoleon; a great implement, too soon wasted, till it was useless; our last great man!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

———o———

MARCO GRIFFONI.

(From "Italy.")

MARCO GRIFFONI was the last of an ancient family, a family of royal merchants; and the richest citizen in Genoa, perhaps in Europe. His parents dying while yet he lay in the cradle, his wealth had accumulated from the year of his birth; and so noble a use did he make of it when he arrived at manhood, that wherever he went he was followed by the blessings of the people. He would often say, "I hold it only in trust for others;" but Genoa was then at her old amusement, and the work grew on his hands. Strong as he was, the evil he had to struggle with was stronger than he. His cheerfulness, his alacrity, left him; and, having lifted up his voice for peace, he withdrew at once from the sphere of life he had moved in, to become, as it were, another man.

From that time, and for full fifty years, he was to be seen sitting, like one of the founders of his house, at his desk among his money-bags, in a narrow street near the Porto Franco; and he, who in a famine had filled the granaries of the State, sending to Sicily, and even to Egypt, now lived only as for his heirs, though there were none to inherit; giving no longer to any, but lending to all; to the rich on their bonds, and the poor on their pledges; lending

at the highest rate, and exacting with the utmost rigor. No longer relieving the miserable, he sought only to enrich himself by their misery; and there he sate in his gown of frieze, till every finger was pointed at him in passing, and every tongue exclaimed: "There sits the miser!"

But in that character, and amidst all that obloquy, he was still the same as ever, still acting to the best of his judgment for the good of his fellow-citizens; and when the measure of their calamities was full; when peace had come, but had come to no purpose; and the lesson, as he flattered himself, was graven deep in their minds; then, but not till then, though his hair had long grown gray, he threw off the mask and gave up all he had, to annihilate at a blow his great and cruel adversaries, those taxes which, when excessive, break the hearts of the people; a glorious achievement for an individual, though a bloodless one, and such as only can be conceived possible in a small community like theirs.

Alas! how little did he know of human nature! How little had he reflected on the ruling passion of his countrymen, so injurious to others, and at length so fatal to themselves! Almost instantly they grew arrogant and quarrelsome; almost instantly they were in arms again; and, before the statue was up that had been voted to his memory, every tax, if we may believe the historian, was laid on as before, to awaken vain regrets and wise resolutions.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

———o———



SAMUEL ROGERS.

BURIAL OF LINCOLN.

PEACE! Let the long procession come,
For hark!—the mournful, muffled drum,
The trumpet's wail afar;
And see! the awful car!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,
While cannon boom, and bells toll slow!
And go, thou sacred car,
Bearing our woe afar!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,
Whose loyal, sorrowing cities wait
To honor all they can,
The dust of that good man!

Go, grandly borne, with such a train
As greatest kings might die to gain;
The just, the wise, the brave
Attend thee to the grave!

And you, the soldiers of our wars,
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,
Salute him once again,
Your late commander,—*slain!*

Yes, let your tears indignant fall,
But leave your muskets on the wall;
Your country needs you now
Beside the forge, the plough!

* * * * *

So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes
The fallen to his last repose.
Beneath no mighty dome,
But in his modest home,

The churchyard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best,
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid!

And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with pity dumb,
And strangers, far and near,
For many and many a year!

For many a year and many an age,
While History on her ample page
The virtues shall enroll
Of that paternal soul!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

(GEN. PHILIP KEARNEY.)

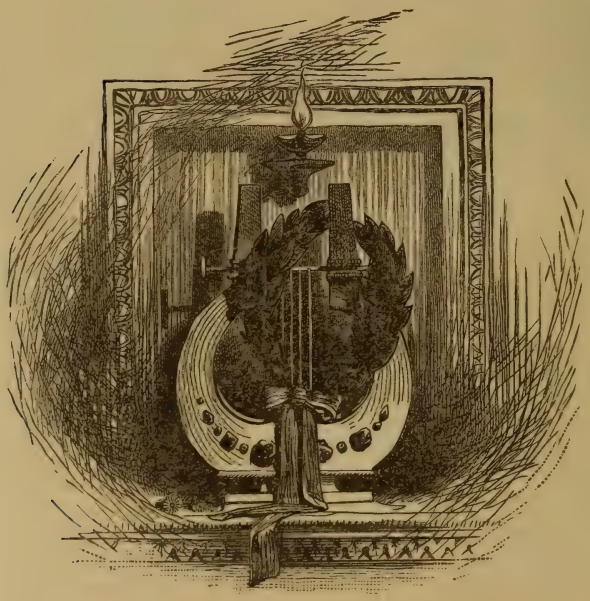
CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in silent night,
Sleep forever and forever;
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death-bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him;
Mortal love weeps idly by,
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know!
Lay him low!

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.



PLACES.

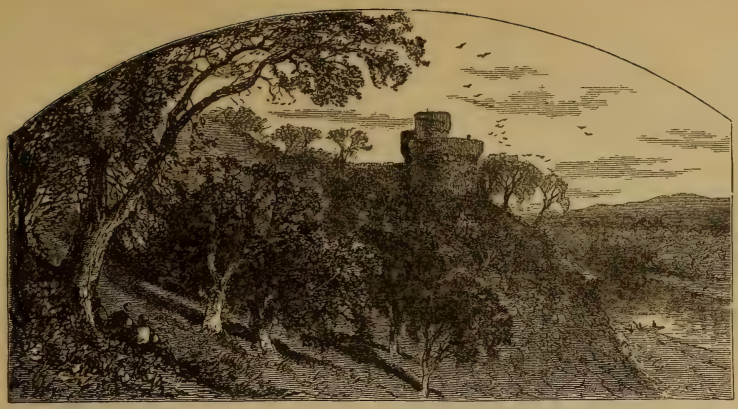
Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand,
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
Better than with my own.

LONGFELLOW.



VENICE, THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC.



"O ye dales of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands; where
Presiding o'er the scene some rustic tower——."

POEMS OF PLACES.

A SCENE RECALLED.

(From "The Pleasures of the Imagination," Book IV.)

O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands; where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleased traveler to view
Presiding o'er the scene some rustic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands!
O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream,
How gladly I recall your well-known seats
Beloved of old, and that delightful time,
When all alone, from many a summer's day,
I wandered through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful band unseen!
Nor will I e'er forget you; nor shall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
Those studies which possessed me in the dawn
Of life, and fixed the color of my mind
For every future year; whence even now
From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelmed
In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
Of honorable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse.

MARK AKENSIDE.

HOME.

(From "The West Indies.")

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, valor, virtue, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,

There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend

The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? Look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

VERSES ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

THE muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems undone,
And fancied beauties by the true.

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides, and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools;

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

GEORGE BERKELEY.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

(From "Clari, the Maid of Milan.")

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.
Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain;
Ah, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing sweetly that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, home! sweet, sweet home;
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

'Mid pleasures & palaces though we may roam
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there
Which, seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Home, home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

An exile from Home, splendour dazzles in vain!—
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!—
The birds singing gaily that came at my call—
Give me them!—and the peace of mind dearer than all!

John Howard Payne.

———o———

SWEET HOME.

A CAMP of blue, a camp of gray,
A peaceful river rolled between,
Were pitched two rifle shots away,
The sun had set the west aglow,
The evening clouds were crimson snow,
The twinkling camp fires faintly seen
Across the dark'ning river.

Then floated from the Federal band
The "Spangled Banner's" starry strain,
The grays struck up their "Dixie Land,"
And "Rally Round" and "Bonny Blue"
And "Red and White" alternate flew—
Ah, no such flights shall cross again
The Rappahannock river!

And then, above the glancing "beam
Of song" a bugle warbled low
Like some bird startled in a dream,
"Home, Home, Sweet Home," and voices rang,
And gray and blue together sang—
All other songs were like the snow
Among the pines when winds are stilled,
And hearts and voices throbbed and thrilled
With "Home, Sweet Home" forever.

ANONYMOUS.

———

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave,

Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry;
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown; yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell at last
The victory of endurance borne.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here!

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE ACADIAN FARMHOUSE.

(From "Evangeline.")

FIRMLY builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; wreathing around it,
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a foot-path
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore trees were hives overhung by a pent-house,
Such as a traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well, with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard;
There stood the broad-wheeled wains, and the antique plows, and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a stair-case
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft;
There, too, the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates,
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes,
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

NIAGARA.

(Extract.)

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee! It would seem
As if God poured thee from His "hollow hand,"
And hung His bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.
Deep called unto deep. And what are we,



NIAGARA.

"It would seem as if God poured thee from His 'hollow hand.'"

That hear the question of that voice sublime!
Oh, what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar;
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? — a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

NOONDAY REST.

(From "Walden.")

COMMONLY I rested an hour or two in the shade at noon, after planting; and ate my lunch, and read a little by a spring which was the source of a spring and a brook, oozing from under Brister's Hill, half a mile from my field. The approach to this was through a succession of descending grassy hollows, full of young pitch-pines, into a larger wood about the swamp. There, in a very secluded and shady spot, under a spreading white-pine, there was yet a clean, firm sward, to sit on. I had dug out the spring and made a well of clear, gray water, where I could dip up a pailful without roiling it, and thither I went almost every day in midsummer, when the pond was warmest. Thither, too, the woodcock led her brood, to probe the mud for worms, flying but a foot above them down the bank, while they ran in a troop beneath; but at last, spying me, she would leave her young and circle round and round me, nearer and nearer till within four or five feet, pretending broken wings and legs, to attract my attention, and get off her young, who would already have taken up their march, with faint wiry peep single file through the swamp, as she directed. Or I heard the peep of the young when I could not see the parent bird. There, too, the turtle-doves sat over the spring, or fluttered from bough to bough of the soft white-pines over my head; or the red squirrel, coursing down the nearest bough, was particularly familiar and inquisitive. You only need sit still long enough in some attractive spot in the woods that all its inhabitants may exhibit themselves to you by turns.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

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THE BATTLE-FIELD.

(From "The Battle of Life.")

ONCE upon a time, it matters little when, and in stalwart England, it matters little where, a fierce battle was fought. It was fought upon a long summer day when the waving grass was green. Many a wild flower, formed by the Almighty Hand to be a perfumed goblet for the dew, felt its enameled cup filled high with blood that day, and shrinking, dropped. Many an insect, deriving its delicate colour from harmless leaves and herbs, was stained anew that day by dying men, and marked its frightened way with an unnatural track. The painted butterfly took blood into the air upon the edges of its wings. The stream ran red. The trodden ground became a quagmire, whence, from sullen pools collected in the prints of human feet and horses' hoofs, the one prevailing hue still lowered and glimmered at the sun.

Heaven keep us from a knowledge of the sights the moon beheld upon that field, when, coming up above the black line of distant rising ground, softened and blurred at the edge by trees, she rose into the sky and looked upon the plain, strewn with upturned faces that had once at mothers' breasts sought mothers' eyes, or slumbered happily! Heaven keep us from a knowledge of the secrets whispered afterwards upon the tainted wind that blew across the scene of that day's work and that night's death and suffering! Many a lonely moon was bright upon the battle-ground, and many a star kept mournful watch upon it, and many a wind from every quarter of the earth blew over it, before the traces of the fight were worn away.

They lurked and lingered for a long time, but survived in little things; for, Nature, far above the evil passions of men, soon recovered her serenity, and smiled upon the guilty battle-ground as she had done before, when it was innocent. The larks sang high above it; the swallows skimmed and dipped, and flitted to and fro; the shadows of the flying clouds pursued each other swiftly over grass and corn and turnip-field and wood, and over roof and church spire in the nestling town among the trees, away into the bright distance on the bor-

ders of the sky and earth, where the red sunsets faded. Crops were sown and grew up, and were gathered in; the stream that had been crimsoned turned a water-mill; men whistled at the plough; gleaners and haymakers were seen in quiet groups at work; sheep and oxen pastured; boys whooped and called in fields, to scare away the birds; smoke rose from cottage chimneys; Sabbath bells rang peacefully; old people lived and died; the timid creatures of the field, and simple flowers of the bush and garden, grew and withered in their destined terms; and all upon the fierce and bloody battle-ground, where thousands upon thousands had been killed in the great fight.

But, there were deep green patches in the growing corn, at first, that people looked at awfully. Year after year they reappeared; and it was known that, underneath those fertile spots, heaps of men and horses lay buried indiscriminately, enriching the ground. The husbandmen who ploughed those places shrunk from the great worms abounding there; and the sheaves they yielded were, for many a long year, called the Battle Sheaves, and set apart; and no one ever knew a Battle Sheaf to be among the last load at a Harvest Home. For a long time, every furrow that was turned revealed some fragments of the fight. For a long time there were wounded trees upon the battle-ground; and scraps of hacked and broken fence and wall, where deadly struggles had been made; and trampled parts where not a leaf or blade would grow. For a long time, no village girl would dress her hair or bosom with the sweetest flower from that field of death; and, after many a year had come and gone, the berries growing there were still believed to leave too deep a stain upon the hand that plucked them.

CHARLES DICKENS.

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MOUNTAIN NEIGHBORS.

YE gracious mountain neighbors!
How good it is to see
Your dwelling close beside us,
Upbuilt in azure free;
Beside us, yet beyond us,
To shame our downward moods,
With beckoning invitation,
To purer altitudes.

So close and yet so distant,
You circle us around;
Your calm, our aspiration,
Have yet a common ground.
Out of earth's inward turmoil,
The chaos and the strife,
That underlie our levels,
Ascends your steadfast life.

O holy mountain neighbors,
Akin to earth ye stand—
The angelic to the mortal—
Not always hid in grand,
Far heavens of isolation;
Lofty and lowly blend
In spiritual communion;
These rise, as those descend.

O great, befriending natures,
Whom God hath set about
Our human habitations,
How blank were life without
Your presence inspiring,
Your silent, upward call!
Above us and yet of us,
One heaven enfolds us all.

LUCY LARCOM.

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THE BUCCANEER'S ISLAND.

(From "The Buccaneer.")

THE island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently—
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed upon the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet:
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.



"Breezes of the south, have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?"

THE PRAIRIES.

THESE are the gardens of the desert, these,
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name,
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away;
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless forever. Motionless?
No, they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges! Breezes of the south!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not, ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific; have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

NEW AMSTERDAM.

(From "Knickerbocker's History of New York.")

THE sage council, as has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, not being able to determine on any plan for the building of their city, the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths, which distinguished certain streets of New York at this very day.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the streets, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of very large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front; and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind; the most staunch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife, a character that formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new-years' days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was ofttimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water, insomuch that a historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids; but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlor was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights, always taking the precaution to leave their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves and rhomboids, with a broom, after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place, the window-shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fire-places were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the

very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking into the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the goede vrouw on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hairbreadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.



Washington Irving

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sun-down. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestible symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashonable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashonable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest

pieces in this mighty dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks, a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of little fat Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat, merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth, an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting, no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones, no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, "yaw, Mynher" or "yah, yah, Vrouw," to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fire-places were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scriptures were piously portrayed; Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of his whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles that Nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at the time, nor should it at the present; if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

MY thoughts go home to that old brown house,
With its low roof sloping down to the east,
And its garden fragrant with roses and thyme,
That blossom no longer except in rhyme,
Where the honey bees used to feast.

Afar in the west the great hills rose,
Silent and steadfast and gloomy and gray:
I thought they were giants, and doomed to keep
Their watch, while the world should wake or sleep,
Till the trumpet should sound on the judgment day.

I used to wonder of what they dreamed
As they brooded there in their silent might,
While March winds smote them, or June rains fell,
Or the snows of Winter their ghostly spell
Wrought in the long and lonesome night.

They remembered a younger world than ours,
  Before the trees on their top were born,
When the old brown house was itself a tree,
And waste were the fields where now you see
  The winds astir in the tasseled corn.

But calm in the distance the great hills rose,
  Deaf unto raptures and dumb unto pain.
Since they knew that Joy is the mother of Grief,
And remembered a butterfly's life is brief,
  And the sun sets only to rise again.



"But calm in the distance the great hills rose,
Deaf unto raptures and dumb unto pain."

And I was as young as the hills were old,
  And the world was warm with the breath of Spring.
And the roses red and the lilies white
Budded and bloomed for my heart's delight,
  And the birds in my heart began to sing.

They will brood, and dream, and be silent, as now,
  When the youngest children alive to-day
Have grown to be women and men, grown old,
And gone from the world like a tale that is told,
  And even whose echo forgets to stay.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

ALL hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic waves to our shore!
For thou, with magic might,
Can'st reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er.

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim;
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky way, shall shine
Bright in fame.

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast
O'er untraveled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sang,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rang
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts
That mould a nation's soul
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
Yet still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech:
"We are one!"

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

SOUTH AMERICAN SCENERY.

From "The Missionary of the Andes."

BENEATH aerial cliffs and glittering snows,
The rush-roof of an aged warrior rose,
Chief of the mountain tribes, high overhead,
The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread;
Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires,
And Chillan trailed its smoke and smouldering fires.
A glen beneath—a lonely spot of rest—
Hung, scarce discovered, like an eagle's nest.
Summer was in its prime; the parrot flocks
Darkened the passing sunshine on the rocks;
The chrysomel and purple butterfly,
Amid the clear blue light are wandering by;
The humming-bird, along the myrtle bowers,
With twinkling wing is spinning o'er the flowers;
The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
The mock-bird sings—and all beside is still.
And look! the cataract that bursts so high,
As not to mar the deep tranquility,
The tumult of its dashing falls suspends,
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends;
Through whose illumined spray and sprinking dews,
Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues,
Checkering with partial shade, the beams of noon,
And arching the gray rock with wild festoon,
Here, its gay network and fantastic twine
The purple cogul threads from pine to pine,
And oft as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
There, through the trunks, with moss and lichens white
The sunshine darts its interrupted light,
And 'mid the cedar's darksome bough, illumes,
With instant touch, the lori's scarlet plumes.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in a green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,

And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
Their water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are as bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a slight and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.



"Brown-pillared groves and green-arched alleys,
That Freedom's holiest temples be."

THE FOREST.

(From "Miami Woods.")

BROAD plains, blue waters, hills and valleys,
That ring with anthems of the free,
Brown-pillared groves and green-arched alleys,
That Freedom's holiest temples be!
These forest aisles are full of story;

Here many a one of old renown
First sought the meteor light of glory,
And mid its transient flash went down.

Historic names forever greet us,
Where'er our wandering way we thread;
Familiar forms and faces meet us,
As, living, walk with us the dead.
Man's fame, so often evanescent,
Links here with thoughts and things that last;
And all the bright and teeming Present
Thrills with the great and glorious Past.

WILLIAM. D. GALLAGHER.

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AN ENGLISH MANSION.

(From "Reginald Dalton.")

THEY halted to bait their horses at a little village on the main coast of the Palatinate, and then pursued their course leisurely through a rich and level country, until the groves of Grypherwast received them amidst all the breathless splendour of a noble sunset. It would be difficult to express the emotions with which young Reginald regarded, for the first time, the ancient demesne of his race. The scene was one which a stranger, of years and experience very superior to his, might have been pardoned for contemplating with some enthusiasm, but to him the first glimpse of the venerable front, embosomed amidst its

"Old contemporary trees,"

was the more than realization of cherished dreams. Involuntarily he drew in his rein, and the whole party as involuntarily following the motion, they approached the gateway together at the slowest pace.

The gateway is almost in the heart of the village, for the hall of Grypherwast had been reared long before English gentlemen conceived it to be a point of dignity to have no humble roofs near their own. A beautiful stream runs hard by, and the hamlet is almost within the arms of the princely forest, whose ancient oaks, and beeches, and gigantic pine-trees, darken and ennoble the aspect of the whole surrounding region. The peasantry, who watch the flocks and herds in those deep and grassy glades—the fishermen, who draw their subsistence from the clear waters of the river—and the woodmen, whose axes resound all day long among the inexhaustible thickets, are the sole inhabitants of the simple place. Over their cottages the hall of Grypherwast has predominated for many long centuries, a true old northern manor-house, not devoid of a certain magnificence in its general aspect, though making slender pretentions to anything like elegance in its details. The central tower, square, massy, rude, and almost destitute of windows, recalls the knightly and troubled period of the old Border wars; while the overshadowing roofs, carved balconies and multifarious chimneys scattered over the rest of the building, attest the successive influence of many more or less tasteful generations. Excepting in the original baronial tower, the upper parts of the house are all formed of oak, but this with such an air of strength and solidity as might well shame many modern structures raised of better materials. Nothing could be more perfectly in harmony with the whole character of the place than the autumnal brownness of the stately trees around. The same descending rays were tinging with rich lustre the outlines of their bare trunks, and the projecting edges of the old-fashioned bay-windows which they sheltered; and some rooks of very old family were cawing overhead almost in the midst of the hospitable smoke-wreaths. Within a couple of yards from the door of the house an eminently respectable-looking old man, in a powdered wig and very rich livery of blue and scarlet, was sitting on a garden-chair with a pipe in his mouth, and a cool tankard within his reach upon the ground.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.



"Pleasant were many scenes, but
most to me
The solitude of vast extent."

PRIMEVAL NATURE.

(From "The Course of Time.")

PLEASANT were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art where Nature sowed herself,
And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon and stars;
Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes, storms;
Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers, flowers;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets battled high,
Prospects immense spread out on all sides round;
Lost now beneath the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storms.

Most fit was such a place for musing men,
Happiest sometimes when musing without aim.
It was indeed a wondrous sort of bliss
The lovely bard enjoyed, when forth he walked,
Unpurposed; stood, and knew not why; sat down,
And knew not where; arose, and knew not when;
Had eyes, and saw not; ears, and nothing heard;
And sought, sought neither earth nor heaven; sought naught;
Nor meant to think; but ran, mean time, through vast
Of visionary things; fairer than aught
That was, and saw the distant tops of thoughts,
Which men of common stature never saw,
Greater than aught that largest worlds could hold,
Or give idea of, to those who read.

ROBERT POLLOK.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

(From "The Princess.")

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles,

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam glance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go.
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A SUMMER SABBATH WALK.

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness; it calms
My heart; pleasant the cool beneath these elms,
That throw across the streams a moveless shade.
Here Nature in her midnoon whisper speaks;
How peaceful every sound! the ring-dove's plaint,
Moaned from the twilight center of the grove,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprig trills her ditty clear;
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp; the buzz,

Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
That, soon as loosed, booms with full twang away;
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal,
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread,
Dimpling, the water glides; with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or, from above,
Some feathered dam, purveying midst the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize. Sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf,
Where safe and happily he might have lurked,
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and, worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream;
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and sinking, meets his fate.

Now let me trace the stream up to its source
Among the hills; its runnel by degrees
Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle;
Closer and closer still the banks approach,
Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble shoots,
With brier, and hazel branch, and hawthorn spray,
That, fain to quit the dangle, glad I mount
Into the open air. Grateful the breeze
That fans my throbbing temples; smiles the plain
Spread wide below; how sweet the placid view!
But oh, more sweet the thought, heart-soothing thought,
That thousands, and ten thousands of the sons
Of toil, partake this day the common joy
Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,
Of breathing in the silence of the woods,
And blessing him who gave the Sabbath day.
Yes, my heart flutters with a freer throb,
To think that now the townsman wanders forth
Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy
The coolness of the day's decline; to see
His children sport around, and simply pull
The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon,
Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.
Again I turn me to the hill and trace
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned;
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
And thinly strewed with heath-bells up and down.
Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
How deep the hush! the torrent's channel dry,
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
But, hark! a plaintive sound floating along!
'Tis from yon heath-roofed shielin; now it dies
Away, now rises full; it is the song
Which He, who listens to the hallelujahs
Of choiring seraphim, delights to hear;
It is the music of the heart, the voice
Of venerable age, of guileless youth,
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicker door. Behold the man!
The grandsire and the saint; his silvery locks
Beam in the parting ray; before him lies,
Upon the smooth-cropped sward, the open book,
His comfort, stay, and ever new delight!
While, heedless, at his side, the lisping boy
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

JAMES GRAHAME.

SWEET SWAN OF AVON.

(Poem read at the Dedication of a Fountain presented to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon by G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia.)

WELCOME, thrice welcome is thy silvery gleam,
Thou long imprisoned stream!
Welcome the tinkle of thy crystal beads
As splashing rain-drops to the flowery meads,
As summer's breath to Avon's whispering reeds!
From rock-walled channels, drowned in rayless night,
Leap forth to life and light;
Wake from the darkness of thy troubled dream,
And greet with answering smile the morning's beam!

No purer lymph the white-limbed Naiad knows
  Than from thy chalice flows;
Not the bright spring of Afric's sunny shores,
Starry with spangles washed from golden ores,
Nor glassy stream Blandusia's fountain pours,
Nor wave translucent where Sabrina fair
  Braids her loose-flowing hair,
Nor the swift current, stainless as it rose
Where chill Arveiron steals from Alpine snows.

Here shall the traveler stay his weary feet
  To seek thy calm retreat;
Here at high noon the brown-armed reaper rest;
Here, when the shadows, lengthening from the west,
Call the mute song-bird to his leafy nest,
Matron and maid shall chat the cares away
  That brooded o'er the day,
While flocking round them troops of children meet,
And all the arches ring with laughter sweet.

Here shall the steed his patient life who spends
  In toil that never ends,
Hot from his thirsty tramp o'er hill and plain,
Plunge his red nostrils, while the torturing rein
Drops in loose loops beside his floating mane;
Nor the poor brute that shares his master's lot—
  Find his small needs forgot—
Truest of humble, long enduring friends,
Whose presence cheers, whose guardian care defends!

Here lark and thrush and nightingale shall sip,
  And skimming swallows dip,
And strange shy wanderers fold their lustrous plumes
Fragrant from bowers that lent their sweet perfumes
Where Pæstum's rose or Persia's lilac blooms;
Here from his cloud the eagle stoops to drink
  At the full basin's brink,
And whet his beak against its rounded lip,
His glossy feathers glistening as they drip.

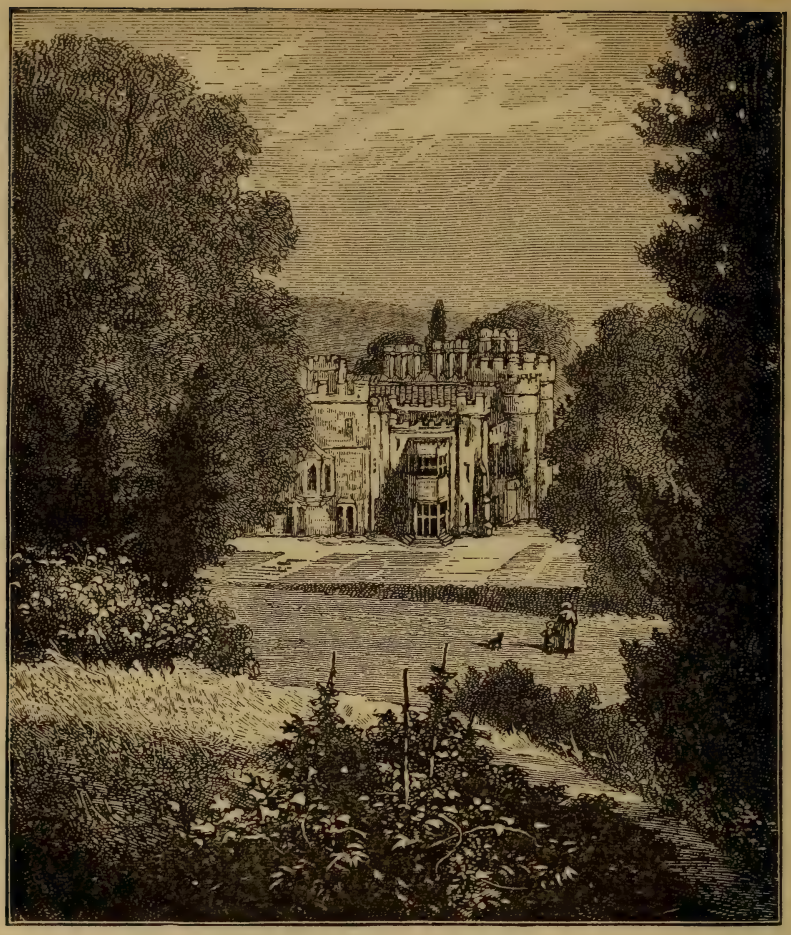
Here shall the dreaming poet linger long,
  Far from his listening throng—
Nor lute nor lyre his trembling hand shall bring;
Here no frail Muse shall imp her crippled wing,
No faltering minstrel strain his throat to sing!
These hallowed echoes who shall dare to claim,
  Whose tuneless voice would shame,
Whose jangling chords with jarring notes would wrong
The nymphs that heard the Swan of Avon's song?

What visions greet the pilgrim's raptured eyes!
  What ghosts made real arise!
The dead return—they breathe — they live again,
Joined by the host of Fancy's airy train,
Fresh from the springs of Shakspere's quickening brain!
The stream that slakes the soul's diviner thirst
  Here found the sunbeams first;
Rich with his fame, not less shall memory prize
The gracious gift that humbler wants supplies.

O'er the wide waters reached the hand that gave
  To all this bounteous wave,
With health and strength and joyous beauty fraught;
Blest be the generous pledge of friendship, brought
From the far home of brother's love, unbought!
Long may fair Avon's fountain flow, enrolled
With storied shrines of old,
Castalia's spring, Egeria's dewy cave,
And Horeb's rock the God of Israel clave!

Land of our Fathers, ocean makes us two,
  But heart to heart is true!
Proud is your towering daughter in the West,
Yet in her burning life-blood reign confest,
Her mother's pulses beating in her breast.
This holy fount, whose rills from heaven descend,
  Its gracious drops shall lend—
Both foreheads bathed in that baptismal dew,
And love make one the old home and the new.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!"

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall, ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across the greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime

Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath the eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.



FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.



"For to the hills has Freedom ever clung."

SONNET.

(Suggested by a proposition, on the part of the New York Historical Society, that a new poetical name should be given to the United States.)

WORTHY the patriot's thought and poet's lyre,
This second baptism of our native earth
To consecrate anew her manhood's fire,
By a true watchword all of mountain birth;
For to the hills has Freedom ever clung,
And their proud name shall designate the free;

That when its echoes through the land are rung,
Her children's breasts may warm to liberty!
My country! in the van of nations thou
Art called to raise Truth's lovely banner high;
'Tis fit a noble title grace thy brow,
Born of thy race, beneath thy matchless sky;
And Alps and Apennines resign their fame,
When thrills the world's deep heart with Alleghania's name.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering bloom delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play!
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed,
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful maiden's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove;
These were thy charms, sweet village! Sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms; but all thy charms are fled;
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green.
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lap-wing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look and brightened all the green,

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangled walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare, whom hounds and horn pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,



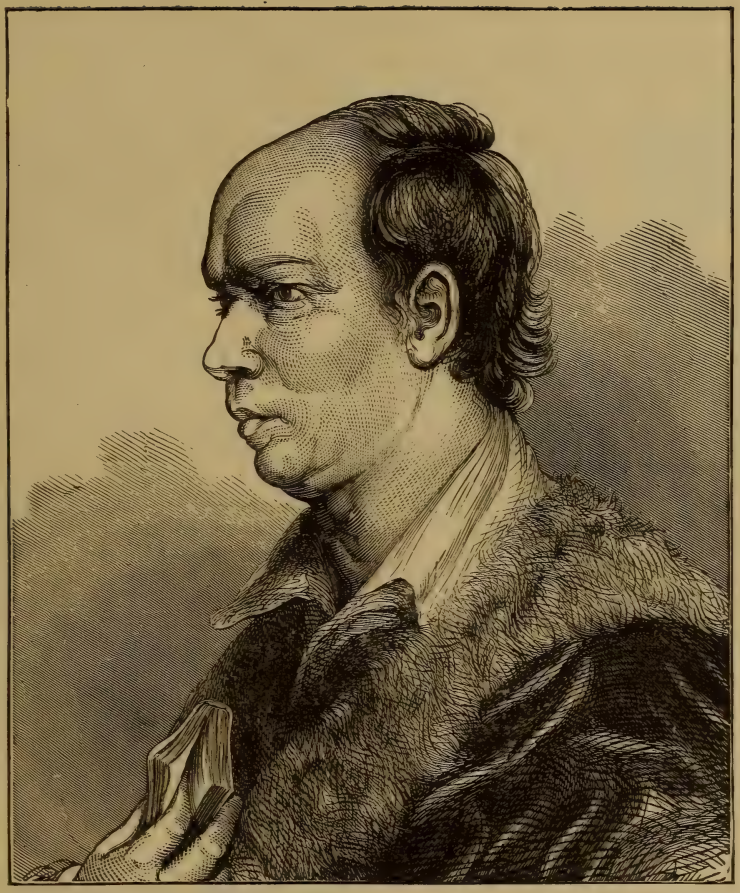
"And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree."

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down,
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.
I still had hope, for pride attends us still,
Here to return, and die at home at last.
O blessed retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine!
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly;
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,

Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves, to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently shapes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening at the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be passed.
Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless step and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice, that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the blooming flush of life is fled;
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain!
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich on forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched, than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood; at his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service passed, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,

But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too,
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could guage.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still,
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame; the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Now lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use;
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain transitory splendor! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined,
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain,
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name

That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horse, his equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary spots are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendor, feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed;
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms, a garden and a grave.
Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped, what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baleful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe,
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train,
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare;
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless, shivering female lies;
She once perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When, idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn—thine the loveliest train—
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.
Ah, no! to distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore:
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the wild tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies;



Oliver Goldsmith.

Far different these from every former scene;
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept; and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new found worlds, and wept for others' woe,
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave;
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent, went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms;
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O luxury! thou cursed by heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land;
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore and darken all the strand;
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there,
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly when sensual joys invade,
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so,
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell!—and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Tornea's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,—
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow;
And winter wraps the polar world in snow,—
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime.
Aid slighted truth; with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states of native strength possessed—
Though very poor—may still be very blessed;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

———o———

AUTUMN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

(From "The Land of Lorne.")

DAY after day, as the autumn advances, the tint of the hills is getting deeper and richer; and by October, when the beech leaf yellows, and the oak leaf reddens, the dim purples and deep greens of the heather are perfect. Of all seasons in Lorne the late autumn is perhaps the most beautiful. The sea has a deeper hue, the sky a mellower light. There are long days of northerly wind, when every crag looks perfect, wrought in gray

and gold, and silvered with moss, when the high clouds turn luminous at the edges, when a thin film of hoar-frost gleams over the grass and heather, when the light burns rosy and faint over all the hills, from Morven to Cruachan, for hours before the sun goes down. Out of the ditch at the woodside flaps the mallard, as you pass in the gloaming, and standing by the side of the small mountain loch, you see the flock of teal rise, wheel thrice, and settle. The hills are desolate, for the sheep are being sheared. There is a feeling of frost in the air, and Ben Cruachan has a crown of snow.

When dead of winter comes, how wondrous look the hills in their white robes! The rouud red ball of the sun looks through the frosty steam. The far-off firth gleams strange and ghostly, with a sense of mysterious distance. The mountain loch is a sheet of blue, on which you may disport in perfect solitude from morn to night, with the hills white on all sides, save where the broken snow shows the rusted leaves of the withered bracken. A deathly stillness and a deathlike beauty reign everywhere, and few living things are discernible, save the hare plunging heavily out of her form in the snow, or the rabbit scuttling off in a snowy spray, or the small birds piping disconsolate on the trees and dykes.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

———o———

A SWEDISH COUNTRY CHURCH.

(From the Introduction to "The Children of The Lord's Supper.")

FREQUENT, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadsides, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others, only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died, and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart: "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words; but the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



"I see the rabbit upward bound,
With pointed ears an instant look."

A FOREST WALK.

A LOVELY sky, a cloudless sun,
A wind that breathes of leaves and flowers,
O'er hill, through dale, my steps have won
To the cool forest's shadowy bowers;
One of the paths all round that wind,
Traced by the browsing herds, I choose,
And sights and sounds of human kind
In nature's lone recesses lose;

The beech displays its marbled bark,
The spruce its green tent stretches wide,
While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark,
The maple's scalloped dome beside;
All weave on high a verdant roof,
That keeps the very sun aloof,
Making a twilight soft and green
Within the columned, vaulted scene.

Sweet forest-odors have their birth
From the clothed boughs and teeming earth,
Where pine-cones dropped, leaves piled and dead,
Long tufts of grass, and stars of fern,
With many a wild flower's fairy urn,
A thick, elastic carpet spread;
Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk,
Resolving into soil, is sunk;
There, wrenched but lately from its throne
By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
Its huge roots massed with earth and stone,
One of the woodland kings is cast.

Above, the forest tops are bright
With the broad blaze of sunny light;
But now a fitful air-gust parts
The screening branches, and a glow
Of dazzling, startling radiance darts
Down the dark stems and breaks below;
The mingled shadows off are rolled,
The sylvan floor is bathed in gold;
Low sprouts and herbs' before unseen,
Display their shades of brown and green;
Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss;
The robin brooding in her nest,
Chirps as the quick ray strikes her breast;
And, as my shadow prints the ground,
I see the rabbit upward bound,
With pointed ears an instant look,
Then scamper to the darkest nook,
Where, with crouched limb and staring eye,
He watches while I saunter by.

A narrow vista, carpeted
With rich green grass, invites my tread;
Here showers the light in golden dots,
There sleeps the shade in ebon spots,
So blended that the very air
Seems net-work as I enter there.
The partridge, whose deep-rolling drum
Afar has sounded on my ear,
Ceasing his beatings as I come,
Whirs to the sheltering branches near;
The little milk-snake glides away,
The brindled marmot dives from day;
And now, between the boughs, a space
Of the blue, laughing sky I trace;
On each side shrinks the bowery shade;
Before me spreads an emerald glade;
The sunshine steeps its grass and moss,
That couch my foot-steps as I cross;
Merrily hums the tawny bee;
The glittering humming-bird I see;
Floats the bright butterfly along;
The insect choir is loud in song;
A spot of light and life, it seems
A fairy haunt for fancy's dreams.

Here stretched, the pleasant turf I press,
In luxury of idleness;
Sun-streaks, and glancing wings, and sky
Spotted with cloud-shapes, charm my eye;
While murmuring grass, and waving trees,
Their leaf-harps sounding to the breeze,
And water-tones that twinkle near
Blend their sweet music to my ear;
And by the changing shades alone
The passage of the hours is known.

ALFRED B. STREET.

OLD ENGLAND.

LAND of the rare old chronicle,
The legend and the lay,
Where deeds of fancy's dream or truths
Of all thine ancient day;
Land where the holly bough is green
Around the Druid's pile,
And greener yet the histories
That wreathe his rugged isle;

Land of old story, like thine oak,
The aged, but the strong,
And wound with antique mistletoe,
And ivy-wreaths of song.
Old isle and glorious, I have heard
Thy fame across the sea,
And know my fathers' homes are thine;
My fathers rest with thee.

And I have wooed thy poet-tide
From fountain head along,
From warbled gush to torrent roar,
And cataract of song.
And thou art no strange land to me,
From Cumberland to Kent,
With hills and vales of household name,
And woods of wild event!

For tales of Guy and Robin Hood
My childhood ne'er would tire,
And Alfred's poet story roused
My boyhood to the lyre.

* * * * *

Fair isle! thy Dove's wild dale along
With Walton have I roved,
And London, too, with all the heart

Of burly Johnson, loved.
Chameleon-like, my soul has ta'en
Its every hue from thine,
From Eastcheap's epidemic laugh
To Avon's gloom divine.

All thanks to pencil and to page
Of graver's mimic art,
That England's panorama gave
To picture up my heart;
That round my spirit's eye hath built
Thine old cathedral piles,
And flung the checkered window-light
Adown their trophied aisles.

I know thine abbey, Westminster,
As sea-birds know their nest,
And flies my home-sick soul to thee,
When it would find a rest;
Where princes and old bishops sleep,
With sceptre and with crook,
And mighty spirits haunt around
Each Gothic shrine and nook.

I feel the sacramental hue
Of choir and chapel there,
And pictured panes that chasten down
The day's unholy glare;
And dear it is, on cold gray stone,
To see the sunbeams crawl,
In long-drawn lines of colored light
That streak the bannered wall.

* * * * *

I've seen thy beacon banners blaze,
Our mountain coast along,
And swelled my soul with memories
Of old romaunt and song;
Of Chevy-chase, of Agincourt,
Of many a field that told
Of Norman and Plantagenet,
And all their fame of old:

* * * * *

Thy holy Church, the Church of God,
That hath grown old in thee,
Since there the ocean-roving Dove
Came bleeding from the sea;
When pierced afar, her weary feet
Could find no home but thine,
Until thine altars were her nest,
Thy fanes her glory's shrine.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

NUTTING.

IT seems a day,
(I speak of one from many singled out)
One of those heavenly days which cannot die;
When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
A nutting-crook in hand, and turned my steps
Toward the distant woods, a figure quaint,
Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds
Which for that service had been husbanded,
By exhortation of my frugal dame;
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and, in truth,



"Among the woods,
And o'er the pathless rocks I forced my way."

More ragged than need was. Among the woods,
And o'er the pathless rocks, I forced my way
Until, at length, I came to one dear nook
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation, but the hazels rose
Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,

A virgin scene! A little while I stood,
Breathing with such suppression of the heart
As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet; or beneath the trees I sate
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played,
A tempter known to those, who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope;
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves
The violets of five seasons re-appear
And fade, unseen by any human eye:
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
Forever; and I saw the sparkling foam,
And with my cheek on one of those green stones
That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep,
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash
And merciless ravage; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being, and, unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past,
Even then, when from the bower I turned away
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees and the intruding sky.
Then, dearest Maiden! move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch, for there is a spirit in the woods.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them, ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplications. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn, thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.
Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here; thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship; nature here,
In the tranquility that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,



"Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof."

From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that midst its herbs
Wells softly forth, and, wandering, steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me; the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die, but see again
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses, ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly than their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms upon her bosom yet;
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy, Death; yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulcher,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have an end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them;—and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. Oh, God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rulest them. Be it ours to meditate,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

———o———

THE ALHAMBRA BY MOONLIGHT.

(From "The Alhambra.")

I HAVE given a picture of my apartment on my first taking possession of it; a few evenings have produced a thorough change in the scene and in my feelings. The moon, which was then invisible, has gradually gained upon the nights, and now rolls in full splendor above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window is gently lighted up; the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver; the fountain sparkles in the moonbeams, and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible.

I have sat for hours at my window inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the chequered features of those whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant memorials around. Sometimes I have issued forth at midnight when everything was quiet, and have wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate, and in such a place! The temperature of an Andalusian midnight in summer is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; there is a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame that render mere existence enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too, on the Alhambra has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every mouldering tint and weather stain disappears; the marble resumes its original whiteness; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams; the halls are illumined with a softened radiance, until the whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

At such time I have ascended to the little pavillion called the Queen's Toilette, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right, the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada



THE ALHAMBRA.

would gleam like silver clouds against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of the tocador, and gaze down upon Granada, spread out like a map before me, all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping as it were in the moonshine.

Sometimes I would hear the faint sounds of castanets from some party of dancers lingering in the Alameda; at other times I have heard the dubious tones of a guitar, and the notes of a single voice rising from some solitary street, and have pictured to myself some youthful cavalier serenading his lady's window; a gallant custom of former days, but now sadly on the decline except in the remote towns and villages of Spain.

Such are the scenes that have detained me for many an hour loitering about the courts and balconies of the castle, enjoying the mixture of reverie and sensation which steal away

existence in a southern climate, and it has been almost morning before I have retired to my bed, and been lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Lindaraxa.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

———o———

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires! ye antique towers!
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of mead, of lawn, survey;
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames—for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace—
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;
Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train:
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame, that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy;
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse, by blood defiled,
And moody Madness, laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen;
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage;
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming age,

To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise;
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise!

THOMAS GRAY.



ETON COLLEGE, FROM THE RIVER.

SONNET.

(Composed upon Westminster Bridge.)

EARTH has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock, and hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep;
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God! The very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE THAMES.

(From "Cooper's Hill.")

MY eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most loved of all the ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no remembrance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring,
And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil,
But God-like his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common, as the sea or wind.
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tribute of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tours
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full,

But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

LINES.

(Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye.)

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters: and again I hear
These waters rolling from their mountain springs
With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive woods run wild; these pastoral farms,

Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire,
The hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration; feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime: that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened; that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet oh, how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee!
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again,
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of pleasant pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the side
Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams,
Wherever Nature led; more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a feeling, and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, the soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor, perchance,

If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay;
For thou art with me, here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh, yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk,
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee; and, in after years,
When these wild ecstacies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory shall be as a dwelling place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh, then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshiper of Nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service—rather say
With warmer love; oh, with far deeper zeal
Of holier love! Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.

"I FOUND a Rome of common clay," imperial Cæsar cried;
"I left a Rome of marble!" No other Rome beside!
The ages wrote their autographs along the sculptured stone—
The golden eagles flew abroad—Augustan splendors shone—
They made a Roman of the world! They trailed the classic robe,
And flung the Latin toga around the naked globe!

"I found Chicago wood and clay," a mightier Kaiser said,
Then flung upon the sleeping mart his royal robes of red,
And temple, dome, and colonnade, and monument and spire
Put on the crimson livery of dreadful Kaiser Fire!
The stately piles of polished stone were shattered into sand,
And madly drove the dread simoon, and snowed them on the land;
And rained them till the sea was red, and scorched the wings of prayer!
Like thistle-down ten thousand homes went drifting through the air,
And dumb Dismay walked hand in hand with frozen-eyed Despair!

CHICAGO vanished in a cloud—the towers were storms of sleet,
Lo! ruins of a thousand years along the spectral street!

The night burned out between the days! The ashen hoar-frost fell,
As if some demon set ajar the bolted gates of hell,
And let the molten billows break the adamantine bars,
And roll the smoke of torment up to smother out the stars!
The low, dull growl of powder-blasts just dotted off the din,
As if they tolled for perished clocks the time that might have been!
The thunder of the fiery surf roared human accents dumb;
The trumpet's clangor died away a wild bee's drowsy hum,



"Chicago vanished in a cloud—the towers were storms of sleet,
Lo! ruins of a thousand years along the spectral street."

And breakers beat the empty world that rumbled like a drum.
O cities of the Silent Land! O Graceland and Rosehill!
No tombs without their tenantry? The pale host sleeping still?
Your marble thresholds dawning red with holocaustal glare,
As if the Waking Angel's foot were set upon the stair!

But ah, the human multitudes that marched before the flame—
As 'mid the Red Sea's wavy walls the ancient people came!
Behind, the rattling chariots! the Pharaoh of Fire!
The rallying volley of the whips, the jarring of the tire!—
Looked round, and saw the homeless world as dismal as a pyre—
Looked up, and saw God's blessed Blue a firmament so dire!
As in the days of burning Troy, when Virgil's hero fled,
So gray and trembling pilgrims found some younger feet instead,
That bore them through the wilderness with bold elastic stride,
And Ruth and Rachel, pale and brave, in silence walked beside;
Those Bible girls of Judah's day did make that day sublime—
Leave life but them, no other loss can ever bankrupt Time!

Men stood and saw their all caught up in chariots of flame—
No mantle falling from the sky they ever thought to claim,
And empty-handed as the dead, they turned away and smiled,
And bore a stranger's household gods and saved a stranger's child!
What valor brightened into shape, like statues in a hall,
When on their dusky panoply the blazing torches fall,
Stood bravely out, and saw the world spread wings of fiery flight,
And not a trinket of a star to crown disastered night!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

THE TRAVELER.

(Extracts.)

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po,
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts his door,
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies,
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And finds no spot of all the world my own.

* * * * *

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountains' side,
Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride,
While oft some temple's mouldering top between
With memorable grandeur marks the scene.
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest:
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows;
In florid beauty groves and fields appear;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, though untrue,
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state.
At her command the palace learned to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies,
The canvass glowed, beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While naught remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave,
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;

From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled:
The sports of children satisfy the child.
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul,
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind.
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts but small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives the venturous plowshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze,
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply, too, some pilgrim, hither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprint the patriot passion on his heart,
And even those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms
And dear the hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SONNET.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn!
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A CHAMBER SCENE.

TREAD softly through these amorous rooms,
For every bough is hung with life,
And kisses, in harmonious strife,
Unloose their sharp and winged perfumes:
From Afric, and the Persian looms,
The carpet's silken leaves have sprung,
And heaven, in its blue bounty, flung
These starry flowers, and azure blooms.

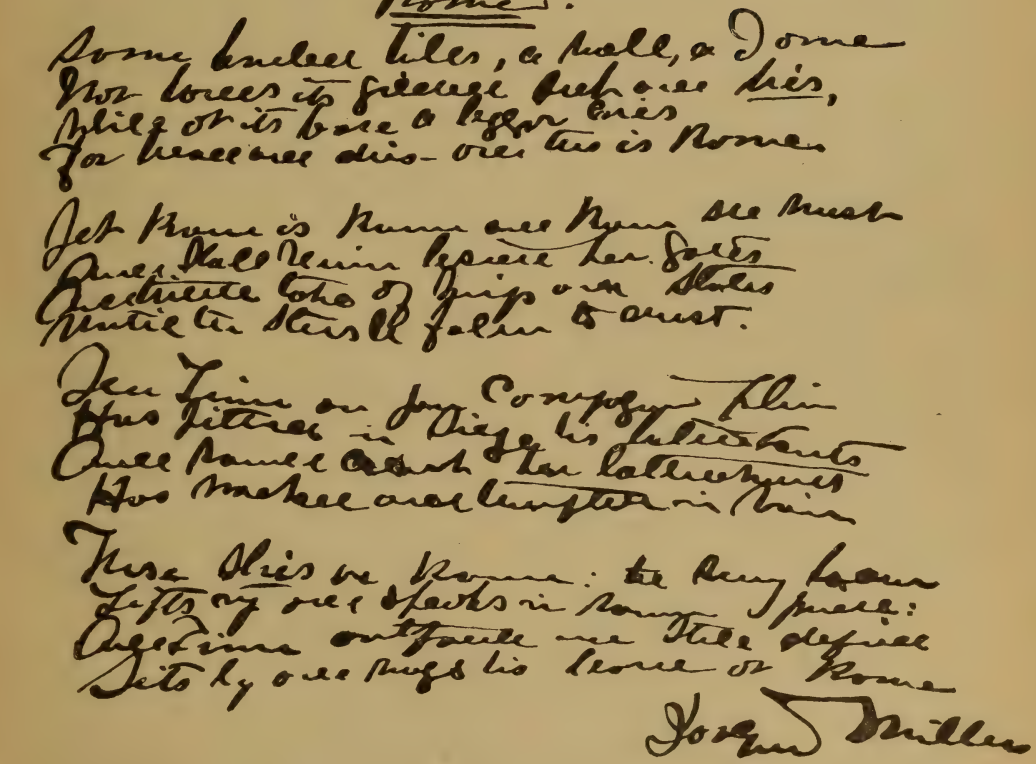
Tread softly! by a creature fair
The deity of love reposes,

His red lips open, like the roses
Which round his hyacinthine hair
Hang in crimson coronals;
And Passion fills the arched halls,
And Beauty floats upon the air.

Tread softly, softly, like the foot
Of Winter, shod with fleecy snow,
Who cometh white, and cold, and mute,
Lest he should wake the Spring below.
Oh look! for here lie Love and Youth,
Fair spirits of the heart and mind!
Alas! that one should stray from truth,
And one be ever, ever blind!

BRYAN W. PROCTER.
(Barry Cornwall.)

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———o———

RUINS ON THE RHINE.

(From "The Mill on the Floss.")

JOURNEYING down the Rhone on a summer's day, you have perhaps felt the sunshine made dreary by those ruined villages which stud the banks in certain parts of its course, telling how the swift river once rose, like an angry, destroying god, sweeping down the feeble generations whose breath is in their nostrils, and making their dwellings a desolation. Strange contrast, you may have thought, between the effect produced on us by these dismal remnants of common-place houses, which in their best days were but the sign of a sor-

did life, belonging in all its details to our own vulgar era; and the effect produced by these ruins on the castled Rhine, which have crumbled and mellowed into such harmony with the green and rocky steeps, that they seem to have a natural fitness, like the mountain pine; nay, even in the day when they were built they must have had this fitness, as if they had been raised by an earth-born race, who had inherited from their mighty parent a sublime instinct of form. And that was a day of romance! If those robber-barons were somewhat grim and drunken ogres, they had a certain grandeur of the wild beast in them, they were forest boars with tusks, tearing and rending, not the ordinary grunter; they represented the demon forces forever in collision with beauty, virtue, and the gentle uses of life; they made a fine contrast in the picture with the wandering minstrel, the soft-lipped princess, the pious recluse, and the timid Israelite. That was a time of color, when the sunlight fell on glancing steel and floating banners; a time of adventure and fierce struggle, nay, of living, religious art and religious enthusiasm; for were not cathedrals built in those days, and did not great emperors leave their Western palaces to die before the infidel strongholds in the sacred East? Therefore it is that these Rhine castles thrill me with a sense of poetry: they belong to the grand historic life of humanity, and raise up for me the vision of an epoch. But these dead-tinted, hollow-eyed, angular skeletons of villages on the Rhone oppress me with the feeling that human life, very much of it, is a narrow, ugly, grovelling existence, which even calamity does not elevate, but rather tends to exhibit in all its bare vulgarity of conception; and I have a cruel conviction that the lives of these ruins are the traces of, were part of a gross sum of obscure vitality, that will be swept into the same oblivion with the generations of ants and beavers.

MARIAN EVANS CROSS.
("George Eliot.")

———o———

AT SORRENTO.

CLEAR quiet waters, like the pale green sky
That in smooth sunsets spans from gold to gold;
And when the windy ripple flickers by
It breaks and plashes on the thwarting beach;
But there the sunken stones in stillness lie.
The seaweeds stir not that the crannies hold:
Calm is below the deepness out of reach.

Yet there was once the servant's busy tread;
Or, languidly, trailed robes would sweep the hall;
There silken rest was sweet with noon o'erhead;
There, on the terraced court — the rose ablow—
With gossip friends from Rome the cup was shed,
And girls went whispering in the evening fall,
And children at their play passed to and fro.

A reef beneath the sea where the boats ride
And fishers cast their nets; and well I wot
The goodly home was boasted far and wide.
A reef beneath the sea; this much remains.
But they that were its life, 'neath Time's smooth tide,
Are hidden out of very thought, forgot—
Lost in the fathomless dark of ocean plains.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

THE FORSAKEN FARM-HOUSE.

AGAINST the wooded hills it stands,
Ghost of a dead home, staring through
Its broken lights on wasted lands
Where old-time harvests grew.

Unploughed, unsown, by scythe unshorn,
The poor forsaken farm-fields lie,
Once rich and rife with golden corn
And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
The garden plot no house-wife keeps;
Through weeds and tangle only left,
The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A lilac spray, once blossom clad,
Sways bare before the empty rooms;
Beside the roofless porch a sad,
Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track, in mould and dust of drouth,
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,
And in the fireless chimney's mouth
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn about to fall
Resounds no more on husking eaves;
No cattle low in yard or stall,
No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear! It seems almost
Some haunting presence makes its sign;
That down yon shadowy lane some ghost
Might drive his spectral kine!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE ALPS.

(From "Childe Harold," Canto III.)

BUT these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

* * * * *

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace,
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue:
There is too much of man here to look through
With a fit mind the might which I behold;
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in their fold.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

SOLITUDE.

(From "Childe Harold," Canto IV.)

TO sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming fall to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.



"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand."

VENICE.

(From "Childe Harold," Canto IV.)

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

FROM THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

EXTERIOR OF THE CASTLE.

IN lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half-pranked with spring, with summer half-embrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
Ne living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was naught around but images of rest;
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets played
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen,
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then, sweet Philomel,
Or stockdoves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where naught but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow,

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round the summer sky;
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instill a wanton sweetness through the breast;
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off dispelled from this delicious nest.

INTERIOR OF THE CASTLE.

The doors, that knew no shrill, alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where who can tell
What elegance and grandeur far expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
With wines high-flavored and rich viands crowned;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean 'genders in his round,
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses played.

Here freedom reigned, without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen, durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenomed tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? There was one great rule for all:
To wit, that each might work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale;
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heard;
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams around, repose and peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then; of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed;
Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise;
Or autumn's varied shades embrown the walls;
Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes;
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclined,
Lulled the weak bosom, and induced ease;
Aerial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung and breathed such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas; with soft perdition please;
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and cares.

THE GUESTS.

(The portraits given are those of Quin, the actor, Thomson himself, and his friend Dr. Murdoch. The stanza describing Thomson was contributed by Lord Lyttleton.)

Here whilom ligged the Esopus of the age;
But called by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restored him to the stage,
And roused him like a giant from his sleep.
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap;
With double force the enlivened scene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum; now the heart he shakes,
And now with well urged sense the enlightened judgment shakes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Poured forth his unpremeditated strain;
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laughed he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaffed, encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage; his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod.
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God
Was one I chiefly marked amid the fry!
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chanced to trippen by;
Which, when observed, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

JAMES THOMSON.

ON A LIBRARY.

SPEAK low, tread softly through these halls;
Here Genius lives enshrined;
Here live, in silent majesty,
The monarchs of the mind!
A mighty spirit-host they come
From every age and clime;
Above the buried wrecks of years,
They breast the tide of Time,
And in their presence-chamber here,
They hold their regal state,
And round them throng a noble train,
The gifted and the great.

O child of earth! when round thy path
The storms of life arise,
And when thy brothers pass thee by
With stern, unloving eyes,
Here shall the poets chant for thee
Their sweetest, holiest lays,
And prophets wait to guide thy steps
In wisdom's pleasant ways.
Come, with these God-anointed kings
Be thou companion here,
And in the mighty realm of mind
Thou shalt go forth a peer.

ANNE C. (LYNCH) BOTTA.

MODERN GREECE.

(From "Childe Harold," Canto II.)

YET are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey Marathon.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame;
The battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,

As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word;
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
Recording freedom's smile and Asia's tear;
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendor past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

———o———

ITALY.

(From "Pictures from Italy.")

WHAT light is shed upon the world at this day, from amidst these rugged palaces of Florence! Here, open to all comers, in their beautiful and calm retreats, the ancient sculptors are immortal, side by side with Michael Angelo, Canova, Titian, Rembrandt, Raphael, poets, historians, philosophers—those illustrious men of history, beside whom its crowned head and harnessed warriors show so poor and small, and are so soon forgotten. Here, the imperishable part of noble minds survives, placid and equal, when strongholds of assault and defence are overthrown; when the tyranny of the many, or the few, or both, is but a tale; when pride and power are so much cloistered dust. The fire within the stern streets, and among the massive palaces and towers, kindled by rays from heaven, is still burning brightly, when the flickering of war is extinguished, and the household fires of generations have decayed: as thousands upon thousands of faces, rigid with the strife and passion of the hour, have faded out of the old squares and public haunts, while the nameless Florentine lady, preserved from oblivion by a painter's hand, yet lives on in enduring grace and truth.

Let us look back on Florence while we may, and when its shining dome is seen no more, go travelling through cheerful Tuscany, with a bright remembrance of it; for Italy will be the fairer for the recollection. The summer time being come; and Genoa, and Milan, and the Lake of Como lying far behind us; and we resting at Faido, a Swiss village, near the awful rocks and mountains, the everlasting snows and roaring cataracts, of the Great St. Gothard, hearing the Italian tongue for the last time on this journey; let us part from Italy, with all its miseries and wrongs, affectionately, in our admiration of the beauties, natural and artificial, of which it is full to overflowing, and in our tenderness towards a people naturally well disposed, and patient, and sweet-tempered. Years of neglect, oppression, and misrule, have been at work, to change their nature and reduce their spirit; miserable jealousies fomented by petty princes to whom union was destruction, and division strength, have been a canker at the root of their nationality, and have barbarized their language; but the good that was in them ever, is in them yet, and a noble people may be one day raised up from these ashes. Let us entertain that hope! And let us not remember Italy the less regardfully, because in every fragment of her fallen temples, and every stone of her deserted palaces and prisons, she helps

to inculcate the lesson that the wheel of Time is rolling for an end, and that the world is in all great essentials, better, gentler, and more forbearing, more hopeful as it rolls!

CHARLES DICKENS.

———o———

PHŒBE PYNCHEON'S CHAMBER.

(From "The House of the Seven Gables.")

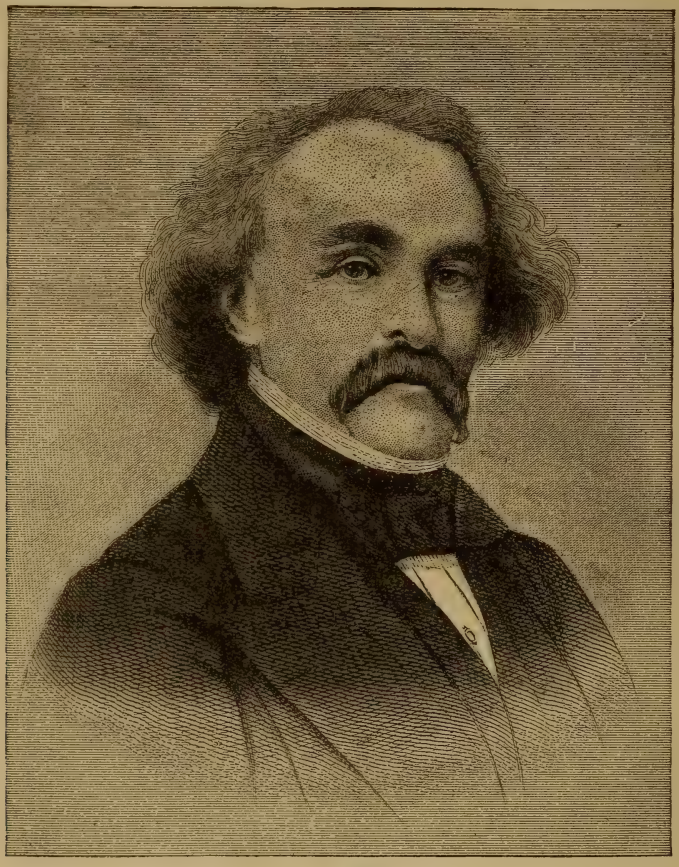
PHŒBE Pyncheon slept, on the night of her arrival, in a chamber that looked down on the garden of the old house. It fronted toward the east, so that at a very seasonable hour the glowing crimson light came flooding through the window and bathed the dingy ceiling and paper-hangings with its own hue. There were curtains to Phœbe's bed; a dark antique canopy and ponderous festoons, of a stuff that had been magnificent in its time, but which now brooded over the girl like a cloud, making a night in that one corner, while elsewhere it was beginning to be day. The morning light, however, soon stole into the aperture at the foot of the bed betwixt those faded curtains. Finding the new guest there with a bloom on the cheeks like the morning's own, and a gentle stir of departing slumber in her limbs, as when an early breeze moves the foliage, the dawn kissed her brow. It was the caress which a dewy maiden, such as the dawn is immortally, gives to her sleeping sister, partly from an impulse of irresistible fondness, and partly as a pretty hint that it is time now to unclose her eyes.

At the touch of those lips of light Phœbe quietly awoke, and for a moment did not recognize where she was, nor how those heavy curtains chanced to be festooned around her. Nothing, indeed, was absolutely plain to her, except that it was now early morning, and, that, whatever might happen next, it was proper first of all to get up and say her prayers. She was the more inclined to devotion from the grim aspect of the chamber and its furniture, especially the tall, stiff chairs; one of which stood close to her bedside, and looked as if some old-fashioned personage had been sitting there all night, and had vanished just in season to escape discovery.

When Phœbe was quite dressed, she peeped out of the window, and saw a rose-bush in the garden. Being a very tall one, and of luxuriant growth, it had been propped up against the side of the house, and was literally covered with a rare and very beautiful species of white rose. A large portion of them, as the girl afterward discovered, had blight or mildew at their hearts; but viewed at a fair distance, the whole rose-bush looked as if it had been brought from Eden that very summer, together with the mould in which it grew. The truth was, nevertheless, that it had been planted by Alice Pyncheon—she was Phœbe's great-great-grand-aunt—in soil which, reckoning only its cultivation as a garden-plat, was now unctuous with nearly two hundred years of vegetable decay. Growing as they did, however, out of the old earth, the flowers still sent a fresh and sweet incense up to their Creator; nor could it have been the less pure and acceptable because Phœbe's young breath mingled with it, as the fragrance floated past the window. Hastening down the creaking and carpetless staircase, she found her way into the garden, gathered some of the most perfect of the roses, and brought them to her chamber.

Little Phœbe was one of those persons who possess, as their exclusive patrimony, the gift of practical arrangement. It is a kind of natural magic that enables those favored ones to bring out the hidden capabilities of things around them; and particularly to give a look of comfort and habitableness to any place which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their home. A wild hut of underbrush, tossed together by wayfarers through the primitive forest, would acquire the home aspect by one night's lodging of such a woman, and would retain it long after her quiet figure had disappeared into the surrounding shade. No less a por-

tion of such homely witchcraft was requisite to reclaim, as it were, Phœbe's waste, cheerless, dusky chamber, which had been untenanted so long except by spiders, and mice, and rats, and ghosts, that it was all overgrown with the desolation which watches to obliterate every trace of men's happier homes. What was precisely Phœbe's process we find it impossible to say. She appeared to have no preliminary design, but gave a touch here and another there; brought some articles to light and dragged others into the shadow; looped up or let down a window curtain; and in the course of half an hour had fully succeeded in throwing a kindly and hospitable smile over the apartment.



Nathaniel Hawthorne.

There was still another peculiarity of this inscrutable charm. The bed-chamber, no doubt, was a chamber of very great and varied experience as a scene of human life. Here had come the bride-groom with his bride; new immortals had here drawn their first breath; and here the old had died. But whether it were the white roses, or whatever the subtle influence might be, a person of delicate instinct would have known at once that it was now a maiden's bed-chamber, and had been purified of all former evil and sorrow by her sweet breath and happy thoughts.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE HOLLOW DOWN BY THE FLARE.

(From "Our Mutual Friend.")

"YES. Then as I sit alooking at the fire, I seem to see in the burning coal—like where that glow is now—"

"That's gas, that is," said the boy, "coming out of a bit of a forest that's been under the mud that was under the water in the days of Noah's Ark. Look here! When I take the poker—so—and give it a dig—"

"Don't disturb it, Charley, or it'll be all in a blaze. It's that dull glow near it, coming and going, that I mean. When I look at it of an evening, it comes like pictures to me, Charley."

"Show us a picture," said the boy. "Tell us where to look."

"Ah! It wants my eyes, Charley."

"Cut away, then, and tell us what your eyes make of it."

"Why, there are you and me, Charley, when you were quite a baby that never knew a mother—"

"Don't go saying I never knew a mother," interposed the boy, "for I knew a little sister that was sister and mother both."

The girl laughed delightedly, and her eyes filled with pleasant tears, as he put both his arms round her waist, and so held her.

"There are you and me, Charley, when father was away at work, and locked us out, for fear we should set ourselves afire or fall out of the window, sitting on the door-sill, sitting on other door-steps, sitting on the bank of a river, wandering about to get through the time. You are rather heavy to carry, Charley, and I am often obliged to rest. Sometimes we are sleepy and fall asleep together in a corner, sometimes we are very hungry, sometimes we are a little frightened, but what is oftenest hard upon us is the cold. You remember, Charley?"

"I remember," said the boy, pressing her to him twice or thrice, "that I snuggled under a little shawl, and it was warm there."

"Sometimes it rains, and we creep under a boat, or the like of that; sometimes it's dark, and we get among the gaslights, sitting watching the people as they go along the streets. At last, up comes father and takes us home. And home seems such a shelter after out of doors! And father pulls my shoes off, and dries my feet at the fire, and has me to sit by him while he smokes his pipe long after you are abed, and I notice that father's is a large hand, but never a heavy one when it touches me, and that father's is a rough voice, but never an angry one when it speaks to me. So, I grow up, and little by little father trusts me and makes me his companion, and, let him be put out as he may, never once strikes me."

The listening boy gave a grunt here, as much as to say, "But he strikes *me*, though!"

"Those are some of the pictures of what is past, Charley."

"Cut away again," said the boy," and give us a fortune-telling one; a future one."

"Well! There am I, continuing with father and holding to father, because father loves me and I love father. I can't so much as read a book, because, if I had learned, father would have thought I was deserting him, and I should have lost my influence. I have not the influence I want to have, I cannot stop some dreadful things I try to stop, but I go on in the hope and trust that the time will come. In the meanwhile I know that I am in some things a stay to father, and that if I was not faithful to him he would—in revenge-like, or in disappointment, or both—go wild and bad."

"Give us a touch of the fortune-telling pictures about me."

"I was passing on to them, Charley," said the girl, who had not changed her attitude since she began, and who now mournfully shook her head; "the others were all leading up. There are you—"

"Where am I, Liz?"

"Still in the hollow down by the flare."

"There seems to be the deuce-and-all in the hollow down by the flare," said the boy, glancing from her eyes to the brazier, which had a grisly skeleton look on its long thin legs.

"There are you, Charley, working your way, in secret from father, at the school; and you get prizes; and you go on better and better; and you come to be a—what was it you called it when you told me about that?"

"Ha, ha! Fortune-telling not to know the name!" cried the boy, seeming to be rather relieved by this default on the part of the hollow down by the flare. "Pupil teacher."

"You come to be a pupil-teacher, and you still go on better and better, and you rise to be a master full of learning and respect. But the secret has come to father's knowledge long before, and it has divided you from father, and from me."

"No, it hasn't!"

"Yes, it has, Charley. I see, as plain as plain can be, that your way is not ours, and that even if father could be got to forgive your taking it (which he never could be), that way of yours would be darkened by our way. But I see too, Charley—"

"Still as plain as plain can be, Liz?" asked the boy, playfully.

"Ah! Still. That is a great work to have cut you away from father's life, and to have made a new and good beginning. So there am I, Charley, left alone with father, keeping him as straight as I can, watching for more influence than I have, and hoping that through some fortunate chance, or when he is ill, or when—I don't know what—I may turn him to wish to do better things."

"You said you couldn't read a book, Lizzie. Your library of books is the hollow down by the flare, I think."

CHARLES DICKENS.

———o———

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

(Extract.)

OH, very gloomy is the house of woe,
Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,
With all the dark solemnities that show
That Death is in the dwelling!

Oh, very, very dreary is the room
Where Love, domestic Love, no longer nestles,
But smitten by the common stroke of doom,
The corpse lies on the trestles!

But house of woe, and hearse, and sable pall,
The narrow home of the departed mortal,
Ne'er looked so gloomy as that Ghostly Hall,
With its deserted portal!

The centipede along the threshold crept,
The cobweb hung across in mazy tangle,
And in its winding sheet the maggot slept
At every nook and angle.

The keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood,
The emmets of the steps had old possession,
And marched in search of their diurnal food
In undisturbed procession.

As undisturbed as the prehensile cell
Of moth or maggot, or the spider's tissue,
For never foot upon that threshold fell,
To enter or to issue.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.

Howbeit, the door I pushed—or so I dreamed—
Which slowly, slowly gaped, the hinges creaking
With such a rusty eloquence, it seemed
That Time himself was speaking.

But Time was dumb within that mansion old,
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners
That hung from the corroded walls, and told
Of former men and manners.

Those tattered flags, that with the opened door,
Seemed the old wave of battle to remember,
While fallen fragments danced upon the floor
Like dead leaves in December.

The startled bats flew out, bird after bird,
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seemed to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter!

A shriek that echoed from the joisted roof,
And up the stair, and further still and further,
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof
It ceased its tale of murther!

The wood-louse dropped, and rolled into a ball,
Touched by some impulse occult or mechanic;
And nameless beetles ran along the wall
In universal panic.

The subtle spider, that, from overhead,
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,
Suddenly turned, and up its slender thread
Ran with a nimble terror.

The very stains and fractures on the wall,
Assuming features solemn and terrific,
Hinted some tragedy of that old hall,
Locked up in hieroglyphic.



"One lonely ray that glanced upon a bed,
To show the Bloody Hand, in burning red."

Meanwhile the rusty armor rattled round,
The banner shuddered, and the ragged streamer;
All things the horrid tenor of the sound
Acknowledged with a tremor.

The antlers where the helmet hung, and belt,
Stirred as the tempest stirs the forest branches,
Or as the stag had trembled when he felt
The bloodhound at his haunches.

The window jingled in its crumbled frame,
And through its many gaps of destitution
Dolorous moans and hollow sighings came,
Like those of dissolution.

Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt,
Wherefore, among those flags so dull and livid,
The banner of the bloody hand shone out
So ominously vivid.

Some key to that inscrutable appeal
Which made the very frame of Nature quiver,
And every thrilling nerve and fiber feel
So ague-like a shiver.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,

And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

* * * * *

Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread,
But through one gloomy entrance pointing mostly,
The while some secret inspiration said,
"That chamber is the ghostly!"

Across the door no gossamer festoon
Swung pendulous, — no web, no dusty fringes,
No silky chrysalis or white cocoon,
About its nooks and hinges.

The spider shunned the interdicted room,
The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banished,
And when the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom,
The very midge had vanished.

One lonely ray that glanced upon a bed,
As if with awful aim direct and certain,
To show the Bloody Hand, in burning red,
Embroidered on the curtain.

THOMAS HOOD.

———o———

TO A LIBRARY.

(Extract.)

WISDOM loves
This seat serene and virtue's self approves:
Here comes the grieved, a change of thought to find,—
The curious here to feed a craving mind;
Here the devout their peaceful temple choose,
And here the poet meets his favorite muse.
With awe, around these silent walks I tread,—
These are the lasting mansions of the dead:
"The dead!" methinks a thousand tongues reply;
"These are the tombs of such as cannot die!
Crowned with eternal fame, they sit sublime,
And laugh at all the little strife of time!"

GEORGE CRABBE.



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

———o———

DESCRIPTION OF ARCADIA.

THERE were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security; while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

REFLECTION.

"Many are the thoughts that come
to me,
In my lonely musing,
And they drift so strange and swift
There's no time for choosing
Which to follow, for to leave
Any, seems a losing."

CRANCH.



Morning Meditations.



"Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully."

Poems of Reflection.

PROEM.

I LOVE the old melodious lays
That softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvelous notes I try:
I feel them as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often Labor's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtile lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

"THE SUNRISE NEVER FAILED US YET."

UPON the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;

From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more;
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.

CELIA THAXTER.



"Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet."

PAIN IN PLEASURE.

A THOUGHT lay like a flower upon mine heart,
And drew around it other thoughts, like bees
For multitude and thirst of sweetnesses;
Whereat rejoicing, I desired the art
Of the Greek whistler, who to wharf and mart
Could lure these insect swarms from orange-trees,
That I might hive with me such thoughts, and please
My soul, so always. Foolish counterpart
Of a weak man's vain wishes! While I spoke,
The thought I called a flower grew nettle-rough;
The thoughts called bees stung me to festering.
Oh, entertain, cried Reason, as she woke,
Your best and gladdest thoughts but long enough,
And they will all prove sad enough to sting!

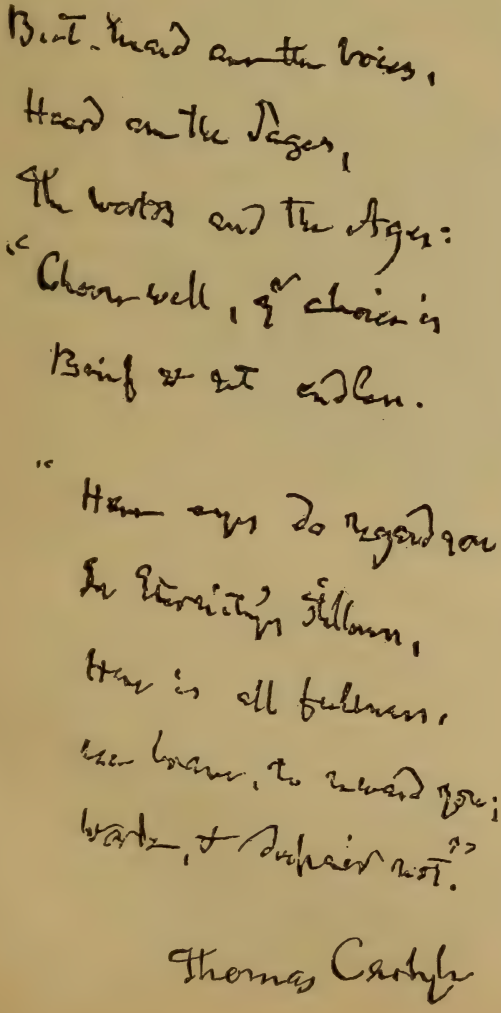
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

NOTHING LOST.

DETACHED, separated! I say there is no such separation; nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all; is borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of action, and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order; else how could it rot? Despise not the rag from which man makes paper, or the litter from which the earth makes corn. Rightly viewed, no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic mind looks into infinitude itself.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

———o———



THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

(Mrs. Browning's favorite among Longfellow's Poems.)

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I brdathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

———

NATURE AND ART.

(From "Keramos.")

ART is the child of Nature; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The feature of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude,
All her majestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and subdued
Into a more attractive grace,
And with a human sense imbued.
He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler needs,
As he who sets his willing feet
In Nature's footprints, light and fleet,
And follows fearless where she leads.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

I.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstacy?

II.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve,
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

III.

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

IV.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

V.

O Attic shape! Fair altitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As does eternity. Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

JOHN KEATS.

ECHOES.

OFTTIMES when Even's scarlet flag
Floats from the crest of distant woods,
And over moorland waste and crag
A weary, voiceless sorrow broods,
Around me hover to and fro
The ghosts of songs heard long ago.

And often midst the rush of wheels,
Of passing and repassing feet,
When half a headlong city reels
Triumphant down the noontide street,
Above the tumult of the throngs
I hear again the same old songs.

Rest and Unrest—'Tis strange that ye,
Who lie apart as pole from pole,
Should sway with one strong sovereignty
The secret issues of the soul;
Strange that ye both should hold the keys
Of prisoned tender memories.

It may be when the landscape's rim
Is red and slumbrous round the west,
The spirit too grows still and dim,
And turns in half-unconscious quest
To those forgotten lullabies
That whilom closed the infant's eyes.

And maybe, when the city mart
Roars with its fullest, loudest tide,
The spirit loses helm and chart,
And on an instant terrified,

Has fled across the space of years
To notes that banished childhood's fears.

We know not—but 'tis sweet to know
Dead hours still haunt the living day,
And sweet to hope that, when the slow,
Sure message beckons us away,
The past may send some tuneful breath
To echo round the bed of death.

ANONYMOUS.

———o———



"The light of the bright world dies
With the setting sun."

LIGHT.

(The reputation of the Hon. William Robert Spencer rests upon a dozen lines only: "Too Late I Stayed." The reputation of Bourdillon was established by the following eight lines, written while an Oxford under-graduate:)

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the setting sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

———o———

APPRECIATION.

TO the seashell's spiral round
'Tis your heart that brings the sound;
The soft sea-murmurs that you hear
Within, are captured from your ear,
You do poets and their song
A grievous wrong,
If your own soul does not bring
To their high imagining
As much beauty as they sing.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

MERCY.

(From "Merchant of Venice," Act IV., Scene 1.)

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy:
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

REPUTATION.

(From "Othello," Act III., Scene 3.)

GOOD name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

UPON THE BEACH.

MY life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps the waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment 'tis, and scrupulous care,
To set my gains beyond the reach of tides—
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore,
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.



HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

IMAGINATION.

(From "King Richard II., Act I., Scene 3.)

GAUNT. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee;
But thou the king: Wo doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee: or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Bolingbroke. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

A DEFENCE OF ENTHUSIASM.

LET us recognize the beauty and power of true enthusiasm; and, whatever we may do to enlighten ourselves and others, guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment. For what is the human mind, however enriched with acquisitions or strengthened by exercise, unaccompanied by an ardent and sensitive heart? Its light may illumine but it cannot inspire. It may shed a cold and moonlight radiance upon the path of life, but it warms no flower into bloom; is sets free no ice-bound fountains. Dr. Johnson used to say, that an obstinate rationality prevented him from being a Papist. Does not the same cause prevent many of us from unburdening our hearts and breathing our devotions at the shrines of nature? There are influences which environ humanity too subtle for the dissecting-knife of reason. In our better moments we are clearly conscious of their presence, and if there is any barrier to their blessed agency it is a formalized intellect. Enthusiasm, too, is the very life of gifted spirits. Ponder the lives of the glorious in art or literature through all ages. What are they but records of toil and sacrifices supported by the earnest hearts of their votaries? Dante composed his immortal poem amidst evils and suffering, prompted by the noble ambition of vindicating himself to posterity; and the sweetest angel of his paradise is the object of his early love. The best countenances the old painters have bequeathed to us are those of cherished objects intimately associated with their fame. The face of Raphael's mother blends with the angelic beauty of all his Madonnas. Titian's daughter and the wife of Correggio again and again meet in their works. Well does Foscolo call the fine arts the children of love. The deep interest with which the Italians hail gifted men, inspires them to the mightiest efforts. National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius. When Cellini's statue of Perseus was first exhibited on tbe Piazza at Florence, it was surrounded for days by an admiring throng, and hundreds of tributary sonnets were placed upon its pedestal. Petrarch was crowned with laurel at Rome for his poetical labors, and crowds of the unlettered may still be seen on the Mole at Naples, listening to a reader of Tasso. Reason is not the only interpreter of life. The fountain of action is in the feelings. Religion itself is but a state of the affections. I once met a beautiful peasant woman in the valley of the Arno, and asked the number of her chlldren. "I have three here and two in Paradise," she calmly replied with a tone and manner of touching and grave simplicity. Her faith was of the heart. Constituted as human nature is, it is in the highest degree natural that rare powers should be excited by voluntary and spontaneous appreciation. Who would not feel urged to high achievements, if he knew that every beauty his canvas displayed, or every perfect note he breathed, or every true inspiration of his lyre, would find an instant response in a thousand breasts? Lord Brougham calls the word "impossible" the mother-tongue of little souls. What, I ask, can counteract self-distrust, and sustain the higher efforts of our nature, but enthusiasm? More of this element would call forth the genius and gladden the life of

New England. While the mere intellectual man speculates, and the mere man of acquisition cites authority, the man of feeling acts, realizes, puts forth his complete energies. His earnest and strong heart will not let his mind rest; he is urged by an inward impulse to embody his thoughts; he must have sympathy; he must have results. And nature yields to the magician, acknowledging him as her child. The noble statue comes forth from the marble, the speaking figure stands out from the canvas, the electric chain is struck in the bosoms of his fellows. They receive his ideas, respond to his appeal, and reciprocate his love.

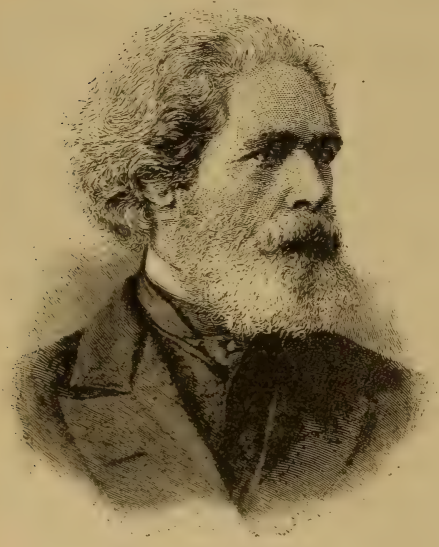
HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

A NOBLE LIFE.

(From "Festus.")

KEEP thy spirit pure
From worldly taint, by the repellent strength
Of virtue. Think on noble thoughts and deeds
Ever. Count o'er the rosary of truth,
And practise precepts which are proven wise.
It matters not, then, what thou fearest; walk
Boldly and fearlessly in the light thou hast;
There is a Hand above will lead thee on.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.



PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

WISDOM UNAPPLIED.

IF I were thou, O butterfly,
And poised my purple wings to spy
The sweetest flowers that live and die,
I would not waste my strength on those,
As thou; for summer hath a close,
And pansies bloom not in the snows.

If I were thou, O working bee,
And all that honey-gold I see
Could delve from roses easily,

I would not hive it at man's door,
As thou, that heirdom of my store
Should make him rich, and leave me poor.

If I were thou, O eagle proud,
And screamed the thunder back aloud,
And faced the lightning from the cloud,

I would not build my eyrie-throne,
As thou, upon a crumbling stone,
Which the next storm may trample down.

If I were thou, O gallant steed,
With pawing hoof and dancing head,
And eye outrunning thine own speed,

I would not meeken to the rein,
As thou, nor smooth my nostril plain
From the glad desert's snort and strain.

If I were thou, red-breasted bird,
With song at shut-up window heard,
Like Love's sweet Yes, too long deferred,

I would not overstay delight,
As thou, but take a swallow-flight,
Till the new spring returned to sight.

While yet I spake, a touch was laid
Upon my brow, whose pride did fade
As thus, methought, an angel said:

"If I were thou who sing'st this song,
Most wise for others, and most strong
In seeing right while doing wrong,

I would not waste my cares, and choose
As thou, to seek what thou must lose,
Such gains as perish in the use.

"I would not work where none can win,
As thou, half way 'twixt grief and sin,
But look above, and judge within.

"I would not let my pulse beat high,
As thou, towards fame's regality,
Nor yet in love's great jeopardy.

"I would not champ the hard, cold bit,
As thou, of what the world thinks fit,
But take God's freedom using it.

"I would not play earth's winter out,
As thou; but gird my soul about,
And live for life past death and doubt.

"Then sing, O singer! but allow
Beast, fly, and bird, called foolish now,
Are wise, for all thy scorn, as thou."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MEMORY.

(From "The Pleasures of Memory.")

ETHEREAL Power! who at the noon of night
Recall'st the far-fled spirit of delight,
From whom that musing, melancholy mood,
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good,
Blest Memory, hail! Oh, grant the grateful Muse,
Her pencil dipped in Nature's living hues,
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.
Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies;
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibers of the heart.
As studious Prospero's mysterious spell
Drew every subject-spirit to his cell,
Each, at thy call, advances or retires,
As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires,
Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,
And through the frame invisible convey
The subtle, quick vibrations as they play;
Man's little universe at once o'ercast,
At once illumined when the cloud is past.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

MEMORY.

THE mother of the muses, we are taught,
Is Memory; she has left me; they remain,
And shake my shoulder, urging me to sing
About the summer days, my loves of old.
"Alas! alas!" is all I can reply.
Memory has left me with that name alone,
Harmonious name, which other bards may sing,
But her bright image in my darkest hour
Comes back, in vain comes back, called or uncalled.
Forgotten are the names of visitors
Ready to press my hand but yesterday;
Forgotten are the names of earlier friends,
Whose genial converse and glad countenance
Are fresh as ever to mine ear and eye,
To these, when I have written, and besought
Remembrance of me, the word "Dear" alone
Hangs on the upper verge, and waits in vain.
A blessing wert thou, O Oblivion,
If thy stream carried only weeds away;
But vernal and autumnal flowers alike
It hurries down to wither on the strand.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

POWER AND GENIUS.

(From "The Last of the Barons.")

"THERE," said Adam quietly, and pointing to the feudal roofs—"There seems to rise power; and yonder" (glancing to the river)—"yonder seems to flow genius! A century or so hence the walls shall vanish, but the river shall roll on. Man makes the castle and founds the power—God forms the river, and creates the genius. And yet, Sybill, there may be streams as broad and stately as yonder Thames, that flow afar in the waste, never seen, never heard by man. What profits the river unmarked? what the genius never to be known?"

It was not a common thing with Adam Warner to be thus eloquent. Usually silent and ab-

sorbed, it was not his gift to moralize or declaim. His soul must be deeply moved before the profound and buried sentiment within it could escape into words.

Sybill pressed her father's hand, and though her own heart was very heavy, she forced her lips to smile, and her voice to soothe. Adam interrupted her.

"Child, child, ye women know not what presses darkest and most bitterly on the minds of men. You know not what it is to form out of immaterial things some abstract but glorious object—to worship, to serve it—to sacrifice to it, as on an altar, youth, health, hope, life—and suddenly, in old age, to see that the idol was a phantom, a mockery, a shadow laughing us to scorn, because we have sought to clasp it."

"O yes, father, women have known that illusion."

"What! do they study?"

"No, father, but they feel!"

"Feel! I comprehend thee not."

"As man's genius to him, is woman's heart to her," answered Sybill, her dark and deep eyes suffused with tears. "Doth not the heart create—invent? Doth it not dream? Doth it not form its idol out of air? Goeth it not forth into the future to prophesy to itself? And, sooner or later, in age or youth, doth it not wake itself at last, and see how it hath wasted its all on follies? Yes, father, my heart can answer, when thy genius would complain."

SIR EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

———o———

CULTURE.

(From "Literature and Dogma.")

THE poor require culture as much as the rich; and at present their education, even when they get education, gives them hardly anything of it. Yet hardly less of it, perhaps, than the education of the rich gives to the rich. For when we say that culture is: To know the best that has been thought and said in the world, we imply that, for culture, a system directly tending to this end is necessary in our reading. Now, there is no such system yet present to guide the reading of the rich, any more than of the poor. Such a system is hardly even thought of; a man who wants it must make it for himself. And our reading being so without purpose as it is, nothing can be truer than what Butler says, that really, in general, no part of our time is more idly spent than the time spent in reading.

Still, culture is indispensably necessary, and culture implies reading; but reading with a purpose to guide it, and with system. He does a good work who does anything to help this; indeed, it is the one essential service now to be rendered to education. And the plea, that this or that man has no time for culture, will vanish as soon as we desire culture so much that we begin to examine seriously our present use of our time. It has often been said, and cannot be said too often, give to any man all the time that he now wastes, not only on his vices, when he has them, but on useless business, wearisome or deterioriating amusements, trivial letter-writing, random reading; and he will have plenty of time for culture. "Die Zeit ist unendlich lang," says Goethe; and so it really is. Some of us waste all of it, most of us waste much, but all of us waste some.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

———o———

PERFECTION.

(From "King John," Act IV., Scene 2.)

SALISBURY. Therefore to be possess'd
with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes; and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,

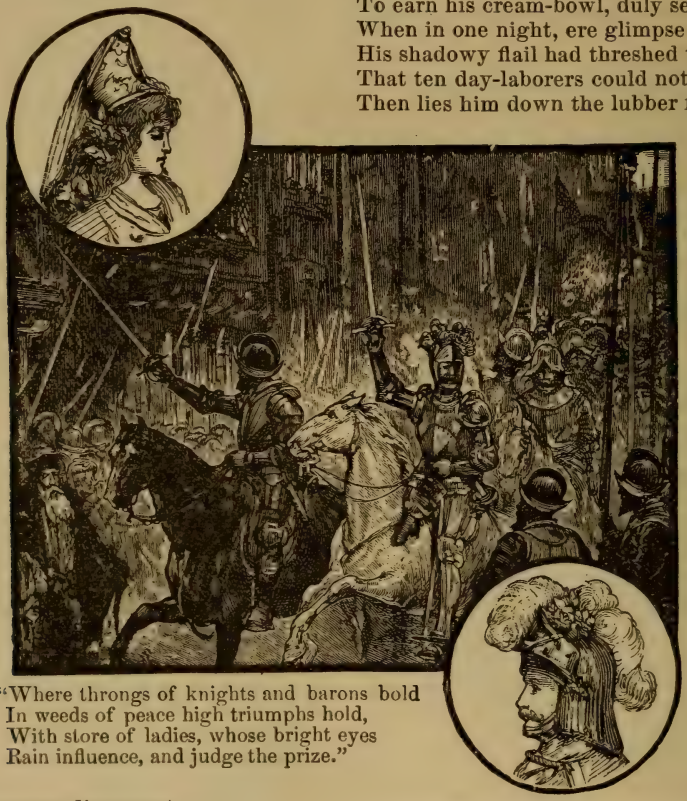


"Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying."

And, by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether, as some sages sing,
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonaire.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of Sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering Morn
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill,
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
Whilst the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorne in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breast

The laboring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met



"Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize."

Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometime, with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshiny holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat:
How fairy Mab the junkets eat—
She was pinched and pulled, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl, duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, cropfull, out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With masque, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eve by haunted stream;
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspere, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

JOHN MILTON.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of mortal sight;
And therefore, to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop Queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended;
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain),
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn



"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure."

Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even pace, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad, leaden, downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;

And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Gilding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,

I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm;
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,



"Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt."

While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustomed oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, Chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy evening song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,

With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in the fleshly nook;
And of those Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what. though rare, of later age,

Ennobled hath thy buskined stage.
But oh, sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek.
Or call him up that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,

But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved stroke



"There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below."

And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride!
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,

Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye;
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;
And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream

Of lively portraiture displayed;
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe,
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes:
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

JOHN MILTON.

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TRUTH.

(From "Areopagitica.")

TRUTH, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down, gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.

JOHN MILTON.

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KNOWLEDGE AND POWER.

ALL the literature of knowledge builds only ground-nests, that are swept away by floods, or confounded by the plow; but the literature of power builds nests in aerial altitudes of temples sacred from violation, or of forests inaccessible to fraud. This is a great prerogative of the power of literature; and it is a greater which lies in the mode of its influence. The knowledge of literature, like the fashion of this world, passeth away. An encyclopædia is its abstract; and in this respect, it may be taken for its speaking symbol, that, before one generation has passed, an encyclopædia is superannuated; for it speaks through the dead memory and unimpassioned understanding, which have not the rest of higher faculties, but are continually enlarging and varying their phylacteries. But all literature, properly so called, literature *καὶ ἐξοχην*, for the very same reason that it is so much more durable than the literature of knowledge is, and, by the very proportion it is, more intense and electrically searching in its impressions. The directions in which the tragedy of this planet has trained our human feelings to play, and the combinations in which the poetry of this planet has thrown our human passions of love and hatred, of admiration and contempt, exercise a power bad or good over human life, that cannot be contemplated, when stretching through many generations, without a sentiment allied to awe. And of this let every one be assured, that he owes more to the impassioned books he has read, many a thousand more of

emotions than he can consciously trace back to them. Dim by their origination, these emotions yet arise in him, and mould him through life like the forgotten incidents of childhood.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

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MIRTH.

(From "Guesses at Truth.")

SURELY, it cannot be requisite, to a man's being in earnest, that he should wear a perpetual frown. Or is there less of sincerity in Nature during her gambols in spring, than during her stiffness and harshness of her wintry gloom? Does not the bird's blithe caroling come from the heart quite as much as the quadruped's monotonous cry? And is it then altogether impossible to take up one's abode with Truth, and to let all sweet homely feelings grow about it and cluster around it, and to smile upon it as a kind father or mother, and to sport with it, and hold light and merry talk with it, as with a loved brother or sister; and to fondle it, and play with it, as with a child? No otherwise did Socrates and Plato commune with Truth; no otherwise Cervantes and Shakspere. This playfulness of Truth is beautifully represented by Landor, in the conversation between Marcus Cicero and his brother and an allegory which has the voice and the spirit of Plato. On the other hand, the outcries of those who exclaim against every sound more lively than a bray or a beat, as derogatory to truth, are often prompted, not so much by their deep feeling of the dignity of the truth in question, as of the dignity of the person by whom the truth is maintained. It is our vanity, our self-conceit, that makes us so sore and irritable. To a grave argument we may reply gravely, and fancy that we have the best of it; but he who is too dull or too angry to smile, cannot answer a smile, except by fretting and fuming. Olivia lets us into the secret of Malvolio's distaste for the Clown.

JULIUS CHARLES HARE.

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VALOR AND VIRTUE.

WHO shall be fairest?
Who shall be rarest?
Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?
She who is kindest
When fortune is blindest,
Bearing through winter the blossoms of spring!
Charm of our gladness,
Friend of our sadness,
Angel of life, when its pleasures take wing,
She shall be fairest,
She shall be rarest,
She shall be first in the songs that we sing.

Who shall be nearest,
Noblest and dearest,
Named but with honor and pride evermore?
He, the undaunted,
Whose banner is planted
On glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar;
Fearless of danger,
To falsehood a stranger,
Looking not back when there's duty before!
He shall be nearest,
He shall be dearest,
He shall be first in our hearts evermore!

CHARLES MACKAY.

INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

BEAUTY still walketh on the earth and air;
Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
As ere the Iliad's music was out-rolled;
The roses of the spring are ever fair;
Mid branches green still ring-doves coo and pair,
And the deep sea still foams its music old.
So, if we are at all divinely souled,
This beauty will unloose our bonds of care.
'Tis pleasant, when blue skies are o'er us bending
Within old starry-gated Poesy,
To meet a soul, set to no worldly tune,
Like thine, sweet friend! Oh, dearer this to me,
Than are the dewy trees, the sun, the moon,
Or noble music with a golden ending!

ALEXANDER SMITH.

"THOUGHTS."

Birds are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard.
And I hang my cage there daily.
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long;
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of song!

R. H. Stoddard.

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DIFFERENT MINDS.

IN every man's mind some images, words, and facts remain, without effort on his part to imprint them, which others forget, and afterwards these illustrate to him important laws. All our progress is an unfolding, like the vegetable bud. You have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud, and fruit. Trust the instinct to the end, though you can render no reason. It is vain to hurry it. By trusting it to the end it shall ripen into truth, and you shall know why you believe.

Each mind has its own method. A true man never acquires after college rules. What you have aggregated in a natural manner surprises and delights when produced. For we cannot oversee each other's secret. And hence the difference between men in their natural endowment are insignificant in comparison with their common wealth. Do you think the porter and the cook have no anecdotes, no experiences, no wonder, for you? Everybody knows as much as the servants. The walls of rude minds are scrawled all over with facts, with thoughts. They shall one day bring a lantern and read the inscriptions. Every man, in the degree in which he has wit and culture, finds his curiosity inflamed concerning the modes of living and thinking of other men, and especially those classes whose minds have not been subdued by the drill of school education.

This instinctive action never ceases in a healthy mind, but becomes richer and more frequent in its information through all stages of culture. At last comes the era of reflection, when we not only observe, but take pains to observe; when we of set purpose sit down to consider an abstract truth; when we keep the mind's eye open, whilst we converse, whilst we read, whilst we act, intent to learn the secret of law of some class of facts.

What is the hardest task in the world? To think. I would put myself in the attitude to look in the eye of an abstract truth, and I cannot. I blench and withdraw on this side and that. I seem to know what he meant, who said, "No man can see God face to face, and live." For example, a man explores the basis of civil government. Let him intend his mind without respite, without rest, in one direction. His best heed long time avails him nothing. Yet thoughts are flitting before him. We all but apprehend, we dimly forebode the truth. We say, I will walk abroad, and the truth will take form and clearness to me. We go forth, but cannot find it. It seems as if we needed only the stillness and composed attitude of the library, to seize the thought. But we come in, and are as far from it as at first. Then, in a moment, and unannounced, the truth appears. A certain wandering light appears, and is the distinction, the principle, we wanted. But the oracle comes, because we had previously laid siege to the shrine. It seems as if the law of the intellect resembles that law of nature by which we now inspire, now expire, the breath by which the heart now draws in, now hurls out the blood: the law of undulation. So now you must labor with your brains, and now you must forbear your activity, and see what the great soul showeth.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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GNOSIS.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in vails;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known,
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone,
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought;
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught;

Only when our souls are fed
By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

HOW happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.



"A beautiful and happy girl,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl."

MEMORIES.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair;
A seeming child in every thing,
Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,
As nature wears the smile of Spring,
When sinkIng into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful bower,
Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower.
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
Of memory, at the thought of thee!
Old hopes, which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams, come thronging back again,
And boyhood lives again in me;
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fullness of the heart is mine,
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again uprise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars, and flowers, and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear than they!

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled
My picture of the youth to see,
When, half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
And folly's self seemed wise in thee;
I too can smile, when o'er that hour
The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's power
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace
Of graver care and deeper thought;
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
More wide, perchance, for blame than praise,
The school-boy's humble name has flown;
Thine, in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
Diverge our pathways, one in youth;
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
While answers to my spirit's needs
The Derby dalesman's simple truth;
For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,
And holy day, and solemn psalm;
For me, the silent reverence where
My brethren gather slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress time hath not worn out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past, I see,
Lingering, even yet, thy way about;
Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours;
Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times, before our eyes,
The shadows melt, and fall apart,
And smiling through them round us lies
The warm light of our morning skies,
The Indian summer of the heart:
In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
Our early dreams not wholly vain.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE HERITAGE.

(From "The Castle of Indolence.")

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibers brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

JAMES THOMSON.



John Milton

FAME.

(From "Lycidas.")

FAME is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil,
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

JOHN MILTON.

FROM "THE MASQUE OF COMUS."

CAN any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiads,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who as they sung would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause;
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.

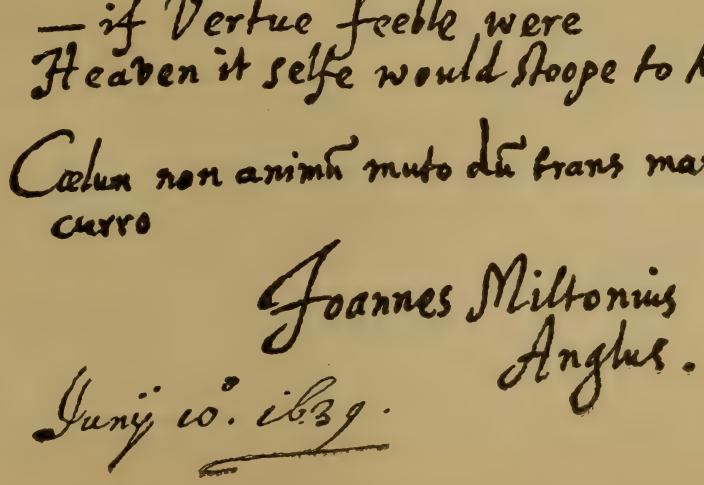
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How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

* * * * *

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

JOHN MILTON.



BEAUTY.

(From "Endymion," Book I.)

A THING of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of th' inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
Made for our searching; yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling convert make
'Gainst the hot season; the midforest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms;
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read;
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor merely do we feel these essences
For one short hour: no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

JOHN KEATS.

HOPE.

(The Opening and Closing Lines of "The Pleasures of Hope.")

AT summer eve, when heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man,
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight;
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe, watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er the mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career,

* * * * *

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be!
The tears of Love were hopeless but for thee;
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that fain murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship blessed when life was new?

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decayed,
When wrapped in fire the realms of ether glow,

And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

———o———

OF OBSCURITY.

WHAT a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying, or being envied, from receiving or paying all kinds of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know anybody. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields of Carthage; Venus herself

"A veil of thickened air around them cast,
That none might know or see them as they passed."

The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say as he passed, "This is that Demosthenes," is wonderful ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity, if it were any; but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus; after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind of commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life that in the midst of the most talked of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of; and yet, within a very few years afterwards, there were never two names of men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honor that lies in that; whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctors, and the hangman more than the Lord Chief Justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing through the streets, as, "This is that Alexander," or "This is that Domitian;" and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honorable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives. What it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural; and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world beside, who is esteemed well enough by his neighbors that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more

silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit); this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this *muta persona*, I take to have been more happy in his part than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise; nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked with his last breath whether he had not played his farce very well.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

———o———

FOR PRAISE.

(From "The Love of Fame.")

WHAT will not men attempt for sacred praise?
The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart;
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it but to make it sure;
O'er globes and scepters, now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells;
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

EDWARD YOUNG.

ADVICE TO POETS.

(From "An Essay on Criticism.")

IN words as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic, if too new or old;
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong;
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there;
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten slow words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees;"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened, not in vain with "sleep."
Then at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow,
And praise the easy vigor of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough; no harshness gives offense;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense;
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar;
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main;
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise:
While at each change, the son of Lybian Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow;
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound.

ALEXANDER POPE.

A CONTENTED MIND.

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile;
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I seek not style;
I am not fond of fancy's toys;
I rest so pleased with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack;
I tremble not at noise of war;
I swound not at the news of wrack;
I shrink not at a blazing star;
I fear not loss, I hope not gain,
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased;
I see some Tantals starved in store;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;
I see e'en Midas gape for more;
I neither want, nor yet abound;
Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate;
I fawn not on the great in show;
I prize, I praise a mean estate,
Neither too lofty nor too low;
This, this is all my choice, my cheer,
A mind content, a conscience clear.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

PROCRASTINATION.

(From "Night Thoughts.")

BE wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still;
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, that all men are about to live,
Forever on the brink of being born;
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise.

EDWARD YOUNG.

PERCEPTION OF POETRY.

(From "Daniel Deronda.")

PERHAPS poetry and romance are as plentiful as ever in the world, except for those phlegmatic natures, who, I suspect, would in any age have regarded them as a dull form of erroneous thinking. They exist very easily in the same room with the microscope, and even in railway carriages; what banishes them is the vacuum in gentlemen and lady passengers. How should all the apparatus of heaven and earth, from the farthest firmament to the tender bosom of the mother who nourished us, make poetry for a mind that has no movements of awe or tenderness, no sense of fellowship which thrills from the near to the distant, and back again from the distant to the near?

MARIAN EVANS CROSS.
("George Eliot.")

A TASTE FOR READING.

IF I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The

world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best bred and best informed have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet:

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feres.

It civilizes the conduct of men, and *suffers* them not to remain barbarous.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

———o———



COMPANIONSHIP WITH BOOKS.

FROM AN EPISTLE TO THE COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwellng of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey?

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil;
Where all the storms of passion mainly beat
On flesh and blood; where honor, power, renown,
Are only gay affiictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right; the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best faced enterprise.
Great Pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails;
Justice he sees, as if seduced, still
Conspires with Power, whose cause must not be ill.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives,

And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes; he looks thereon,
As from the shore or peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

* * * * *

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The center of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

———o———

CONTINUE NOT IN ANGER.

(From "Euphues and His England.")

THE sharp north-east wind doth never last three days; tempests have but a short time; and the more violent the thunder is, the less permanent it is. In the like manner, it falleth out with jars and crossings of friends, which, begun in a minute, are ended in a moment. Necessary it is that among friends there should be some over-thwarting; but to continue in anger, not convenient. The camel first troubleth the water before he drink; the frankincense is burned before it smell; friends are tried before they are trusted, lest, like the carbuncle, as though they had fire, they be found, being touched, to be without fire. Friendship should be like the wine which Homer, much commending, calleth Maroneum, whereof one pint being mingled with five quarts of water, yet it keepeth his old strength and virtue, not to be qualified by any discourtesy. Where salt doth grow, nothing else can breed; where friendship is built, no offence can harbour.

JOHN LYLY.

———o———

AGAINST READINESS TO TAKE OFFENCE.

WE make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by falsely making ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesy, to dive into a man's mind, beyond his own comment; nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness.

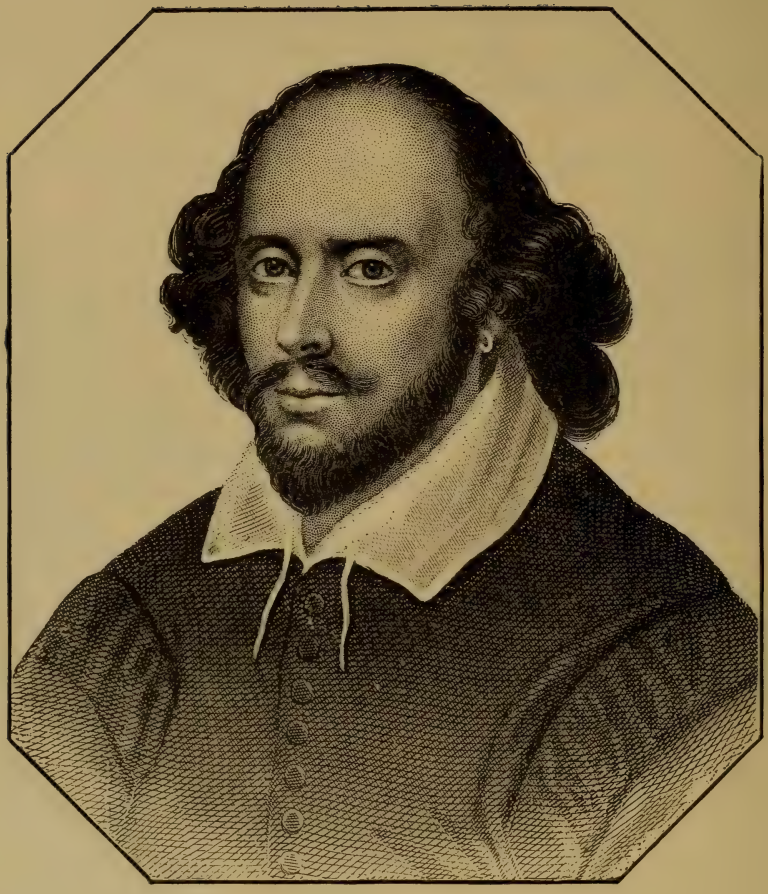
OWEN FELTHAM.

———o———

PLAGIARISM.

NOTHING is sillier than this charge of plagiarism. There is no sixth commandment in art. The poet dare help himself wherever he lists, wherever he finds material suited to his work. He may even appropriate entire columns with their carved capitals, if the temple he thus supports be a beautiful one. Gœthe understood this very well, and so did Shakspere before him.

HEINRICH HEINE.



William Shakspeare.

THE MIND O'ERTHROWN.

(From "Hamlet," Act III., Scene 1.)

OPHELIA. O, what a noble mind is here
o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye,
tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite
down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign rea-
son,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and
harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown
youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O, wo is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I
see!

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

(Attributed by some authorities to Sir Edward Dyer.)

MY mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind;
Though much I want which most would
have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
Nor force to win the victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to please a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind doth serve as all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those that are aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, they keep with
fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack, my mind supplies;
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with what my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they
have,
And I am rich with little store;
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain;
I fear no foe; I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
A cloaked craft their store of skill;
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my chief defense;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence;
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

WILLIAM BYRD.

BOOKS.

(From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.")

I LIKE books. I was born and bred among them, and have the easy feeling, when I get among them, that a stable-boy has among horses. I don't think I undervalue them, either as companions or instructors. But I can't help remembering that the world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its greatest scholars great men.

The Hebrew patriarchs had small libraries, if any, yet they represent to our imagination a very complete idea of manhood; and I think, could we ask an Abraham to dine with us men of letters next Saturday, we should feel honored by his company. What I wanted to say about books is this: that there are times in which every active mind feels itself above any and all human books.

"I think a man must have a good opinion of himself, sir," said the divinity student, "who should feel himself above Shakspere at any time."

"My young friend," I replied, "the man who is never conscious of a state of feeling or intellectual effort entirely beyond expression by any form of words whatsoever, is a mere creature of language. I can hardly believe there are any such men. Why, think for a moment of the power of music. The nerves that make us alive to it are spread out, as the Professor tells me, in the most sensitive region of the marrow, just where it is widening to run upward into the hemispheres. It has its seat in the region of sense rather than of thought; yet it produces a continuous, and, as it were, logical sequence of emotional aud intellectual changes; but how different from the chain of thought proper! How entirely beyond the reach of symbols! Think of human passions as compared with all phrases! Did you ever hear of a man's growing lean by reading of "Romeo and Juliet," or blowing his brains out because Desdemona was maligned? There are a good many symbols, too, that are more expressive than words. I remember a young wife who had to part with her husband for a time. She did not write a mournful poem; indeed, she was a silent person, and perhaps hardly said a word about it; but she quietly turned of a deep orange color with jaundice. A great many people in this world have but one form of rhetoric for their profoundest experiences, namely, to waste away and die. When a man can read, his paroxysm of feeling is passing. When he can read, his thought is slacking its hold. You talk about reading Shakspere, using him as an expression for the highest intellect; and you wonder that any common person should be so presumptuous as to suppose his thought can rise above the text which lies before him. But think a moment. A child's reading of Shakspere is one thing, and Coleridge or Schlegel's reading of him is another. The saturation point of each mind differs from that of every other. But I think it is as true for the small mind, which can only take up a little, as for the great one, which takes up much, that the suggested train of thought and feeling ought always to rise above, not the author, but the reader's mental version of the author, whoever he may be.

"I think that most readers of Shakspere sometimes find themselves thrown into exalted mental conditions like those produced by music. Then they may drop the book, to pass at once into the region of thought without words. We may happen to be very dull folk, you and I, and probably are, unless there is some particular reason to suppose the contrary. But we get glimpses now and then of a sphere of spiritual possibilities, where we, dull as we are now, may sail in vast circles around the largest compass of earthly intelligences.

"I confess there are times when I feel like the friend I mentioned to you some time ago; I hate the very sight of a book. Sometimes it has become almost a physical necessity to talk out what is in the mind, before putting anything else in it. It is very bad to have thoughts and feelings, which ought to come out, strike in, as they say of some complaints which ought to show outwardly.

"I always believed in life rather than in books. I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths, and something more of births, with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that ever were written put together. I believe the flowers growing at this moment send up more fragrance to heaven than was ever exhaled from all the essences ever distilled."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE LOST ELIXIR.

(One drop of ruddy human blood puts more life into the veins of a poem than all the delusive *aurum potabile* that can be distilled out of the choicest library.—LOWELL.)

AH, yes, that "drop of human blood!"
We had it once, may be,
When our young song's impetuous flood
First poured its ecstasy;
But now the shrunk poetic vein
Yields not that priceless drop again.

We toil—as toiled we not of old;
Our patient hands distil
The shining spheres of chemic gold
With hard-won, fruitless skill;
But that red drop still seems to be
Beyond our utmost alchemy.

Perchance, but most in later age,
Time's after-gift, a tear,
Will strike a pathos on the page
Beyond all art sincere;
But that "one drop of human blood"
Has gone with life's first leaf and bud.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE SONGS THAT ARE NOT SUNG.

DO not praise: a word is payment more than meet for what is done;
Who shall paint the mote's glad raiment floating in the molten sun?
Nay, nor smile; for blind is eyesight, ears may hear not, lips are dumb;
From the silence, from the twilight, wordless but complete they come.

Songs were born before the singer, like white souls that wait for birth,
They abide the chosen bringer of their melody to earth.
Deep the pain of our demerit; strings so rude or rudely strung,
Dull to every pleading spirit seeking speech, but sent unsung.
Round our hearts with gentle breathing still the plaintive silence plays,
But we brush away its wreathing filled with cares of common days.

Ever thinking of the morrow, burdened down with needs and creeds,
Once or twice, mayhap, in sorrow, we may hear the song that pleads.
Once or twice, a dreaming poet sees the beauty as it flies;
But his vision—who shall know it? who shall read it from his eyes?
Voiceless he; his necromancy fails to cage the wondrous bird;
Lure and snare are vain when fancy flies like echo from a word.
Only sometimes he may sing it, using speech as 'twere a bell—
Not to read the song, but ring it, like the sea-tone from a shell;
Sometimes, too, it comes and lingers round the strings all still and mute,
Till some lover's wandering fingers draw it living from the lute.

Still, our best is but a vision which a lightning flash illumes,
Just a gleam of life elysian flung across the voiceless glooms.

Why should gleams perplex and move us? Ah, the soul must upward grow
To the beauty far above us, and the songs no sense may know.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

———o———

For in this mortal frame
Omni' ex Reptilis est. much fool, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things, whereon we feed.'

S. T. Coleridge
30 April, 1830.



Walker Jun

THE POET'S MOURNERS.

(From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Canto V.)

CALL it not vain! they do not err
Who say, that when a poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshiper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan reply,
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn,
These things inanimate can mourn;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier;
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead;
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain;
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die;
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rills;
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VANITAS VANITATUM.

FAME's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay;
Honor, the darling of but one short day;
Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damask skin;
State, but a golden prison to live in
And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.
Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood and birth
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

THOMAS CAREW.

THE WAY TO SING.

THE birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they.
The common air has generous wings;
Songs make their way.

No messenger to run before,
Devising plan;
No mention of that place, or hour,
To any man.
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear;
No different voice—no new delays
If steps draw near.

"What bird is that? the song is good."
And eager eyes
Go peeping through the dusky wood
In glad surprise.

Then, late at night, when by his fire
The traveler sits,
Watching the flames go brighter, higher,
The sweet song flits
By snatches through his weary brain,
To help him rest.
When next he goes that road again,
An empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh:
"Ah me! last spring,
Just here I heard, in passing by,
That rare bird sing."

But while he sighs, remembering,
How sweet the song,
The little bird, on tireless wing,
Is borne along
In other air; and other men,
With weary feet,
On other roads, the simple strain
Are finding sweet.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings;
Songs make their way.

HELEN JACKSON.
("H. H.")

CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN CRITICS.

I SHALL conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honorable an art. The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best when it is the very first result of the critic's mind: as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay not for a second. Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best are such as bespatter him most. Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

———o———

DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE.

(From "The Life of Dr. Johnson.")

DR. JOHNSON and I took a sculler at the Temple stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education.

Johnson. "Most certainly, sir; for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it."

"And yet," said I, "people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning."

Johnson. "Why, sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors." He then called to the boy, "What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I would give what I have."

Johnson was much pleased with this answer, and we gave him a double fare.

Dr. Johnson, then turning to me,

"Sir," he said, "a desire of knowledge is a natural feeling of mankind; and every human being, whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has, to get knowledge."

JAMES BOSWELL.

———o———

LETTER-WRITING.

THIS at least should be a rule through the letter-writing world—that no angry letter be posted till four-and-twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written. We all know how absurd is that other rule, that of saying the alphabet when you are angry. Trash! Sit down and write your letter; write it with all the venom in your power; spit out your spleen at the fullest; 'twill do you good. You think you have been injured; say all that you can say with all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk; and as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the following morning. Believe me that you will then have a double gratification.

A pleasant letter I hold to be the pleasantest thing that this world has to give. It should be good-humoured; witty it may be, but with a gentle diluted wit. Concocted brilliancy

will spoil it altogether. Not long, so that it be not tedious in the reading; nor brief, so that the delight suffice not to make itself felt. It should be written specially for the reader, and should apply altogether to him, and not altogether to any other. It should never flatter—flattery is always odious. But underneath the visible stream of pungent water there may be the slightest under-current of eulogy, so that it be not seen, but only understood. Censure it may contain freely, but censure which, in arraigning the conduct, implies no doubt as to the intellect. It should be legibly written, so that it may be read with comfort; but no more than that. Caligraphy betokens caution, and if it be not light in hand, it is nothing. That it be fairly grammatical and not ill spelt, the writer owes to his schoolmaster, but this should come of habit, not of care. Then let its page be soiled by no business; one touch of utility will destroy it all. If you ask for examples, let it be as unlike Walpole as may be. If you can so write it that Lord Byron might have written it, you will not be very far from high excellence.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

———o———

THE BOUNDARY.

WHO can sing us a song of sorrow
That fitly shall echo a soul's despair?
Who from the kingdom of words may borrow
A crown that is fitting for love to wear?

Who can render the marvelous story,
As the dawn breaks over the world's fair rim?
And who hath voice for the sunset's glory,
Or the twilight solemn, and dusk and dim?

Though the chrism strange to his lips is given,
Though never a discord his music mars,
Who, in the face of the midnight heaven,
Can sing a song to the eternal stars?

Though speech should bloom like a garden-blossom,
Royal, and tender, and glad, and sweet,
'Tis shamed by the rose on a maiden's bosom—
Aye, by the clover beneath her feet.

Though the poet soar to heights supernal,
Though his strain be never so grand and strong,
Still with silence supreme, eternal,
Abides the essence of perfect song.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

———

A BIRD'S SONG.

THE sinking sun had streaked the west
With flecks of gold and crimson bars;
The wandering wind had sunk to rest,
And in the cold east rose the stars.
The evening chimes, like gladsome psalm,
Pealed loud from out the old church tower;
And o'er the valley fell the calm
Which broods upon the twilight hour.

Loud through the eve-wrapt, listening vale,
From humble bower of eglantine,
A blackbird trilled his mellow tale,
As if he sang through luscious wine.
By cottage, grange, and hall around,
Enraptured listeners lingered long:
All heard the self-same fluting sound,
While each interpreted the song.

A ltttle child, scarce three years old,
In wonder woke to visions dim
Of crowns and dulcimers of gold,
And surging strains of holy hymn,
In that sweet land that's brighter far
Than the shining shores in emerald seas,
Where glows the lustrous evening star
Above the fair Hesperides.

A maiden at the moss-fringed well
Beside her pitcher lingered long,
Her soul enthralled with the strange spell
Contained within that mystic song.
For oh! to her it ever sings
Of love which all her being fills,
And of the lad that twilight brings
From over the dividing hills.

To child, and youth, and maiden fair
That bird made glad the closing day;
But dame and sire with silvered hair
Drew sorrow from its roundelay.
All filtered through the years of woe
On their hearts fell the mellow strain,
Waking the songs of long ago,
And made them sigh for youth again!

ANONYMOUS.

THE SONG HE NEVER WROTE.

HIS thoughts were song, his life was singing;
Men's hearts like harps he held and smote,
But in his heart went ever ringing,
Ringing, the song he never wrote.

Hovering, pausing, luring, fleeting,
A farther blue, a brighter mote,
The vanished sound of swift winds meeting,
The opal swept beneath the boat.

A gleam of wings forever flaming,
Never folded in nest or cote,
Secrets of joy, past name or naming,
Measures of bliss pass dole or rote.

Echoes of music, always flying,
Always echo, never the note;
Pulses of life, past life, past dying—
All these in the song he never wrote.

Dead at last, and the people weeping,
Turned from his grave with wringing hands—
"What shall we do, now he lies sleeping,
His sweet song silent in our lands?

"Just as his voice grew clearer, stronger"—
This was the song that keenest smote—
"Oh death! couldst thou not spare him longer?
Alas for the songs he never wrote!"

Free at last, and his soul up-soaring,
Planets and skies beneath his feet,
Wonder and rapture all out-pouring,
Eternity how simple, sweet!

Sorrow slain, and ever regretting,
Love and love's labors left the same,
Weariness over, suns without setting,
Motion like thought on wings of flame:

Higher the singer rose and higher,
Heavens, in spaces, sank like bars;
Great joy within him glowed like fire,
He tossed his arms among the stars—

"This is life, past life, past dying;
I am I, and I live the life;
Shame on the thought of mortal crying!
Shame on this petty toil and strife!

Why did I halt and weakly tremble!"—
Even in Heaven, the mem'ry smote—
"Fool to be dumb, and to dissemble!
Alas for the song I never wrote!"

HELEN JACKSON.
("H. H.")



HELEN JACKSON.

———o———

STUDIES.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directious too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own

use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man: and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

SIR FRANCIS BACON.

———o———

BOOKS.

(From "The Essays of Elia.")

I DEDICATE no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think; books think for me.

I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a book. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of books which are no books, biblia a-biblia, I reckon Court-Calendars, Directories, Pocket-Books, Draught-Boards, bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacs, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame, Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which "no gentleman's library should be without," the works of Flavius Josephus, that learned Jew, and "Paley's Moral Philosophy." With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these things in books' clothing perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down the well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book; then, opening "what seem its leaves," to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of block-headed encyclopædias, Anglicanas or Metropolitans, set out in array of Russia or morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably reclothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymond Lully to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille, or half-binding, with Russia backs ever, is our costume. A Shakspere, or a Milton, unless the first editions, it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them, the things themselves being so common, strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. "Thompson's Seasons," again, looks best, I maintain it, a little torn, and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves, and worn-out appearance; nay, the very odor, beyond Russia, if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old "Circulating Library," "Tom Jones," or "Vicar of Wakefield!" How they speak of the thousand thumbs

that have turned over their pages with delight! Of the lone seamstress, whom they may have cheered, milliner, or hard-working mantua-maker, after her long day's needle-toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethean cup, in spilling out their enchanting contents! Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in?

* * * * * * * * * * *

Shall I be thought fantastical if I confess that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear, to mine, at least, than that of Milton or Shakspere? It may be that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlow, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

Much depends upon when and where you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes, before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the "Faery Queen" for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrews' sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts, and purged ears.

Winter evenings, the world shut out, with less of ceremony the gentle Shakspere enters. At such a season, "The Tempest," or his own "Winter's Tale."

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud, to yourself, or, as it chances, to some single person listening. More than one, and it degenerates into an audience.

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over only. It will not do to read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novel without extreme irksomeness.

CHARLES LAMB.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

WHAT might be done if men were wise,
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another!

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness,
And knowledge pour
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother;
More than the tongue
Ever said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

CHARLES MACKAY.



CHARLES LAMB.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

(Well-known as a favorite poem of President Lincoln.)

OH! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young, and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that infant and mother who blessed,
Each, all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away, to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink,
To the life we are clinging our fathers would cling,
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold,
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no voice from their slumbers may come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died; aye, they died; and we, things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

THE SONG AND THE SINGER.

TO "sing the praise of God," that you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what new things they mean, was always, and will always be, the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and, wasting our divinest gifts, sings the praises of chaos, what shall we say of him? David, king of Judah, a soul inspired by divine music and much other heroism, was wont to pour himself in song; he, with seer's eyes and heart, discerned the God-like amid the human; struck tones that were the echo of the sphere-harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand, able still to read a Psalm of David, and catch some echo of it through the old, dim centuries; feeling far off, in thine own heart, what it was once to other hearts made as thine? To sing it attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time; only know that it once was sung. Then go to the opera, and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what things men now sing! THOMAS CARLYLE.

———o———



"Tired of play! tired of play!
What hast thou done this live-long day?"

ON THE PICTURE OF "A CHILD TIRED OF PLAY."

TIRED of play! tired of play!
What hast thou done this live-long day?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves;
Twilight gathers, and day is done;
How hast thou spent it, restless one?

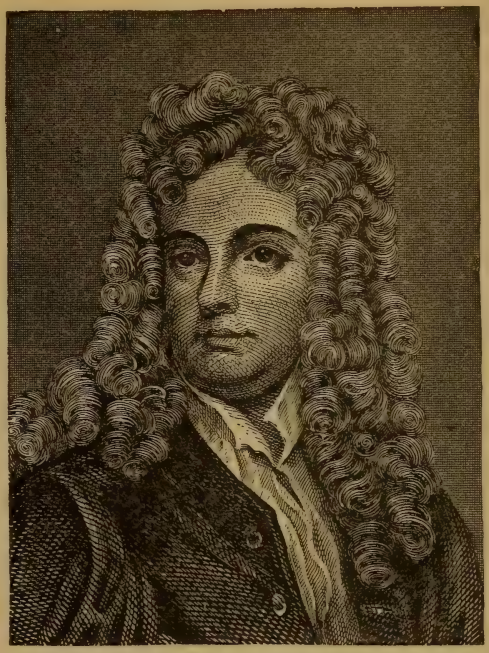
Playing? but what hast thou done beside,
To tell thy mother at eventide?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?
Whom hast thou pitied and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?

What hast thou learned by field and hill,
By greenwood path, and singing rill?

There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired, but not of play;
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep.
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!
Well for thee, if thy lip could tell
A tale like this of a day spent well!
If thine open hand hath relieved distress,
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness,
If thou hast forgiven the sore offense,
And humbled thy heart with penitence,
If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
With her holy meanings eloquently,
If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove,
If never a sad, low-spoken word
Hath plead with thy human heart unheard?
Then, when the night steals on, as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,
And with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.



JOSEPH ADDISON.

IT must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold! If there's a Power above us,
And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works, he must delight in Virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy;
But when, or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures; this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly armed; my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt, amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

AMERICAN ENGLISH.

MR. LOWELL, the greatest and finest realist who ever wrought in verse, showed us that Elizabeth was still Queen where he heard Yankee farmers talk; and without asking that our novelists of widely scattered centres shall each seek to write in his local dialect, we are glad, as we say, of every tint any of them gets from the parlance he hears; it is much better than the tint he will get from the parlance he reads. One need not invite slang into the company of its betters, though perhaps slang has been dropping its "*s*" and becoming language ever since the world began, and is certainly sometimes delightful and forcible beyond the reach of the dictionary. We would not have any one go about for new words, but if one of them came aptly not to reject its help. For our novelists to try to write Americanly, from any motive, would be a dismal error, but, being born Americans, we would have them use "Americanisms" whenever these serve their turn; and when their characters speak we should like to hear them speak true American, with all the varying Tennesseean, Philadelphian, Bostonian, and New York accents. If we bother ourselves to write what the critics imagine to be "English," we shall be priggish and artificial, and still more so if they make our Americans talk "English." There is also this serious disadvantage about "English," that if we wrote the best "English" in the world, probably the English themselves would not know it, or, if they did, certainly would not own it. It has always been supposed by grammarians and purists that a language can be kept as they find it; but languages, while they live, are perpetually changing. God apparently meant them for the common people—whom Lincoln believed God liked because He had made so many of them—and the common people will use them freely as they use other gifts of God. On their lips our Continental English will differ more and more from the insular English, and we believe that this is not deplorable, but desirable.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

———o———

APHORISMS AND COMPARISONS.

WE have just religion enough to make us *hate*, but not enough to make us *love* one another.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run only on the bad ones.

When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by this infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

I am apt to think that, in the day of judgment, there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, or to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side setteth up false lights, and maketh a great noise, that the enemy may believe them to be more numerous and strong than they really are.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers, but not the owner within.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessons the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words: for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth. So people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

Every man desireth to live long, but no man would be old.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

If a man maketh me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keepeth his at the same time.

Very few men, properly speaking, *live* at present, but are providing to live another time.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

———o———

GOLD.

(From "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg.")

GOLD! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad, a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary!
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,
As even its minted coins express!
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE REWARD.

WHO, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the specter of his misspent time?
And, through the shade
Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his beloved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy stings, O terrible Remorse?
Who does not cast
On the thronged pages of his memory's book,
At times, a sad and half-reluctant look,
Regretful of the past?

Alas! the evil which we fain would shun
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,
His fellow-men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or home, hath bent,

He has not lived in vain; and while he gives
The praise to Him, in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart,
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he nevermore
Can henceforth part.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Spes est Vates

I see, as parcel of a new creation,
The Realistic hour
When every bud of lofty aspiration
Shall blossom into flower;

We are not mocked; God was not in derision
God made our spirits free,
The Poet's dreamings are but the dim prevision
Of blessings that shall be,

When they who lovingly have hoped and trusted—
Despite some transient fears,—
Shall see Life's jarring elements adjusted
And rounded into spheres!

John G. Saxe.

———o———

FIRE AND STRENGTH.

(From "Culture and Anarchy.")

IT is not at this moment true, what the majority of people tell us, that the world wants fire and strength more than sweetness and light, and that things are for the most part to be settled first and understood afterwards. How much of our present perplexities and confusion this untrue notion has caused already, and is tending still to perpetuate! Therefore the true business of the friends of culture now is, to dissipate this false notion, to spread

the belief in right reason and a firm intelligible law of things, and to get men to try, in preference to staunchly acting with imperfect knowledge, to obtain some sounder basis of knowledge on which to act. This is what the friends and lovers of culture have to do, however the believers in action may grow impatient with us for saying so, and may insist on our lending a hand to their practical operations and showing a commendable interest in them.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

———o———

THE QUESTION ILLUSTRATED BY NATURE.

(From "Bitter-Sweet.")

Ruth.

LOOK where you step, or you'll stumble!
Care for your coat, or you'll crock it!
Down with your crown, man! Be humble;
Put your head into your pocket,
Else something or other will knock it.
Don't hit that jar of cucumbers
Standing on the broad stair!
They have not waked from their slumbers
Since they stood there.

David.

Yet they have lived in a constant jar;
What remarkable sleepers they are!

Ruth.

Turn to the left, shun the wall;
One more step; that is all!
Now we are safe on the ground,
I will show you around.
Sixteen barrels of cider,
Ripening all in a row;
Open the vent-channels wider!
See the froth, drifted like snow,
Blown by the tempest below!

Those delectable juices
Flowed through the sinuous sluices
Of sweet springs under the orchard;
Climbed into fountains that chained them;
Dripped into cups that retained them,
And swelled till they dropped, and we gained them.
Then they were gathered and tortured
By passage from hopper to vat,
And fell, every apple crushed flat.
Ah! how the bees gathered around them!
And how delicious they found them!
Oat-straw, as fragrant as clover,
Was plaited, and smoothly turned over,
Weaving a neatly ribbed basket;
And, as they built up the casket,
In went the pulp by the scoop-full,
Till the juice flowed by the stoup-full,



JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

Filling the half of a puncheon
While the men swallowed their luncheon.
Pure grew the stream with the stress
Of the lever and screw,
Till the last drops from the press
Were as bright as the dew.
There were these juices spilled;
There were these barrels filled;
Sixteen barrels of cider,
Ripening all in a row!
Open the vent-channels wider!
See the froth, drifted like snow,
Blown by the tempest below!

David.

Hearts, like apples, are hard and sour,
Till crushed by Pain's resistless power;
And yield their juices rich and bland
To none but Sorrow's heavy hand.
The purest streams of human love
Flow naturally never,
But gush by pressure from above,
With God's hand on the lever;
The first are turbidest and meanest,
The last are sweetest and serenest.

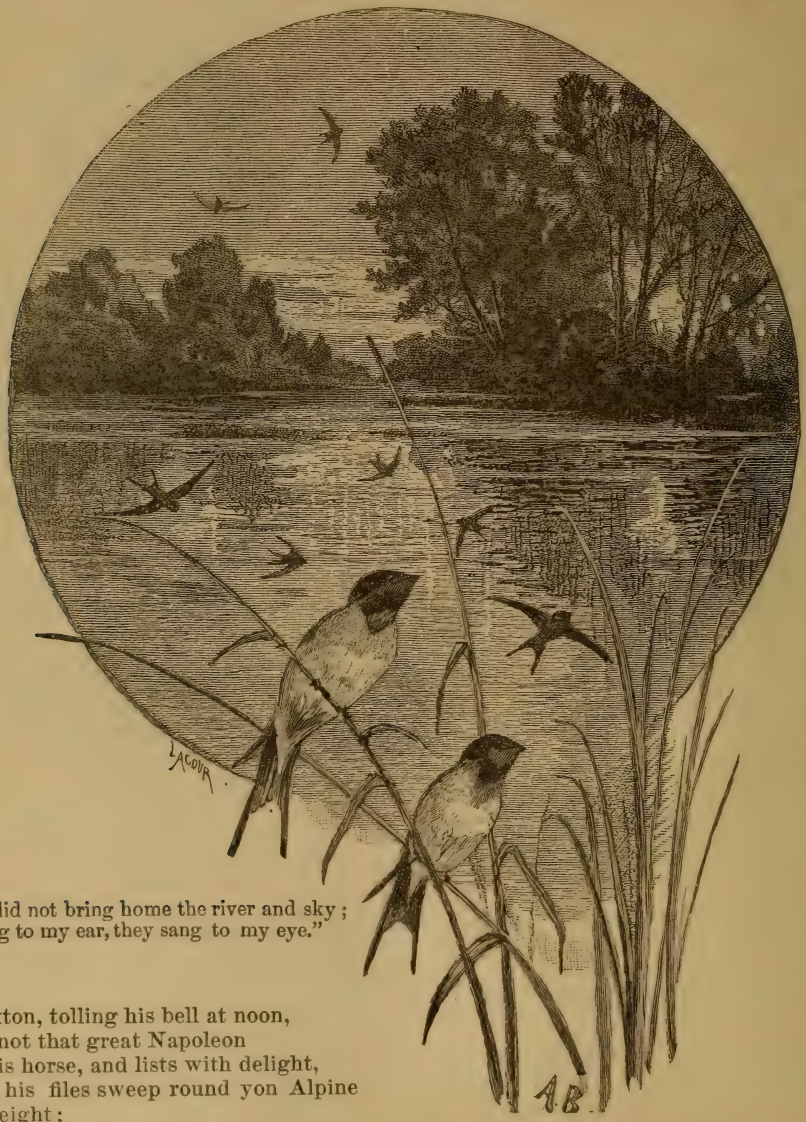
JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thy ear to charm;

All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;



"For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear, they sang to my eye."

The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.

I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,

For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear, they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone—
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat—
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones, acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole—
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

GO, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best;
The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the Court it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church it shows
What's good, and does no good.
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates they live
Acting by others' action;
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by affection.
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That manage the Estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending;
Who in their greatest cost
Like nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then tell them all they lie.

Tell Zeal it wants devotion;
Tell Love it is but lust;
Tell Time it is but motion;
Tell Flesh it is but dust.
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth;
Tell Honor how it alters;
Tell Beauty how she blasteth;
Tell Favor how it falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness;
Tell Skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
Tell Law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them all the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness;
Tell Nature of decay;
Tell Friendship of unkindness;
Tell Justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell Schools they want profoundness,
And stand so much on seeming.
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the city;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell Manhood shakes off pity;
Tell Virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Because to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Stab at thee who that will,
No stab the soul can kill.

(*Attributed to*) SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE HEREAFTER.

(From "An Essay on Man.")

HOPE humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blessed;
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or Milky Way,
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of wood embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

ALEXANDER POPE.

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT GREAT AT LAST.

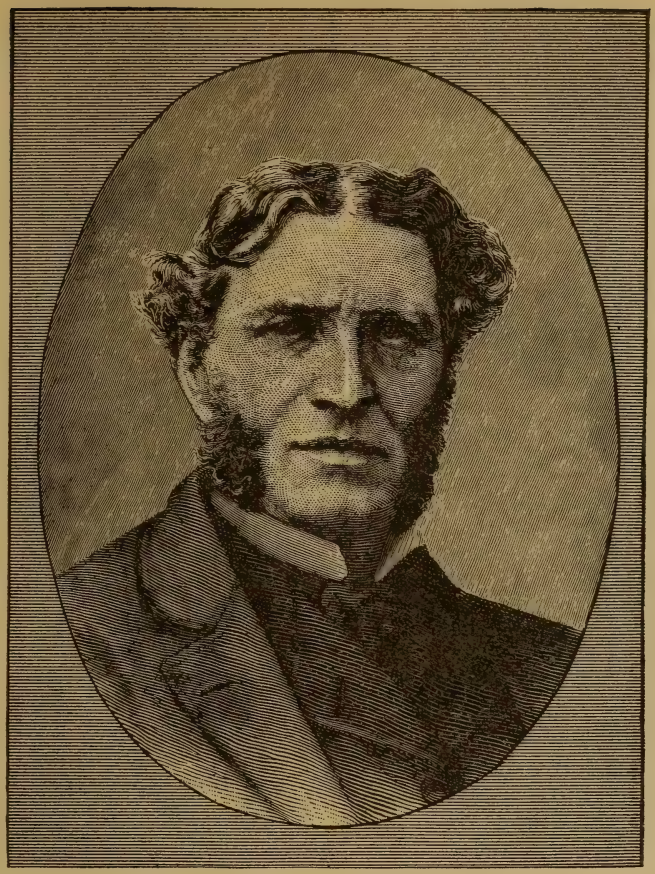
A TRAVELER through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, at heat of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink;
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
Yet strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame!
The thought was small, its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper, on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

CHARLES MACKAY.



Matthew Arnold

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

(From "Culture and Anarchy.")

THE Greek word εὐφυΐα, a finely tempered nature, gives exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to conceive it; a harmonious perfection, a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites "the two noblest of things," as Swift, who of one of the two, at any rate, had himself all too little, most happily calls them in his "Battle of the Books," "the two noblest of things, sweetness and light." The εὐφυής, I say, is the man who tends towards sweetness and light; the ἀφυής, on the other hand, is our Philistine. The immense spiritual significance of the Greeks is due to their having been inspired with this central and happy idea of the essential character of human perfection; and Mr. Bright's misconception of culture, as a smattering of Greek and Latin, comes itself, after all, from this wonderful significance of the Greeks having affected the very machinery of our education, and is in itself a kind of homage to it.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

SOMEBODY.

SOMEBODY thinks the world all wrong
And never has a word in its praise;
Somebody sings the whole day long,
Likes the world and all its ways;
Somebody says it's a queer old place,
Where none of the people do as they should;
Then somebody thinks it full of grace
And wouldn't change the folks if he could.

Somebody calls it cruel and cold,
Full of sin and sorrow and pain,
Where life is but a search for gold,
And souls are lost in selfish gain.
Somebody merrily laughs—and cries,
"Hurrah for such a dear old earth!
Success shall crown the man who tries
To make his mark by honest worth."

Somebody groans and shakes his head,
Calls his lot a wretched one;
Somebody wishes that he were dead,
'Cause somebody else has all the fun.
But still I fancy you're sure to find,
Tho' good or evil, or pain or care,
One certain fact—so make up your mind
That—Somebody always gets his share.

ANONYMOUS.

EVERY DAY.

OH, trifling task so often done,
Yet ever to be done anew;
Oh, cares which come with every sun,
Morn after morn, the long years through!
We shrink beneath their paltry sway—
The irksome calls of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power,
The tiresome round of little things,
Are hard to bear, as hour by hour
Its tedious iteration brings;
Who shall evade or who delay
The small demands of every day?

The boulder in the torrent's course
By tide and tempest lashed in vain,
Obeys the wave-whirled pebble's force,
And yields its substance grain by grain;
So crumble strongest lives away
Beneath the wear of every day.

Who finds the lion in his lair,
Who tracks the tiger for his life,
May wound them ere they are aware,
Or conquer them in desperate strife,
Yet powerless he to scathe or slay
The vexing gnats of every day.

The steady strain that never stops,
Is mightier than the fiercest shock;
The constant fall of water-drops
Will groove the adamantine rock;
We feel our noblest powers decay
In feeble wars with every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow—
Our souls a sudden bravery fills—
But we endure not always so
The drop-by-drop of little ills;
We still deplore and still obey
The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death
Upon the battle-field, and dares
Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath
The needle-points of fret and cares;
The stoutest spirits they dismay—
The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fames,
Whose souls by faith have overcome,
Who wore amid the cruel flame
The molten crown of martyrdom,
Bore not without complaint alway
The petty pains of every day.

Ah, more than martyr's aureole,
And more than hero's heart of fire,
We need the humble strength of soul
Which daily toils and ills require—
Sweet Patience! grant us, if you may,
An added grace for every day!

ANONYMOUS.

WHO BIDES HIS TIME.

WHO bides his time, day by day
Faces defeat, full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
However poor his fortunes be—
He will not fail in any qualm
Of poverty—the paltry dime,
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltest tear;
And, though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him drawing near;

The birds are heralds of his cause,
And, like a never-ending rhyme,
The roadside blooms in his applause,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, and fevers not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool wreathen laurel, wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves;
And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand o'er every clime,
With peace writ on his signet ring,
Who bides his time.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"WHO CAN JUDGE A MAN FROM MANNERS?"

WHO can judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feeling—
Satin vest could do no more.
There are springs of crystal nectar
Even swelling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overgrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me;
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles on the sea.

Man appraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows, then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
That your meanest hands are men!
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men by thought and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.
There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little wood-clad rills,
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills.
God who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles on the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth to its voice.
Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny height.
God, whose heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppositions with its titles,
As the pebbles on the sea.

ANONYMOUS.

SIMPLICITY.

IT is far more difficult to be simple than to be complicated; far more difficult to sacrifice skill and cease exertion in the proper place, than to expend both indiscriminately. We shall find, in the course of our investigation, that beauty and difficulty go together; and that they are only mean and paltry difficulties which it is wrong or contemptible to wrestle with. Be it remembered, then, Power is never wasted. Whatever power has been employed, produces excellence in proportion to its own dignity and exertion; and the faculty of perceiving this exertion, and appreciating this dignity, is the faculty of perceiving excellence.

JOHN RUSKIN.

EDUCATION.

A STATUE lies hid in the block of marble, and the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone; the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lies hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and brought to light.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE INTERPRETERS.

I.

DAYS dawn on us that make amends for many
Sometimes,
When heaven and earth seem sweeter even than any
Man's rhymes.
Light had not all been quenched in France, or quelled
In Greece,
Had Homer sung not, or had Hugo held
His peace.
Had Sappho's self not left her word thus long
For token,
The sea round Lesbos yet in waves of song
Had spoken.

II.

And yet these days of subtler air and finer
Delight,
When lovelier looks the darkness, and diviner
The light.
The gift they give of all these golden hours,
Whose urn
Pours forth reverberate rays or shadowing showers
In turn.
Clouds, beams, and winds that make the live day's track
Seem living—
What were they did no spirit give them back
Thanksgiving?

III.

Dead air, dead fire, dead shapes and shadows, telling
Time nought;
Man gives them sense and soul by song, and dwelling
In thought.
In human thought their being endures, their power
Abides:
Else were their life a thing that each light hour
Derides.
The years live, work, sigh, smile, and die, with all
They cherish:
The soul endures, though dreams that fed it fall
And perish,

IV.

In human thought have all things habitation;
Our days
Laugh, lower, and lighten past, and find no station
That stays.
But thought and faith are mightier things than time
Can wrong.
Made splendid once with speech, or made sublime
By song.
Remembrance, though the tide of change that rolls
Wax hoary,
Gives earth and heaven, for song's sake and the soul's
Their glory.

CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.



CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

LET'S oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it,
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul

That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand;
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

ANONYMOUS.

———o———

EDUCATION.

IF we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God, and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

———o———

SOMETIME.

"SOMETIME"—It is the sweet, sweet song, warbled to and fro, among the topmost boughs of the heart, and filling the whole air with such joy and gladness as the songs of birds do when the summer morning comes out of darkness, and day is born on the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future which we call "sometime." Beautiful flowers are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one or our ears hear the other. But, oh, reader, be of good cheer, for all the good there is in a golden "sometime;" when the hill and valleys of time are passed; when the wear and fever, the disappointment and the sorrows of life are over, then there is a place and the rest appointed of God. Oh, homestead, over whose roof fall no shadows or even clouds; and over whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon the eternal hills, and standing with thy spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no more sorrrow nor pain, nor the sound of weeping—"sometime."

GEORGE DENNISON PRENTICE.

———o———

UNREALITY.

(From "The Tempest," Act IV., Scene 1.)

THE cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

———

A FOOL.

(From "As You Like It," Act II., Scene 5.)

JAQUES. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest.
A motley fool; a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;—
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I; *No, sir*, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

SCANDAL.

A WHISPER broke the air—
A soft, light tone and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe;
Now might it perish only there,
Nor further go.

Ah! me, a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound,
Another voice had breathed it clear;
And so it wandered round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And that it *broke!*

ANONYMOUS.

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

THERE'S many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding
And quietly brooding.
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolved to be merry
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

ANONYMOUS.

POLONIUS TO LAERTES.

(From "Hamlet," Act 1., Scene 3.)

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

SUGGESTION.

THE lad and lass were forced to part.
They kissed and went along;
The sight went into the poet's heart,
And it came out a song.

The sun, down-sloping in the west,
Made gold the evening air;
The sight went into the painter's breast,
And grew to a picture fair.

The mother murmured to her child,
And hushed it yet again;
The sound, as the musician smiled,
Grew music in his brain.

The damsel turned, her hair to bind,
A flower was in her zone;
There grew from out the sculptor's mind,
A damsel carved in stone.

The song was said, the tune was played,
The girl in marble stood,

The sunset in the picture stayed,
And all was sweet and good.

And God, who made these things to be,
The damsel and the sun,
Color and sound, and you and me,
Was pleased to see it done;

And all the angels would be glad
If, in the world He built,
Although there must be some things sad,
No drop of joy were spilt,

But all the beauty in the earth,
And skies and hearts of men,
Were gently gathered at its birth,
And loved, and born again.

MATTHEW BROWNE.



JOYOUS YOUTH.

CHEERFULNESS.

BE merry, man, and tak not sair in mind
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow;
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbors gladly lend and borrow;
His chance to-night it may be thine to-morrow;
Be blythe in hearte for my aventure,
For oft with wise men it has been said aforow
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Make thee gude cheer of it that God thee sends,
For warld's wrak but welfare nought avails;
Nae gude is thine save only that thou spends,
Remanant all thou bruikes but with bails;
Seek to solace when sadness thee assails;
In dolour lang thy life may not endure,
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sails;
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,
With famous folkis hald thy company;
Be charitable and hum'le in thine estate,
For warldly honour lastes but a cry.
For trouble in earth tak no melancholy;
Be rich in patience, if thou in gudes be poor,
Who lives merrily he lives mightily;
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

SOME years ago, when I was young,
And filled with hopes and pride and folly,
Dire sorrow came, and o'er me flung
Its gloomy pall of melancholy,
I had a friend of just my years;
I loved him with a deep devotion;
His griefs and joys, his hopes and fears,
Produced in me a like emotion.

I toiled for years to win a name,
Through sleepless nights and days of trouble
To learn this truth at last, that fame
Is but an empty air-blown bubble.
My friend sought wealth and often wrote
That he was rich and loved me dearly!
And always closed his friendly note
With "Yours most truly and sincerely."

And once he wrote, "My dear old chum,
If you are short—now don't be silly—
Just drop a line and name the sum
To me, your friend and crony, Willie."
But still I had a foolish pride
To keep from him my little pinches;
We like, if possible, to hide
Our wants from one that never flinches.

And thus I labored late and long,
Until my hopes and nerves were shattered,

Until my health, which, never strong,
Gave out, and then my friends soon scattered;
For they had learned that I was poor;
Now penury is not disgraceful;
But to the rich it shuts the door,
And makes its victim seem distasteful.

And now, I thought, since health has flown,
My ancient, wealthy friend will aid me;
A small amount, a trifling loan
From one so true will not degrade me.
For still he wrote, that better far
He loved me than a blood relation;
He talked about his "lucky star,"
His wife and means, his wealth and station.

Then with a faltering pen, one day,
(I had not nerve to do it boldly),
I wrote, "I have my rent to pay,"
Nor dreamed that he would take it coldly.
I waited long—I watched the mail,
Till all my clothes were growing seedy;
It came at last; I read in jail,
"I've nearer friends just twice as needy."

Thus ended one of boyhood's dreams,
As many a dream before has ended;
Friendship is rarely what it seems—
With money, often closely blended.
I left my books, and earned my bread
By earnest, patient, healthful labor,
And slept serenely in my bed,
Nor owe a dime to friend or neighbor.

The moral here is easy shown,
If they who read will only heed it:
To test a friend just ask a loan
Of money when you really need it.
Another lesson may be learned,
Unaided by the light of science;
That gold and fame are only earned
By patient toil and self-reliance.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

TENTERDEN STEEPLE AND GOODWIN SANDS.

(From a Sermon.)

HERE now I remember an argument of Master More's which he bringeth in a book that he made against Bilney, and here, by the way, I will tell you a merry toy. Master More was once sent in commission into Kent, to help to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of Goodwin sands and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither cometh Master More, and calleth the country before him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best certify him of that matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among others came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than a hundred years old. When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter; for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company. So Master More called this old aged man unto him, and said: "Father, tell me, if you can, what is the cause of this great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up, so that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the eldest man that I can espy in all this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most of it, or at leastwise, more than any man here assembled," "Yea, forsooth, good master," quoth this old man, "for I am well-nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near unto my age." "Well, then," quoth Master More, "how say you in this matter? What think ye to be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich haven?" "Forsooth, sir," quoth he, "I am an old man; I think that Tenderden steeple is the cause of Goodwin sands: for I am an old man, sir," quoth he, "and I may remember the building of Tenderden Steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenderden steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore I think that Tenderden steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich haven." And so to my purpose, preaching of God's word is the cause of rebellion, as Tenderden steeple was the cause that Sandwich haven is decayed.

(BISHOP) HUGH LATIMER.

AFTER THE MIDNIGHT COMETH MORN.

THE years come and the years go;
And the leaves of life keep falling,
Carrie! falling;
And across the sunless river's flow
With accents soft and whispers low,
The friends long lost are calling,
Carrie! calling;
While autumn his red glory wears,
And clouds oppress the sky like cares—
But the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the midnight cometh morn.

The years wake, and the years sleep,
And the past is full of sorrow,
Carrie! sorrow;
The thoughtless laughs and the thoughtful weeps,
And each the fruit of his follies reaps,
For to-day is the fate of to-morrow,
Carrie! to-morrow;
But new loves tempt us to forget
The old, and old friends love us yet—
So the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the midnight cometh morn.

The years laugh, the years sigh,
But the flowers for you are blowing,
Carrie! blowing;
As girlhood's days go dancing by,
And womanhood's blithe May is nigh,
With hopes and fancies glowing,
Carrie! glowing;
While love his nets for you prepares,
And lurks to catch you unawares—
And the old griefs die and new joys are born,
And after the midnight cometh morn.

The years live and the years die,
And all they touch they sadden,
Carrie! sadden;
But still the heart can time defy,
Hope still with purple flush our sky,
And sober friendship gladden,
Carrie! gladden;
And well as we have loved before,
In autumn we can love once more—
For the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after midnight cometh morn.

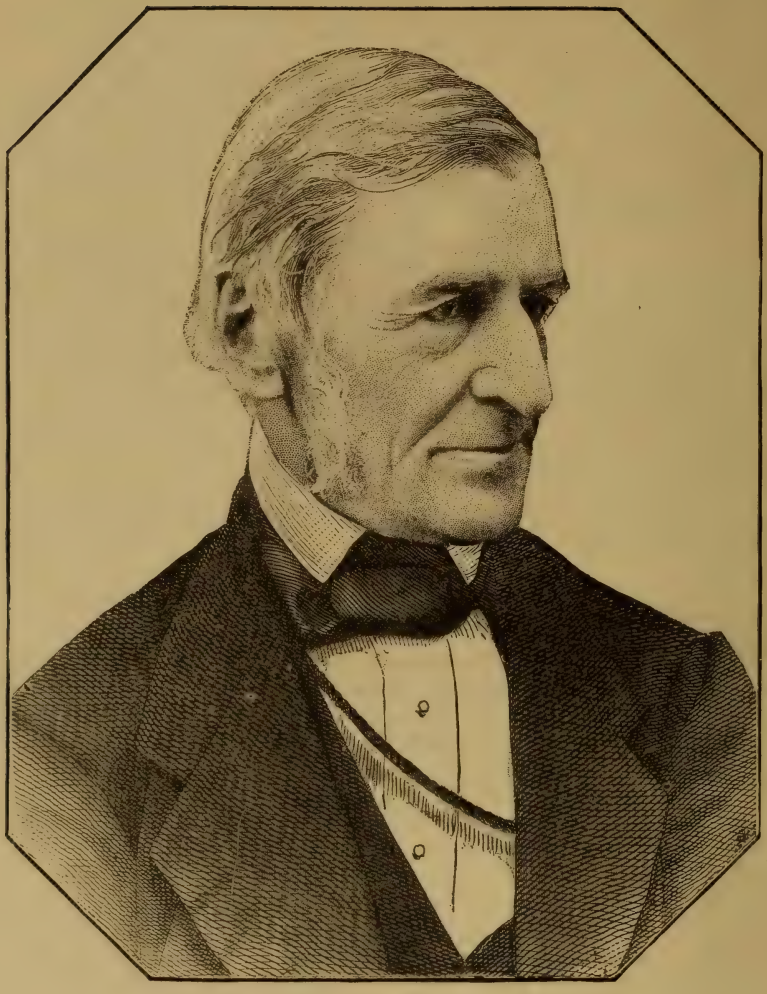
ALBERT PIKE.

———o———

ON GOOD BREEDING.

A FRIEND of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be, "the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted—as I think it cannot be disputed—it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet, which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.



R. Waldo Emerson

BEHAVIOR.

(From "The Conduct of Life.")

THERE is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed, and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dewdrops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable; men catch them from each other. Consuelo, in the romance, boasts of the lessons she has given the nobles in manners, on the stage; and, in real life, Talma taught Napoleon the arts of behavior. Genius invents the manners, which the baron and baroness copy very fast, and, by the advantage of a palace, better the instruction. They stereotype the lesson they have learned into a mode.

The power of manners is incessant, an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force, that if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is welcome everywhere, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess. We send girls of a timid, retreating disposition to boarding-school, to riding-school, to the ball-room, or wheresoever they can come into acquaintance and nearness of leading persons of their own sex; where they might learn address and see it near at hand. The power of a woman of fashion to lead, and also to daunt and repel, derives from their belief that she knows resources and behaviors not known to them; but when these have mastered her secret, they learn to confront her, and recover their self-possession. * * * * * * * *

We talk much of our utilities, but 'tis our manners that associate us. In hours of business we go to him who knows, or has, or does this or that which we want, and we do not let our taste or feeling stand in the way. But this activity over, we return to the indolent state, and wish for those we can be at ease with; those who will go where we go, whose manners do not offend us, whose social tone chimes with ours. When we reflect on their persuasive and cheering force; how they recommend, prepare, and draw people together; how, in all clubs, manners make the members; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; that, for the most part, his manners marry him, and, for the most part, he marries manners; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey; and what divination is required in us, for the reading of this fine telegraph, we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power, and beauty.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

———o———

ODE.

(INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.)

THE Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each in natural piety.

I.

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn whereso'er I may
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair,
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.



"The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem appareled in celestial light."

III.

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong;
The cataracts blow their trumpets from steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;
Thou child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd-boy.
Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal.
The fullness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
Oh evil day, if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on its mother's arm;
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

IV.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses!
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life;
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral,
And this now hath his heart,
And unto this he frames his song;
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride,
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied Age,



"And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended."

That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity,
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom these truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by,

Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast;
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise,
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence; truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng.
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance that was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower,
We will grieve not; rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy,
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight,
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from the eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

INTUITIONS.

(From "Aurora Leigh.")

THE cygnet finds the water: but the man
Is born in ignorance of his element,
And feels out blind at first, disorganized
By sin i' the blood, his first spirit-insight dulled
And crossed by his sensations. Presently
He feels it quicken in the dark sometimes;
When mark, be reverent, be obedient,
For such dumb motions of imperfect life
Are oracles of vital Deity
Attesting the hereafter. Let who says
"The soul's a clean white paper," rather say,
A palimpsest, a prophet's holograph
Defiled, erased, and covered by a monk's,
The apocalypse, by a Longus! Poring on
Which obscene text, we may discern perhaps
Some fair, fine trace of what was written once,
Some upstroke of an Alpha and Omega
Expressing the old Scripture.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

CHORUS.

(From "Atalanta in Calydon.")

BEFORE the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
And Madness, risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love, that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And Life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the labouring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him a light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death:
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

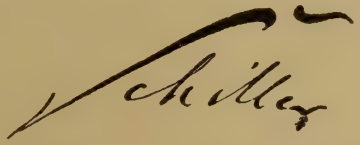
THE POETRY OF LIFE.

(Translation of Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton.)

"WHO would himself with shadows entertain,
Or gild his life with lights that shine in vain,
Or nurse false hopes that do but cheat the true?
Though with my dream my heaven should be resign'd;
Though the free-pinion'd soul that once could dwell
In that large empire of the Possible,
This work-day life with iron chains may bind,
Yet thus the mastery o'er ourselves we find,
And solemn duty to our acts decreed,
Meets us thus tutored in the hour of need,
With a more sober and submissive mind!
How front Necessity—yet bid thy youth
Shun the mild rule of life's calm sovereign, Truth."

So speak'st thou, friend, how stronger far than I;
As from Experience—that sure port serene—
Thou look'st; and straight a coldness wraps the sky,
The summer glory withers from the scene,
Scared by the solemn spell; behold them fly,
The godlike images that seemed so fair!





Silent the playful Muse—the rosy Hours
Halt in their dance; and the May-breathing flowers
Fall from the sister-Graces' waving hair.
Sweet-mouthed Apollo breaks his golden lyre,
Hermes, the wand with many a marvel rife;
The veil, rose-woven, by the young Desire
With dreams, drops from the hueless cheeks of Life.
The world seems what it *is*—a Grave! and Love
Casts down the bandage wound his eyes above,
And *sees!* He sees but images of clay
Where he dream'd gods; and sighs, and glides away.
The youngness of the Beautiful grows old,
And on thy lips the bride's sweet kiss seems cold;
And in the crowd of joys—upon thy throne
Thou sitt'st in state, and hardenest into stone.

FREDERICK VON SCHILLER.

"THE DAYS OF INFANCY ARE ALL A DREAM."

THE days of infancy are all a dream;
How fair, but oh, how short they seem!
'Tis life's sweet opening spring!
The days of youth advance;
The bounding limb, the ardent glance,
The kindling soul they bring!
It is life's burning summer time.
Manhood, matured, with wisdom's fruit,
Reward of learning's deep pursuit,
Succeeds, as autumn follows summer's prime.
And that, and that, alas! goes by;
And what ensues? The languid eye,
The failing frame, the soul o'ercast;
'Tis winter's sickening, withering blast,
Life's blessed season, for it is the last.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

MAN.

(From "Night Thoughts.")

HOW poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes:
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorbed!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! A god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh, what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

EDWARD YOUNG.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

MORN on the water! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See, the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope in the gale;
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds.
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters, away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high,
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves! and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
Treading its deaths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light.
Look to the waters! asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain.

Who, as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty, could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken forever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song;
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled,

All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs;
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

THE NABOB.

WHEN silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile
My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
O' some dear former day;
Those days that followed me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne!

The ivied tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel-kenned face I saw;
Till Donald tottered to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these e'en o' mine,
I closed the door and sobbed aloud,
To think on auld langsyne.

Some penny chiels, a new-sprung race
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,
And wished my groves away.
"Cut, cut," they cried, "those aged elms;
Lay low yon mournfu' pine."
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts,
They took me to the town;
But sair on ilka weel-kenned face
I missed the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declared divine;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrilled through a' my heart.
The song had mony an artfu' turn;
My ear confessed 'twas fine;
But missed the simple melody
I listened to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgie an auld man's spleen,
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen.
When time has passed and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne!

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

YOUTH.

(A newly discovered poem by Robert Burns, hitherto unpublished. It was found in one of the poet's exercise books, and was given to the world by the London Dramatic Review, which has vouched for its genuineness.)

YOUTH is a vision of a morn
That flies the coming day;
It is the blossom on the thorn
Which wild winds sweep away.

It is the image of the sky
In glassy waters seen,
When not a cloud appears to fly
Across the blue serene.

But when the waves begin to roar
And lift their foaming head,
The morning stars appear no more
And all the heaven is fled.



THE TROUBLES OF CHILDHOOD: THE LOST CHILD.

'Tis fleeting as the passing rays
Of bright electric fire,
That flash about with sudden blaze
And in that blaze expire.

It is the morning's gentle gale
That as it swiftly blows,
Scarce seems to sigh across the vale
Or bend the blushing rose.

But soon the gathering tempests soar
And all the sky deform,
The gale becomes the whirlwind's roar,
The sigh an angry storm.

For care and sorrow's morbid gloom,
And heart's corroding strife,
And weakness pointing to the tomb
Await the noon of life.

ROBERT BURNS.

TROUBLES OF CHILDHOOD.

(From "The Mill on the Floss.")

"AH, my child, you will have real troubles to fret about by-and-by," is the consolation we have almost all of us had administered to us in our childhood, and have repeated to other children since we have grown up. We have all of us sobbed so piteously, standing with tiny bare legs above our socks, when we lost sight of our mother or nurse in some strange place; but we can no longer recall the poignancy of that moment and weep over it, as we do over the remembered sufferings of five or ten years ago. Every one of those keen moments has left its trace, and lives in us still, but such traces have blent themselves inrecoverably with the firmer texture of our youth and manhood; and so it comes that we can look on at the troubles of our children with a smiling disbelief in the reality of their pain. Is there any one who can recover the experience of his childhood, not merely with a memory of what he did and what happened to him, of what he liked and disliked when he was in frock and trousers, but what an intimate penetration, a revived consciousness of what he felt then, when it was so long from one Midsummer to another? What he felt when his school-fellows shut him out of their game because he would pitch the ball wrong out of mere willfulness; or on a rainy day in the holidays, when he didn't know how to amuse himself, from mischief into defiance, and from defiance into sulkiness; or when his mother absolutely refused to let him have a tailed coat that "half," although every other boy of his age had gone into tails already? Surely, if we could recall that early bitterness, and the dim guesses, the strangely perspectiveless conception of life that gave the bitterness its intensity, we should not pooh-pooh the griefs of our children. MARIAN EVANS CROSS.

("George Eliot.")

THE PLEASURES OF POVERTY.

(From "The Essays of Elia.")

"I WISH the good old days would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state," so she was pleased to ramble on, "in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that we have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and oh! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the for and against, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare; and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you

remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination until it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off for Islington, fearing you should be too late; and when the old book-seller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lugged out the relic from his dusty treasures; and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome; and when you presented it to me; and when we were exploring the perfectness of it, collating it, you called it; and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left until day-break; was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and which you are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in that over-worn suit, your old corbeau, for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings, was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished upon the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

"When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Leonardo, which we christened the 'Lady Blanche;' when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture, was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but walk into Colnaghi's, and buy a wilderness of Leonardos. Yet do you?

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's bar, and Waltham, when we had a holiday? Holidays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich. And the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savory cold lamb and salad; and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in and produce our store, only paying for the ale which you must call for; and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth; and wish for such another honest hostess as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing; and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us; but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall?

* * * * * * * * * * *

"There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common; in the first dish of peas while they were yet dear; to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now, that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves, beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat; when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologizes, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves, in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now, what I mean by the word, we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty."

CHARLES LAMB.

———o———

MISUSED ART.

THE names of great painters are like passing bells; in the name of Velasquez you hear sounded the fall of Spain; in the name of Titian, that of Venice; in the name of Leonardo, that of Milan; in the name of Raphael, that of Rome. And there is profound justice in this, for in proportion to the nobleness of the power is the guilt of its use

for purposes vain or vile; and hitherto, the greater the art, the more surely has it been used, and used solely, for the decoration of pride or the provoking of sensuality. JOHN RUSKIN.

WOMAN'S VOICE.

"Her voice was ever low,
Gentle and soft—an excellent thing in woman."
KING LEAR.

NOT in the swaying of the summer trees,
When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn,
Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonies,
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim
Is earth's best music; these may move awhile
High thoughts in happy hearts, and carking cares beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,
Skimming the water of the sleeping lake,
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings,
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake
To brave the danger, and to bear the harm:
A low and gentle voice, dear woman's chiefest charm.

An excellent thing it is, and ever lent
To truth and love and meekness; they who own
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,
Ever by quiet step and smile are known;
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have sorrowed,
By patience never tired, from their own trials borrowed.

An excellent thing it is, when first in gladness,
A mother looks into her infant's eyes,
Smiles to its smiles, and saddens to its sadness
Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;
Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys,
All these come ever blent with one low, gentle voice.

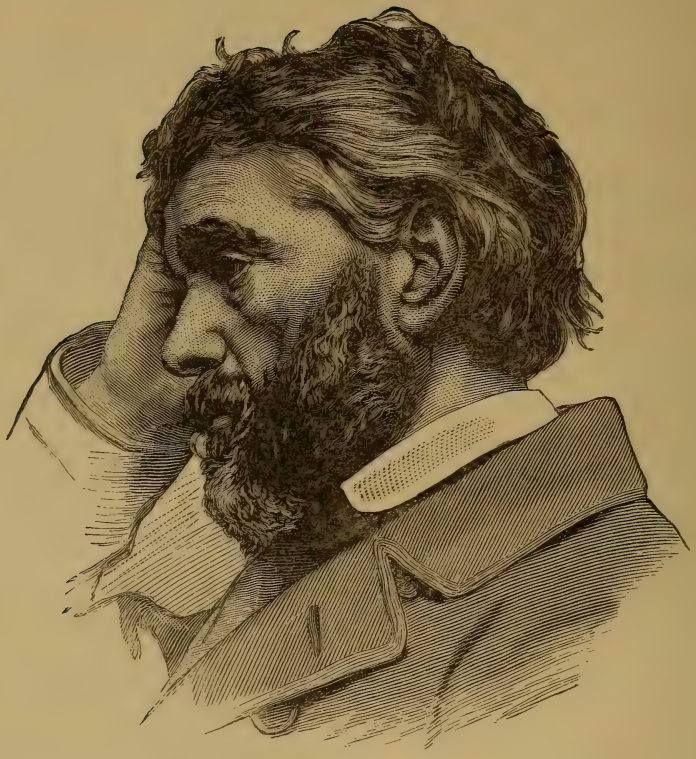
An excellent thing it is when life is leaving,
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares;
The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving,
With strangest thoughts, and with unwonted fears;
Then, then a woman's low, soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice, to teach us how to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
When the fond lover hears the loved one's tone,
That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth,
How their two hearts are one, and she his own;
It makes sweet human music: oh, the spells
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed maiden tells! EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE WORLD A STAGE.

(From "As You Like It," Act II., Scene 5.)

JAQUES. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth; And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.



Thomas Carlyle

WORK.

(From "Past and Present.")

THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. Work, never so mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, "to know thy work and do it!" "Know thyself;" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe. Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual; know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! That will be the better plan.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Religion, I said; for, properly speaking, all true work is Religion; and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbor. Admirable was that of the old monks: *Laborare est orare:* "Work is Worship."

Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever enduring gospel: Work, and therein have well-being! Man, Son of Earth and Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a Spirit of active Method, a Force for Work; and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest until thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee? What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make Order of him, the subject, not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity, and thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

———o———

LIFE.

WE are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die;
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live, or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil through pain and wrong;
We fight, and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O Life! is all thy song,
"Endure and die?"

BRYAN W. PROCTER.
(Barry Cornwall.)

THERE IS NO REST.

THERE is no rest! the mills of change
Grind on—the gods are at the wheels!
The same fierce impulse, swift and strange
We feel, that every planet feels.

There is no rest! not even sleep
Is shorn of its mobility—
The red bloods through the body sweep
Forever, like a tided sea.

There is no rest! the granite grinds
To dust, within its marble glooms;
Decay's pale worm incessant winds
Its way thro' fame's emblazoned tombs.

There is no rest! e'en Love hath wings
That wearilessly fan the air,
In his leal-hearted wanderings,
So fetterless, so free from care.

There is no rest! the feet of Pain
Are shod with motion—Pleasure's eyes
Pale faster than the sun-kissed rain,
Swung arching in the mid May skies.

There is no rest! Religion shakes
Her stainless robes, and skyward lifts
Her tremulous white palms, and takes
Faith's priceless and eternal gifts.

There is no rest! the long gray caves
Of death are rife with force and heat,
Nor Fancy pauses till she paves
The floors of Heaven with flying feet.

J. N. Matthews.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

THE virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed, or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam.



Sir Francis Bacon.

BETTER THINGS!

BETTER to smell the violet cool than sip the glowing wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook than watch a diamond shine.
Better the love of a gentle heart than beauty's favors proud;
Better the rose's living seed than roses in a crowd.
Better to love in loneliness than to bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart than the fountain by the way.
Better be fed by mother's hand than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in good than say, "My goods my storehouse fill."
Better to be a little wise than in knowledge to abound;
Better to teach a child than toil to fill perfection's round.
Better to sit at a master's feet than thrill a listening state;
Better to suspect that thou art proud than be sure that thou art great.
Better to walk in the real unseen than watch the hour's event;

Better the "Well done!" at the last than the air with shouting rent.
Better to have a quiet grief than a hurrying delight;
Better the twllight of the dawn than the noonday burning bright.
Better a death when work is done than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth.

GEORGE MCDONALD.

———o———

RETIREMENT FROM THE WORLD.

(From "The Rambler.")

ON him that appears to pass through things temporal with no other care than not to lose finally the things eternal, I look with such veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while Vice is every day multiplying seducements, and stalking forth with more hardened effrontery, Virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence, or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. Piety practiced in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and, however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendour of beneficence.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

———o———

"THERE'S A SILVER LINING TO EVERY CLOUD."

THE poet or priest who told us this
Served mankind in the holiest way;
For it lit up the earth with the star of bliss
That beacons the soul with cheerful ray.
Too often we wander despairing and blind,
Breathing our useless murmurs aloud;
But 'tis kinder to bid us seek and find
"A silver lining to every cloud."

May we not walk in the dingle ground
Where nothing but Autumn's dead leaves are seen;
But search beneath them, and peeping around
Are the young Spring tufts of blue and green.
'Tis a beautiful eye that ever perceives
The presence of God in Mortality's crowd,
'Tis a saving creed that thinks and believes
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Let us look closely before we condemn
Bushes that bear no bloom nor fruit,
There may not be beauty in leaves or stem,
But virtue may dwell far down at the root;
And let us beware how we utterly spurn
Brothers that seem all cold and proud;
If their bosoms were opened, perchance we might learn
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Let us not cast out Mercy and Truth,
When Guilt is before us in chains and shame,
When passion and vice have cankered youth,
And Age lives on with a branded name;
Something of good may still be there,
Though its voice may never be heard aloud,
For, while black with the vapors of pestilent air,
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Sad are the sorrows that oftentimes come,
Heavy and dull and blighting and chill,
Shutting the light from our heart and our home,
Marring our hopes and defying our will;
But let us not sink beneath the woe;
'Tis well perchance we are tried and bowed;
For be sure, though we may not oft see it below,
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

And when stern Death, with skeleton hand,
Has snatched the flower that grew in our breast,
Do we not think of a fairer land,



"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Where the lost are found, and the weary at rest?
Oh, the hope of the unknown Future springs,
In its purest strength o'er the coffin and shroud!
The shadow is dense, but Faith's spirit-voice sings,
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

ELIZA COOK.

RECREATIONS.

RECREATION is a second creation when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business.

Spill not the morning, the quintessence of the day, in recreations; for sleep is itself a

recreation. Add not therefore sauce to sauce; and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed who was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the head, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chiefly, intrench not on the Lord's day to use unlawful sports; this were to spare thine own flock, and to shear God's lamb.

Take heed of boisterous and over-violent exercises. Ringing ofttimes hath made good music on the bells, and put men's bodies out of tune, so that, by overheating themselves, they have rung their own passing-bell.

THOMAS FULLER.

———o———

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the brave old earth must borrow its mirth—
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing and the hills will answer,
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes rebound to a joyful sound
And shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you,
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many,
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are *none* to decline your nectared wine,
But *alone* you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,
Fast, and the world goes by.
Forget and forgive—it helps you to live,
But no man can help you to die;
There's room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But, one by one, we must all march on
Through the narrow aisle of pain.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

———

GIFTS.

"O, WORLD God, give me wealth!" the Egyptian cried.
His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold
Palace and pyramid: the brimming tide
Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold.
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
World-circling traffic roared through mart and street.
His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings enshrined,
Set death at naught in rock-ribbed channels deep.
Seek Pharaoh's race to-day and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silent and dusty sleep.

"O, World God, give me beauty!" cried the Greek.
His prayer was granted. All the earth became
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame,
Peopled the world with image grace and light,
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
Of the immortal marble, his the play
Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.
Go seek the sunshine-race; ye find to-day
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"O, World God, give me power!" the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained
A captive to the chariot of his pride.
The blood of myriad provinces was drained
To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.
Invulnerably bulwarked every part
With serried legions and with close-meshed code;
Within, the burrowing worm has gnawed its home;
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"O, Godhead, give me truth!" the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted; he became a slave
Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,

Curst, hated, spurned, and scourged with none to save.
The Pharaohs knew him, and when Greece beheld,
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld.
Beauty he hath forsworne, and wealth and power.
Seek him to-day, and find in every land,
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour;
Immortal through the lamp within his hand.

EMMA LAZARUS.

THE NEGLECTED PATTERN.

A WEAVER sat one day at his loom,
Among the colors bright,
While the pattern for his copying
Hung fair and plain in sight.

But the weaver's thoughts were wandering
Away on a distant track,
As he threw the shuttle in his hand
Wearily forward and back.

And he turned his dim eyes to the ground,
And his tears fell on the woof,
For his thoughts, alas! were not with his home,
Nor the wife beneath its roof.

When her voice recalled him suddenly
To himself, as she sadly said:
"Ah! woe is me! for your work is spoiled,
And what will we do for bread?"

And then the weaver looked and saw
His work must be undone;
For the threads were wrong and the colors dimmed
Where the bitter tears had run.

"Alack, alack!" said the weaver,
"And this had all been right
If I had not looked at my work, but kept
"The pattern in my sight!"

Ah! sad it was for the weaver,
And sad for his luckless wife;
And sad it will be for us if we say,
At the end of our task in life,

The colors that we had to weave
Were bright in our early years;
But we wove the tissue wrong, and stained
The woof with bitter tears.

We wove a web of doubt and fear—
Not faith, and hope and love,
Because we looked at our work, and not
At our Pattern up above.

PHŒBE CARY.



"A weaver sat one day at his loom
Among the colors bright."

AFFINITUS.

THERE is a soul in earthly things
More subtle than the inner strife
That beats the rosebud into life,
Or from the bud the blossom brings.

By every eye it is not seen;
For nature has her own elect,

Whose instinct can alone detect
The soul behind the shifting screen.

The flower feels the dew, but not
The diamond in the dewdrop's crypt,
The bee, the flower from which it sipped
The sweet; its beauty is forgot.

The brute beholds wide lake and lea,
The grass devours, the water drinks
In eager haste, but never thinks
Of beauty or immensity.

So earthy minds the earthy feel;
Though dead to beauty, well content,
The soul awaits for whom 'twas meant.
Thus instinct is to instinct leal.

C. R. LATHROP.

VANITY FAIR.

"VANITAS vanitatum" has rung in the ears
Of gentle and simple for thousands of years;
The wail still is heard, yet its notes never scare
Either simple or gentle from Vanity Fair.

I often hear people abusing it, yet
There the young go to learn, and the old to forget;
The mirth may be feigning, the sheen may be glare,
But the gingerbread's gilded in Vanity Fair.

Old Dives there rolls in his chariot, but mind
Atra Cura is up with the lacqueys behind;
Joan trudges with Jack—are the sweethearts aware
Of the trouble that waits them in Vanity Fair?

We saw them all go, and we something may learn
Of the harvest they reap when we see them return;
The tree was enticing, its branches are bare—
Heigh-ho for the promise of Vanity Fair!

That stupid old Dives, once honest enough,
His honesty sold for star, ribbon, and stuff;
And Joan's pretty face has been clouded with care
Since Jack bought her ribbons at Vanity Fair.

Contemptible Dives! too credulous Joan!
Yet we all have a Vanity Fair of our own:
My son, you have yours, but you need not despair—
I own I've a weakness for Vanity Fair.

Philosophy halts, wisest councils are vain—
We go, we repent, we return there again;
To-night you will certainly meet with us there—
So come and be merry in Vanity Fair.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

O LONG and lagging hours of time,
How heavily the hope you mock,
How slow you creep across the clock,
When the child waits for you to chime
The year returning in its prime—
Yet all so glad! yet all so glad!

O hurrying hours, when age is nigh,
So breathlessly you sweep along,
So fast your flashing circles throng
By failing sense and dazzled eye,
We scarcely see them as they fly—
And all so sad! and all so sad!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SOLITUDE.

(From "The Search After Happiness.")

SWEET Solitude, thou placid queen,
Of modest air, and brow serene!
'Tis thou inspirest the sage's themes,
The poet's visionary dreams.

Parent of Virtue, nurse of Thought,
By thee were saints and patriarchs taught;
Wisdom from thee her treasures drew,
And in thy lap fair Science grew.

Whate'er exalts, refines and charms,
Invites to thought, to virtue warms,
Whate'er is perfect, fair, and good,
We owe to thee, sweet Solitude!

In these blest shades, oh, still maintain
Thy peaceful, unmolested reign!
Let no disordered thoughts intrude
On thy repose, sweet Solitude!

With thee the charms of life shall last,
Although its rosy bloom be past,
Shall still endure when time shall spread
His silver blossoms o'er my head.

No more with this vain world perplexed,
Thou shalt prepare me for the next;
The springs of life shall gently cease,
And angels point the way to peace.

HANNAH MORE.



MRS. HANNAH MORE.

APOSTROPHE TO SLEEP.

(From the Second Part of King Henry IV., Act III., Scene I.)

HOW many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds: and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

(Written when the author was about twelve years old.)

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blessed, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus, unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

SONG.

(Made extempore by a gentleman, occasioned by a fly drinking out of his cup of ale.)

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

WILLIAM OLDYS.

———o———

SLEEP.

FOR do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is! it is so inestimable a jewel, that, if a tyrant would give his crown for an hour's slumber, it cannot he bought; of so beautiful a shape it is, that, though a man live with an empress, his heart cannot be at quiet till he leaves her embracements to be at rest with the other: yea, so greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him; and there is good cause why we should do so; for sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate ambrosia? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little, tumbles us into a churchyard, and to use it but indifferently throws us into Bedlam? No, no. Look upon *Endymion*, the moon's minion, who slept threescore and fifteen years, and was not a hair the worse for it!

THOMAS DEKKER.

———o———

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

MELIK, the Sultan, tired and wan,
Nodded at noon on his divan.

Beside the fountain lingered near
Jamil, the bard, and the vizier—

Old Yusuf sour and hard to please;
Then Jamil sang in words like these:

Slim is Butheina—slim is she
As boughs of the Araka tree!

"Nay," quoth the other, teeth between;
"Lean, if you will—I call her lean."

Sweet is Butheina—sweet as wine,
With smiles that like red bubbles shine!

"True—by the Prophet!" Yusuf said,
"She makes men wander in the head!"

Dear is Butheina—ah! more dear
Than all the maidens of Kashmeer!

"Dear," came the answer, quick as thought,
"Dear—and yet always to be bought."

So Jamil ceased. But still life's page
Shows diverse unto Youth and Age;

And be the song of Ghouls or Gods—
Time, like the Sultan, sits and nods.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

AND what's a life? A weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life? The flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day; hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop! how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial night will blind too soon;
My non-aged day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit! how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; here's nothing worth a smile.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

SIC VITA.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like the wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood,
Even such is man whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

HENRY KING.

LIFE.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own, to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning;
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-Night, but in some brighter clime,
Bid me Good-Morning.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

LIFE.

MY life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
'Tis scattered on the ground, to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed,
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see;
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree;
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea;
But none, alas! shall mourn for me.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream:
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of Time;

Footprints that, perhaps, another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FATE.

THE sky is clouded, the rocks are bare!
The spray of the tempest is white in air;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb,
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day.

But the ship sailed safely over the sea!
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was builded upon a rock,
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

(FRANCIS) BRET HARTE.

WISDOM.

PEOPLE always fancy that we must become old to become wise; but in truth, as years advance, it is hard to keep ourselves as wise as we were. Man becomes, indeed, in the different stages of life, a different being; but he cannot say that he is a better one, and in certain matters he is as likely to be as right in his twentieth as in his sixtieth year.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.



JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

UNITY OF NATURE.

(From "An Essay on Man.")

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul,
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point; this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee;
Submit; in this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blessed as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hands of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, direction which thou can's't not see,
All discord, harmony not understood,
All partial evil, universal good;
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear: Whatever Is, Is Right.

ALEXANDER POPE.

HUMAN LIFE.

(Opening Lines.)

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noon-tide harmony;
Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound;
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breath their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.
A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine;
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
"'Twas on these knees he often sat and smiled!"
And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,
In every cottage porch, with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.
And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower,
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard where only joy has been;
When by his children borne, and from his door,
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.
And such is human life; so, gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone:
Yet is the tale, though brief it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wondering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour.
Born in a trance, we wake, observe, inquire,
And the green earth, the azure sky, admire.
Of elfin size, forever as we run,
We cast a longer shadow in the sun;
And now a charm, and now a grace, is won;
We grow in stature, and in wisdom too,
And as new scenes, new objects rise to view,
Think nothing done while aught remains to do.
Yet, all forgot, how oft the eyelids close,
And from the slack hand drops the gathered rose:
How oft as dead, on the warm turf we lie,
While many an emmet comes with curious eye,
And on her nest the watchful wren sits by:
Nor do we speak or move, or hear or see;
So like what once we were, and once again shall be!
And say, how soon, where, blithe and innocent,
The boy at sunrise caroled as he went,
An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,
Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green;
The man himself how altered, not the scene!
Now journeying home with nothing but the name,
Wayworn and spent, another, and the same:
No eye observes the growth or the decay;
To-day we look as we did yesterday,
And we shall look to-morrow as to-day.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
E'en such is man; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers; the blossom blasteth;
The flower fades; the morning hasteth;
The sun sets; the shadow flies;
The gourd consumes; and man he dies!

Like as the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,

Or like the singing of a swan,
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers; the tale is ended;
The bird is flown; the dew's ascended;
The hour is short; the span is long;
The swan's near death; man's life is done!

SIMON WASTEL.

FROM "FESTUS."

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest:
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along the veins.
Life is but a means unto an end; that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

THE VOICELESS.

WE count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them;

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story;
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening nightdews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till death pours out his cordial wine
Slow dropped from Misery's crushing presses,
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TIME.

(From "The Antiquary.")

WHY sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou aged earle, so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?"

"Know'st thou not me?" the deep voice cried;
"So long enjoyed, so oft misused;
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected and accused!

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours; the space is brief
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver!"
And measureless thy joy or grief
When Time and thou shall part forever!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MELANCHOLY.

(From "Nice Valor.")

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
Oh, sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls,
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

STANZAS.

MY days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BEAUTY FADES.

TRUST not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold
With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd.
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe
When first I did their azure rays behold,
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told.
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighboring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes;
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers
Shall once, ah, me! not spare that spring of yours.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.



WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more;
For then we know how vain it is to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed;
Lets in new light through chinks that time hath made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER.

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

THERE is a period when the apple-tree blossoms with its fellows of the wood and field. How fair a time it is! All nature is woosome and winning; the material world celebrates its vegetable loves, and the flower-bells, touched by the winds of spring, usher in the universal marriage of Nature. Beast, bird, insect, reptile, fish, plant, lichen, with their prophetic colors spread, all float forward on the tide of new life.

Then comes the summer. Many a blossom falls fruitless to the ground, littering the earth with beauty, never to be used. Thick leaves hide the process of creation, which first blushed public in the flowers, and now unseen goes on. For so life's most deep and fruitful hours are hid in mystery. Apples are growing on every tree; all summer long they grow, and in early autumn.

At length the fruit is fully formed; the leaves begin to fall, letting the sun approach more near. The apple hangs there yet, not to grow, only to ripen. Weeks long it clings to the tree; it gains nothing in size and weight. Externally, there is increase of beauty.

Having finished the form from within, Nature brings out the added grace of color. It is not a tricksy fashion painted on, but an expression which of itself comes out; a fragrance and loveliness of the apple's innermost. Within, at the same time, the component elements are changing.

The apple grows mild and pleasant. It softens, sweetens, in one word, it mellows. Some night, when the vital forces of the tree get drowsy, and the autumn, with gentle breath, just shakes the bough, the expectant fruit lets go its hold, full-grown, full-ripe, full-colored too, and, with plump and happy sound, the apple falls into the autumn's lap, and the spring's marriage promise is complete.

* * * * * * * * * * *

So have I seen a pine-tree in the woods, old, dry at its root, weak in its limbs, capped with age-resembling snow; it stood there, and seemed like to stand; but a little touch of wind drove it headlong, and it fell with long resounding crash. The next morning the woodsman is astonished that the old tree lies prostrate on the ground. This is a natural death, for the old tree and the venerable man.

THEODORE PARKER.

———o———

LIFE.

(From "Macbeth," Act V., Scene 5.)

SEYMOUR. The queen, my lord, is dead,

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

NO CONCEALMENT.

"There is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid that shall not be known."

ST. MATTHEW.

THINK'ST thou to be conceal'd, thou little stream!
That through the lowly vale dost wind thy way,
Loving beneath the darkest arch to glide
Of women branches, blent with hillocks gray?
The mist doth track thee, and reveal thy course
Unto the dawn, and a bright line of green
Tingeth thy marge, and the white flocks that haste
At summer-noon, to drink thy crystal sheen,
Make plain thy wanderings to the eye of day;

And then thy smiling answer to the moon,
Whose beams so freely on thy bosom sleep,
Unfold thy secret, even to night's dull noon.
How couldst thou hope, in such a world as this,
To shroud thy gentle path of beauty and of bliss?

Think'st thou to be conceal'd, thou little seed!
That in the bosom of the earth art cast,
And there, like cradled infant, sleep'st awhile,
Unmoved by trampling storm, or thunder blast?
Thou bidest thy time, for herald spring shall come
And wake thee, all unwilling as thou art,
Unhood thine eyes, unfold thy clasping sheath,
And stir the languid pulses of thy heart.
The loving rains shall woo thee, and the dews
Weep o'er thy bed, till, ere thou art aware,
Forth steals the tender leaf, the wiry stem,
The trembling bud, the flower that scents the air;
And soon, to all, thy ripen'd fruitage tells
The evil or the good that in thy nature dwells.

Think'st thou to be conceal'd, thou little thought!
That in the curtained chamber of the soul
Dost wrap thyself so close, and dream to do
A hidden work? Look to the hues that roll
O'er the changed brow, the moving lip behold,
Linking thee unto sound, the feet that run
Upon thine errands, and the deeds that stamp
Thy likeness plain before the noonday sun.
Look to the pen that writes thy history down
In those tremendous books that ne'er unclose
Until the Day of Doom; and blush to see
How vain thy trust in darkness to repose,
Where all things tend to judgment. So beware,
Oh! erring human heart, what thoughts thou lodgest there.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.



MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

MIDDLE AGE.

(From "An Essay on an Old Subject.")

IN the entire circle of the year there are no days so delightful as those of a fine October, when the trees are bare to the mild heavens, and the red leaves bestrew the road, and you can feel the breath of winter morning and evening; no days so calm, so tenderly solemn, and with such a reverent meekness in the air. The lyrical up-burst of the lark at such a time would be incongruous. The only sounds suitable to the season are the rusty caw of the homeward sliding rook, the creaking of the wain returning empty from the farm-yard. There is "an unrest which men miscall delight," and of that unrest youth is for the most part composed. From that, middle age is free. The setting suns of youth are crimson and gold; the setting suns of middle age

> "Do take a sober coloring from an eye
> That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

Youth is the slave of beautiful faces, and fine eyes, and silver-sweet voices; they distract, madden, alarm. To middle age they are but the gracefullest statues, the loveliest poems. They delight, but hurt not. They awake no passion, they heighten no pulse. And the imaginative man of middle age possesses after a fashion all the passionate turbulence, all

the keen delights, of his earlier days. They are not dead; they are dwelling in the antechamber of memory, awaiting his call; and when they are called, they wear an ethereal something which is not their own. The Muses are the daughters of Memory; youth is the time to love, but middle age the period at which the best love-poetry is written. And middle age, too, the earlier period of it, when a man is master of his instruments and knows what he can do, is the best season of intellectual activity. The playful capering flames of a newly kindled fire are a pretty sight; but not nearly so effective, any housewife will tell you, as when the flames are gone, and the whole mass of fuel has become caked into a sober redness that emits a steady glow. There is nothing good in this world which time does not improve. A silver wedding is better than the voice of the epithalamium. And the most beautiful face that ever was is made yet more beautiful when there is laid upon it the reverence of silver hairs.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

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ALEXANDER SMITH.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

(From "Hamlet," Act III., Scene 1.)

HAMLET. To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.



George Eliot

THE CIRCLE OF LIFE.

(From "Romola.")

THE great river-courses which have shaped the lives of men have hardly changed; and those other streams, the life-currents that ebb and flow in human hearts, pulsate to the same great needs, the same great loves and terrors. As our thought follows close in the slow wake of the dawn, we are impressed with the broad sameness of the human lot, which never alters in the main headings of its history, hunger and labor, seed time and harvest, love and death.

Even if, instead of following the dim daybreak, our imagination pauses on a certain historical spot, and awaits the fuller morning, we may see a world-famous city, which has hardly changed its outline since the days of Columbus, seeming to stand as an almost unviolated symbol, amidst the flux of human things, to remind us that we still resemble the men of the past more than we differ from them, as the great mechanical principles on which those domes and towers were raised must make a likeness in human building that will be broader and deeper than all possible change.

MARIAN EVANS CROSS.
("George Eliot.")

———o———

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our blood and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds;
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy house-wife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelled the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
E'en chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn, I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

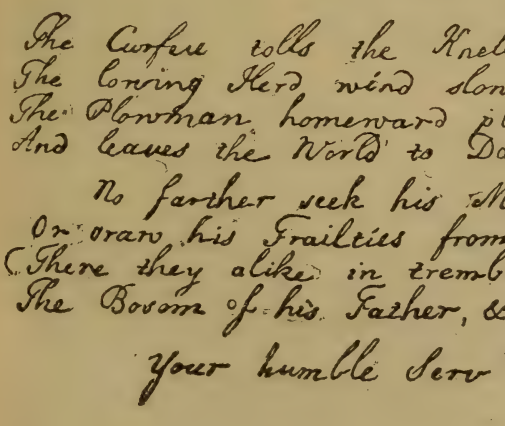
Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery, all he had, a tear;
He gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose;)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

—o—



—o—

WHY THUS LONGING?

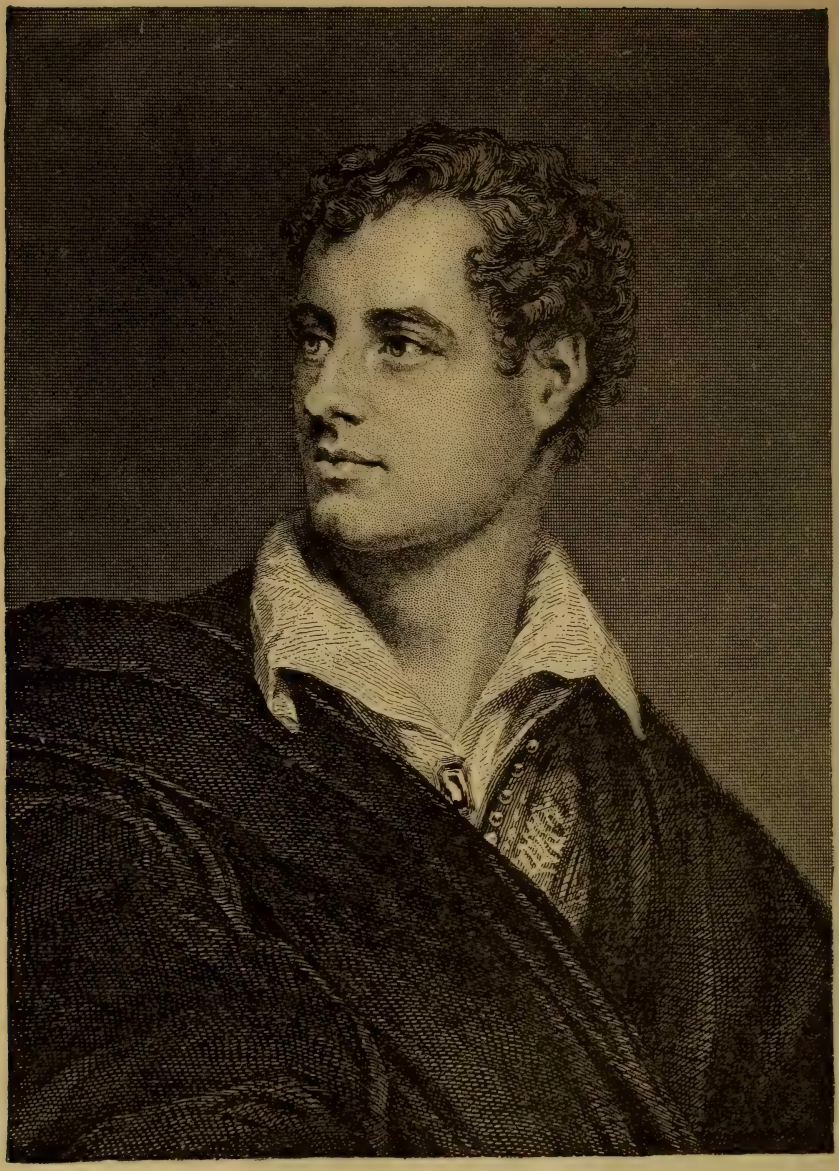
WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

HARRIET WINSLOW.



Byron

ON A SKULL.

(From "Childe Harold," Canto II.)

IS this a temple where a god may dwell?
Why, even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell.

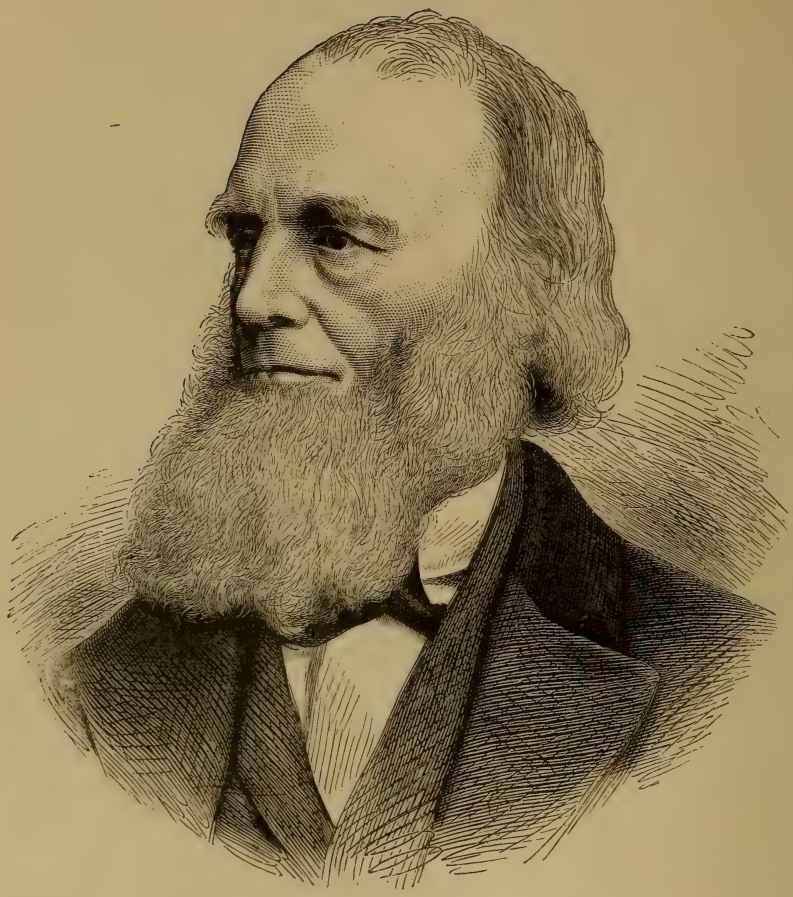
Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul.
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul.
Behold through each lack-luster, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
And Passion's host, that never brooked control.
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

THANATOPSIS.

TO him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around,
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more.
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim,
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the still abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings; yet the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep; the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,



William Cullen Bryant

The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
Oh, death in life! the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device—
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue—
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass," the old man said:
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answer'd with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night:
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star—
Excelsior!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

WHO'LL press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with his brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land, on sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come;
But other men our land will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other words will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

WILLIAM GOLDSMITH BROWN.



FANCY.

"Pleasant at noon, beside the vocal brook,
To lie me down and watch the floating clouds,
And shape to Fancy's wild imaginings
Their ever-varying forms."

SOUTHEY.





Whisperings of Fancy.



"It was a strange and lovely sight
To see the puny goblin there."

POEMS OF FANCY.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

("The exquisite poem of 'The Culprit Fay' was composed hastily among the Highlands of the Hudson in the summer of 1819. The author was walking with some friends on a warm moonlight evening, when one of the party remarked that it would be difficult to write a fairy poem, purely imaginative, without the aid of human characters. The party was re-assembled two or three days afterward, and 'The Culprit Fay' was read to them, nearly as it is now printed.")

'TIS the middle watch of a summer's night;
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.

The moon looks down on old Cronest,
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below.
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut-bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark,
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid,
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell;
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry.
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—

'Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell—
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way!
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest;
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moon-light glade,
Above, below, on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride.

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup.
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade,
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away,
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the Culprit Fay.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spicewood and the sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy,
And over it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone,
The prisoner fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne,
He waved his scepter in the air,
He looked around and calmly spoke;
His brow was grave, and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke:

"Fairy, Fairy, listen and mark!
Thou hast broken thine elfin chain,
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain;
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye;
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high;
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love;
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment!
Tied to the hornet's shardy wings,
Tossed on the pricks of nettle stings,
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell,
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede,
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie
Of the worm and the bug and the murdered fly;
These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair;
Now list, and mark our mild decree;
Fairy, this your doom must be:

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand,
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms,
And dash around with roar and wave,
And vain are the woodland spirit's charms,
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in the single might:
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away;
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye:
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,

Thou must re-illume its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy,
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast and follow it far;
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
Hence, to the water-side, away!"

The goblin marked his monarch well;
He spake no word, but he bowed low,
Then plucked a crimson colon-bell,
And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long, he cannot fly,
His soiled wing has lost its power,
And he winds adown the mountain high
For many a sore and weary hour;
Through dreary beds of tangled fern;
Through groves of nightshade dark and dern;
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake;
Now over the violet's azure flush
He skips along in lightsome mood;
And now he threads the bramble-bush,
Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the brier,
He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,
Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,
And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
He had fallen to the gound outright,
For rugged and dim was his onward track,
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
And he laughed as he jumped upon her back.
He bridled her mouth with a silk-weed twist,
He lashed her sides with an ozier thong;
And now through evening's dewy mist,
With leap and spring they bound along,
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reached at last.
Soft and pale is the moony beam,
Moveless still the glassy stream;
The wave is clear; the beach is bright
With snowy shells and sparkling stones;
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
In murmurings faint, and distant moans;
And ever, afar in the silence deep,
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
And the bend of his graceful bow is seen,
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
And dripping with gems of the river-dew.

The elfin cast a glance around
As he lighted down from his courser toad,
Then round his breast his wings he wound,
And close to the river's bank he strode;
He sprung on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
Above his head his arms he threw,
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
And headlong plunged in the waters blue.
Up sprung the spirits of the waves
From the sea-silk beds in the coral caves,
With snail-plate armor snatched in haste,
They speed their way through the liquid waste;
Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong;
Some on blood-red leeches glide;
Some on the stony star-fish ride;
Some on the back of the lancing squab;
Some on the sideling soldier-crab;
And some on the jellied quarl, that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings.
They cut the wave with the living oar,
And hurry on to the moonlit shore,
To guard their realm, and chase away
The footsteps of the invading fay.

Fearlessly he skims along;
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong;
He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling;
His locks of gold on the water shine,
At his breast the tiny foam-beads rise,
His back gleams bright above the brine,
And the wake-line foam behind him lies.
But the water-sprites are gathering near
To check his course along the tide;
Their warriors come in swift career,
And hem him round on every side;
On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
And the squab has thrown his javelin,
The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw.
He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain;
He strikes around, but his blows are vain;
Hopeless is the unequal fight;
Fairy, naught is left but flight!

He turned him round, and fled amain
With hurry and dash to the beach again;
He twisted over from side to side,
And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide;

The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
And with all his might he flings his feet,
But the water-sprites are round him still,
To cross his path, and work him ill.
They bade the waves before him rise,
They flung the sea-fire in his eyes,
And they stunned his ears with the scallop-stroke,
With the porpoise-heave, and the drumfish croak.
Oh! but a weary wight was he,
When he reached the foot of the dog-wood tree.
Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,
He laid him down on the sandy shore;
He blessed the force of the charmed line,
And he banned the water-goblins' spite,
For he saw around in the sweet moonshine
Their little wee faces above the brine,
Giggling and laughing with all their might
At the piteous hap of the fairy wight.
Soon he gathered the balsam dew
From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane bud;
Over each wound the balm he drew,
And with cobweb lint he staunched the blood.
The mild west wind was soft and low,
It cooled the heat of his burning brow,
And he felt new life in his sinews shoot
As he sucked the juice of the calamus root;
And now he treads the fatal shore,
As fresh and vigorous as before.

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite;
'Tis the middle wane of night;
His task is hard, his way is far,
But he must do his errand right,
Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,
And rolls her chariot wheel of light;
And vain are the spells of fairy-land;
He must work with a human hand.

He cast a saddened look around,
But he felt new joy his bosom swell,
When glittering on the shadowed ground,
He saw a purple mussel-shell.
Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
He heaved at the stern, and heaved at the bow,
And he pushed her over the yielding sand,
Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.
She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
As every fairy had traveled in,
For she glowed with purple paint without,
And shone with silvery pearl within;
A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
An oar he shaped of the bootle blade,
Then sprung to the seat with a lightsome leap,
And launched afar on the calm, blue deep.
The imps of the river yell and rave;
They had no power above the wave,
But they heaved the billow before the prow,
And they dashed the surge against her side,
And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
She wimpled about to the pale moonbeam,
Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream,
And momently across her track
The quarl up-reared his island back,
And the fluttering scallop behind would float,
And spatter the water about the boat;
But he bailed her out with his colon-shell,
And he kept her trimmed with an airy tread,
While on every side, like lightning, fell
The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

Onward still he held his way,
Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,
And saw, beneath the surface dim,
The browned-backed sturgeon slowly swim;
Around him were the goblin train;
But he sculled with all his might and main,
And followed wherever the sturgeon led,
Till he saw him upward point his head;
Then he dropped his paddle blade,
And held his colon-goblet up
To catch the drop in its crimson cup.
With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
And like the heaven-shot javelin,
He sprang above the waters blue.
Instant as the star-fall light
He plunged him in the deep again,
But left an arch of silver bright,
The rainbow of the moony main.
It was a strange and lovely sight
To see the puny goblin there;
He seemed an angel form of light,
With azure wings and sunny hair,
Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
Circled with blue, and edged with white,
And sitting, at the fall of even,
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.
A moment, and its luster fell;
But, ere it met the billow blue,
He caught within his crimson bell
A droplet of its sparkling dew.
Joy to thee, Fay! thy task is done,

Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won;
Cheerly ply thy dripping oar,
And haste away to the elfin shore.

He turns, and low on either side,
The ripples on his path divide,
And the track o'er which his boat must pass
Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.
Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,
With snowy arms half swelling out,
While on the glossed and gleamy wave
Their sea-green ringlets loosely float;
They swim around with smile and song,
They press the bark with pearly hand,
And gently urge her course along
Toward the beach of speckled sand;
And as he lightly leaped to land,
They bade adieu with nod and bow,
Then gaily kissed each little hand,
And dropped in the crystal deep below.

A moment stayed the fairy there;
He kissed the beach and breathed a prayer,
Then spread his wings of gilded blue,
And on to the elfin court he flew;
As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
And shine with a thousand changing dyes,
Till, lessening far, through ether driven,
It mingles with the hues of heaven;
As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,
And gleams with blendings soft and bright,
Til lost in the shades of fading night;
So rose from earth the lovely fay,
So vanished, far in heaven away!

Up, Fairy! quit thy chick-weed bower;
The cricket has called the second hour;
Twice again, and the lark will rise
To kiss the streakings of the skies.
Up! thy charmed armor don!
Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down;
The corslet-plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak of a thousand mingled dyes
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;

He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew
To skim the heavens, and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;
The katydid forgot its lay;
The prowling gnat fled fast away;
The fell mosquito checked his drone,
And folded his wings till the fay was gone;
And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead;
They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had left the blue bent blade,
And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear;
Many a time, on a summer's night,
When the sky was clear and the moon was bright,
They had been roused from the haunted ground
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound,
They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,
They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string,
When the vine-twig boughs were tightly drawn,
And the nettle-shaft through the air was borne,
Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing;
And now they deemed the courier ouphe
Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground;
And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
That canopies the world around;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And at every gallop upon the wind,
He flung a glittering spark behind.
He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past;
But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast;
He cannot see through the mantle murk,
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast;
Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,
He lashes his steed and spurs amain,
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
And flame-shot tongues around him played,

And near him many a fiendish eye
Had glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
Came screaming on his startled ear.
His wings are wet about his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
His eyes are blurred by the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare.
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,
He thrust before and he struck behind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind;
Howling, the misty specters flew,
They rend the air with frightful cries,
For he has gained the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

Up to the cope, careering swift,
In breathless motion fast,
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
The sphered moon is past,
The earth but seems a tiny blot
On a sheet of azure cast.
Oh! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,
To tread the starry plain of even,
To meet the thousand eyes of night,
And feel the cooling breath of heaven!
But the elfin made no stop or stay
Till he came to the bank of the milky-way;
Then he checked his courser's foot,
And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

Sudden along the snowy tide
That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,
The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
Attired in sunset's crimson pall;
Around the fay they weave the dance,
They skip before him on the plain,
And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
And one upholds his bridle-rein;
With warblings wild they lead him on
To where, through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars, resplendent shone
The palace of the sylphid queen.
Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,
Were streamers of the northern light;
Its curtains' light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush,
And the ceiling fair, that rose aboon,
The white and feathery fleece of noon.

But oh, how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow, bending bright!
She seemed to the entranced fay
The loveliest of the forms of light.
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon
That veils the vestal planet's hue;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

She raised her eyes to the wandering sprite,
And they leaped with smiles, for well I ween
Never before in the bowers of light
Had the form of an earthly fay been seen.
Long she looked in his tiny face,
Long with his butterfly cloak she played,
She smoothed his wings of azure lace,
And handled the tassel of his blade;
And as he told in accents low
The story of his love and woe,
She felt new pains to her bosom rise,
And the tear-drop started to her eyes.
And "Oh! sweet spirit of earth, she cried,"
"Return no more to your woodland height,
But ever here with me abide
In the land of everlasting light!
Within the fleecy drift we'll lie,
We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim,
And all the jewels of the sky
Around thy brow shall brightly beam;
And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream
That rolls its whitening foam aboon,
And ride upon the lightning's gleam,
And dance upon the orbed moon!
We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,
We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
And I will bid my sylphs to sing
The song that makes the dew-mist melt;
Their harps are of the umber shade
That hides the blush of waking day,
And every gleamy string is made
Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray;
And thou shalt pillow on my breast,
While heavenly breathings float around,
And, with the sylphs of ether blest,
Forget the joys of fairy ground."

She was lovely and fair to see,
And the elfin's heart beat fitfully;

But lovelier still, and still more fair,
The earthly form imprinted there;
Naught he saw in the heavens above
Was half so dear as his mortal love;
For he thought upon her look so meek,
And he thought of the light flush on her cheek.
Never again might he bask and lie
On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye;
But in his dreams her form to see,
To clasp her in his revery,
To think upon his virgin bride,
Was worth all heaven, and earth beside.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,
On the word of a fairy knight,
To do my sentence-task aright;
My honor scarce is free from stain;
I may not soil its snows again;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
Its mandate must be answered now."

Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
The tear was in her drooping eye;
But she led him to the palace-gate,
And called the sylphs who hovered there
And bade them fly and bring him straight
Of clouds condensed a sable car.
With charm and spell she blessed it there,
From all the fiends of upper air,
Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,
And tied his steed behind the cloud,
And pressed his hand as she bade him fly
Far to the verge of the northern sky;
For, by its wan and wavering light,
There was a star would fall to-night.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
Northward away he speeds him fast,
And his courser follows the cloudy wain
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
The clouds roll backward as he flies,
Each flickering star behind him lies,
And he has reached the northern plain,
And backed his fire-fly steed again,
Ready to follow in its flight
The streaming of the rocket-light.
The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
But it rocks in the summer gale;
And now 'tis fitful and uneven,
And now, 'tis deadly pale;
And now 'tis wrapped in sulphur-smoke,
And quenched is its rayless beam,
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
It bursts in flash and flame.
As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance
That the storm-spirit flings from high,
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,
As it fell from the sheeted sky.
As swift as the wind in its trail behind,
The elfin gallops along;
The fiends of the cloud are bellowing loud,
But the sylphid charm is strong;
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;
He watches each flake till the sparks expire,
And rides in the light of its rays.
But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
And caught a glimmering spark;
Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
And sped through the midnight dark.

Ouphe and Goblin! Imp and Sprite!
Elf of Eve! and starry Fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither, hither, wing your way.
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild, witch-hazel tree.
Hail the wanderer again
With dance and song, and lute and lyre;
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.
The beetle guards our holy ground,
He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
He hums in his ears and flaps his face;
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing, and dance and play,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But hark! from tower on tree-top high
The sentry-elf his call has made;
A streak is in the eastern sky,
Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
The sky-lark shakes his dabbled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crowed, and the fays are gone.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

ARIEL'S SONG.

(From "The Tempest," Act I., Scene 2.)

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
(The wild waves whist)
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Spirits. Bowgh, wowgh.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bowgh, wowgh.
Ariel. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere,
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.



FERDINAND AND ARIEL.

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THE PASSIONS.

(An Ode for Music.)

WHEN music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muses' painting,

By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.
Next, Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures, wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the sound prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung, but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat;
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mein,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the varying song was mixed,
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul.
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But Oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chastened queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their valleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial;
He with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed,
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing.
While, as his flying fingers touched the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round;

Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page;
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
Even all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
Oh bid our vain endeavors cease!
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tale her sons relate.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

(A Pindaric Ode.)

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings!
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take;
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow;
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour!
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

O sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control;
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptered hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing;
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Thee, the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay;
O'er Idalia's velvet-green,
The rosy-crowned loves are seen
On Cytherea's day;
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare;
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay;
With arms sublime that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way;
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labor and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease and sorrow's weeping train,
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her specters wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky,
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,

Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.
Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles that crown the Ægean deep,
Fields that cool Illissus laves,
Or where Meander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Every shade and hallowed fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound;
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion, next thy sea-engirdled coast.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face; the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
"This pencil take," she said, "whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy,
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time;
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long resounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah, 'tis heard no more!
O lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun;
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far! but far above the great!

THOMAS GRAY.



THOMAS GRAY.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

BY the moon we sport and play;
With the night begins our day;
As we dance the dew doth fall;
Trip it, little urchins, all.
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we.

JOHN LYLY.

FROM "THE HUMBLE BEE."

Burly, dozing, humblebee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone
Thou animated torrid-zone!

R. W. Emerson

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

(An Ode in Honor of St. Cecilia's Day.)

'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son;
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
"A present deity!" they shout around;
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and young.
The jolly god in triumph comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face;
Now give the hautboys breath. He comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;



" 'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son."

And now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the soul to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy,



"At last divine Cecilia came, inventress of the vocal frame."

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown!
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown!
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

JOHN DRYDEN.

A VISION.

"WHENCE dost thou come to me,
Sweetest of visions,
Filling my slumbers with holiest joy?"

"Kindly I bring to thee
Feelings of childhood,
That in thy dreams thou be happy awhile."

"Why dost thou steal from me
Ever as slumber
Flies, and reality chills me again?"

"Life thou must struggle through:
Strive,—and in slumber
Sweetly again I will steal to thy soul."

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.



JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

THE FAIRIES.

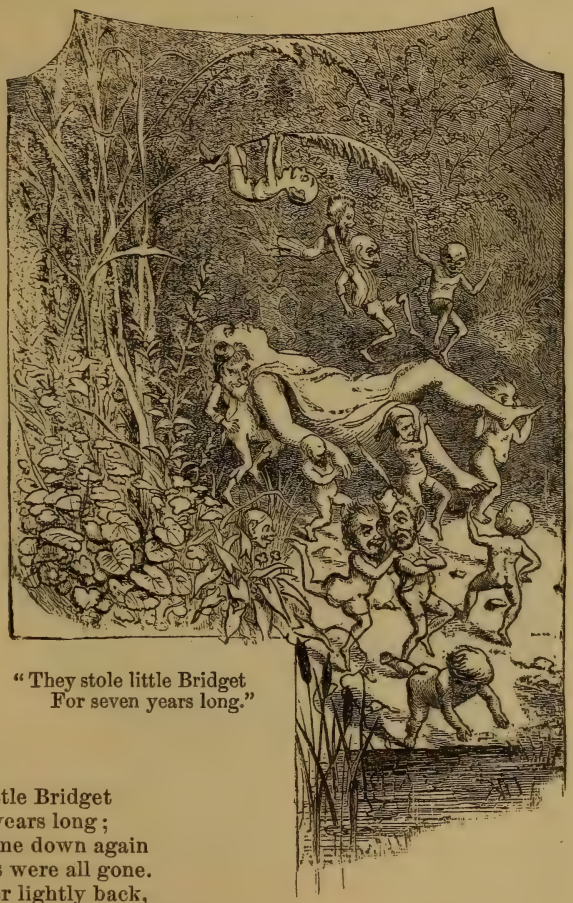
UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old king sits ;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slievelengue to Rosses ;
Or going up with music,
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there ;
Is any man so daring
To dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.



"They stole little Bridget
For seven years long."

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long ;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow ;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since

Up the airy mountain
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a hunting,

For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE FAIRIES.

(From "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.")

PERI and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic,
Brought Robin Goodfellow, that merry swain;
And stealthy Mab, queen of old realms romantic,
Came too, from distance, in her tiny wain,
Fresh dripping from a cloud; some bloomy rain,
Then circling the bright moon, had washed her car,
Shunners of sunbeams in diurnal sloth;
These be the feasters on night's silver cloth;
The gnat with shrilly trump is there convener,
Forth from their flowery chambers, nothing loth,
With lulling tunes to charm the air serener,
Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

These be the pretty genii of the flowers,
Daintily fed with honey and pure dew!



"Oh, these be Fancy's revelers by night!
Diana's motes that flit in her pale light."

And still bedewed it with a various stain;
Lastly came Ariel, shooting from a star,
Who bears all fairy embassies afar.

* * * * *

Oh, these be Fancy's revelers by night!
Stealthy companions of the downy moth,
Diana's motes, that flit in her pale light,
Midsummer's phantoms in her dreaming hours,
King Oberon, and all his merry crew,
The darling puppets of romance's view;
Fairies, and sprites, and goblin elves we call them.
Famous for patronage of lovers true;
No harm they act, neither shall harm befall them,

So do not thus with crabbed frowns appall them.

For these are kindly ministers of nature,
To soothe all covert hurts and dumb distress;
Pretty they be, and very small of stature,
For mercy still consorts with littleness;
Wherefore the sum of good is still the less,
And mischief greatest in this world of wrong;
So do these charitable dwarfs redress
The tenfold ravages of giants strong,
To whom great malice and great might belong.

THOMAS HOOD.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river;

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard, bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan;
How tall it stood in the river!
Then drew the pith like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
Laughed while he sate by the river,
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hills forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh, as he sits by the river;
Making a poet out of a man;
The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

FROM "THE BLESSED DAMOZEL."

THE blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe ungirt from clasp to hem,
Nor wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift
For service, meetly worn;
And her hair hanging down her back,
Was yellow like ripe corn.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on,
By God built over the starry depth,
The which is space begun,
So high that looking downward thence,
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether like a bridge.
Beneath the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly some of her new friends
Amid their loving games,
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names:
And the souls mounting up to God,
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself, and stooped
Out of the circling charm,

Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep,
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path, and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE FAIRY'S SONG.

(From "A Midsummer Night's Dream.")

OVER hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:



"I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere."

In their gold coat spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits: I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

THE VISIT OF ST. NICHOLAS.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;

And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little, old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen—
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too;
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound!
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes how they twinkle! his dimples, how merry;
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

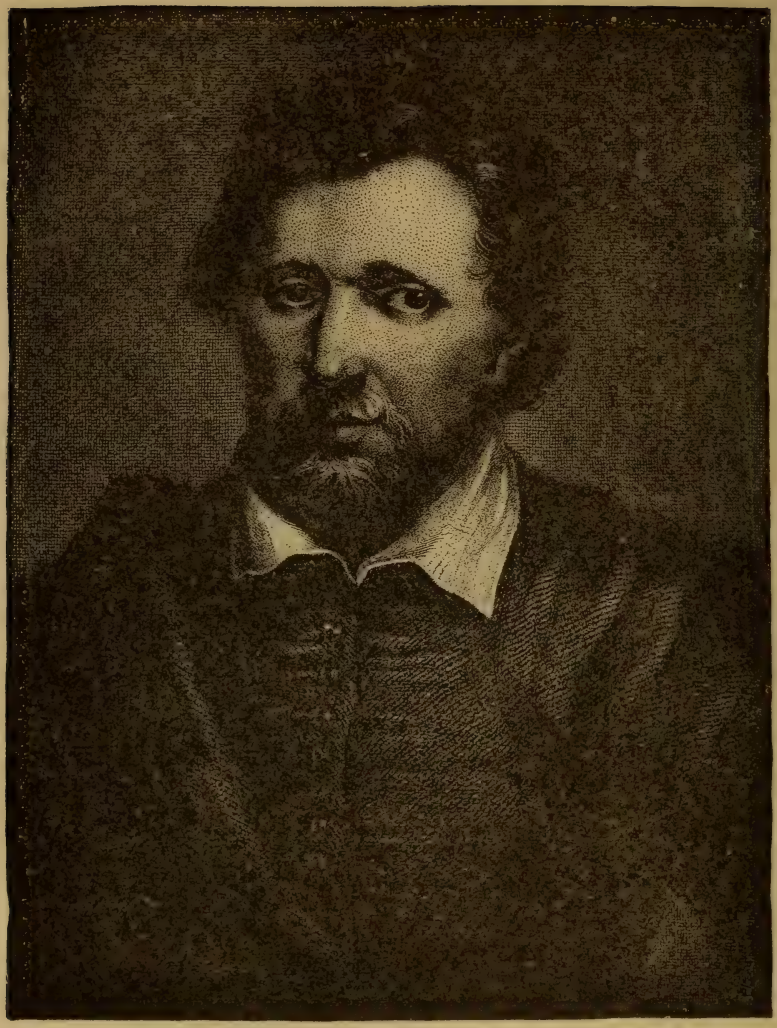
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

HYMN TO DIANA.

(From "Cynthia's Revels.")

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats your light,
Goddess excellently bright!



Ben: Jonson.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close;
Bless us then, with wished sight
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

BEN JONSON.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

ST. AGNES' Eve! Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold;
Numb were the beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp and rises from his knees,
And back returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees;
The sculptured dead on each side seemed to freeze
Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails,
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passes by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no! already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve;
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinner's sake to grieve.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests;
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many a time declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily-white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;
The music, yearning, like a god in pain,
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by; she heeded not at all; in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired, not cooled by high disdain;
But she saw not; her heart was otherwhere;
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short
The hallowed hour was near at hand; she sighs

Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with fairy fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes, and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.
So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in these tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen,
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—such things have been.

He ventures in; let no buzzed whisper tell,
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, love's feverous citadel;
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage; not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland;
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasped his fingers in his palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place,
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land;
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs. Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away!" "Ah, gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit,
And tell me how—" "Good saints! not here, not here!
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she muttered, "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlit room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as the tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve;
Yet men will murder upon holy days;
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,
To venture so; it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro! St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night; good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile; I've mickle time to grieve!"

Feebly she laughed in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth close a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney-nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot; then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start;
"A cruel man and impious thou art!
Sweet lady, let her play, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro; "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,



"Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast."

Or look with ruffian passion in her face!
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged
than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll,
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,"
Were never missed?" Thus plaining, doth she bring.
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro,
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was to lead him in close secrecy
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win, perhaps, that night a peerless bride,
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid the demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame;
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night; by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see; no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
The while; ah, thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;
The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyed aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, and chaste,
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware;
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and fled!

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine died;
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
No uttered syllable, or woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
As are the tiger-moth's deep damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with the blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together pressed,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
She seemed a splendid angel, newly dressed,
Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint;
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;

Half-hidden like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself; then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet silently stepped,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where lo! how fast she slept.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and half anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet.
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone;
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd,
With jellies smoother than the creamy curd,
And lucid syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver; sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite;
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache!"

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains; 'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream;
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies;
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoiled in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute;
Tumultuous, and in chords that tenderest be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called "La Belle Dame sans Merci;"
Close to her ear touching the melody;
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan;
He ceased, she panted quick, and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone;
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep;
There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh,
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep,
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye.
Fearing to speak or move, she looked so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear,
How changed thou art! how pallid chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,

Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
O leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go;"

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet,
Solution sweet; meantime the frost-wind blows
Like love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet.
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline:"
'Tis dark; the iced gusts still rave and beat.
"No dream? Alas, alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing,
A dove forlorn and lost, with sick unpruned wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil-dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim, saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from fairyland,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed;
Arise, arise; the morning is at hand;
The bloated wassailers will never heed;
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,
Drowned all in Rhenish, and the sleepy mead;
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears.
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found;
In all the house was heard no human sound;
A chain-dropped lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side;
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide;
The chains lie silent on the foot-worn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone; ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsey-twitched, with meager face deform;
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for, slept among his ashes cold.

JOHN KEATS.

THE BELLS.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten, golden notes,
All in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels,
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night,
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now, now to sit or never,
By the side of the palefaced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang and clash and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking and the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells.

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells;
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
And he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor, I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door,
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December.
And each separate, dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

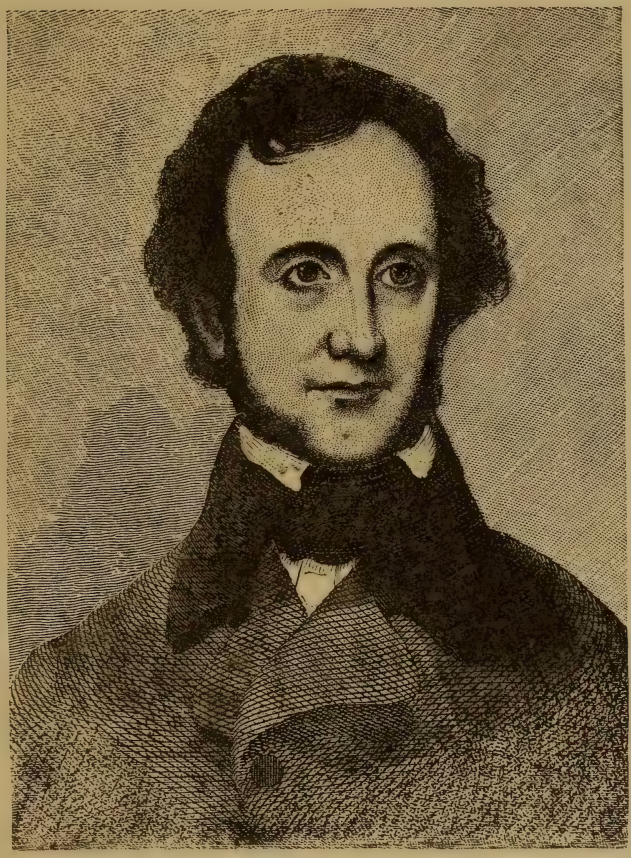
Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "Or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning;
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisence made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But, with mein of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door,
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore.



Edgar A. Poe

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the
Night's Plutonian shore :"
Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear
discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little rele-
vance bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living
human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his
chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above
his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid
bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word
he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered ; not a feath-
er then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered : " Other
friends have flown before ;
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes
have flown before."
Then the bird said, " Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so apt-
ly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, " what it utters is its
only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom un-
merciful disaster
Followed fast, and followed faster till his songs
one burden bore ;
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy
burden bore
Of 'Never, Nevermore'."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul in-
to smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front
of bird and bust and door ;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook my-
self to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous
bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and
ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking " Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no sylla-
ble expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned in-
to my bosom's core ;
This and more I sat divining, with my head
at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-
light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet, violet lining with the lamp-
light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, per-
fumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled
on the tufted floor.
" Wretch," I cried, " thy God hath lent thee—
by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and Nepenthe from thy mem-
ories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind Nepenthe and forget
this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

" Prophet!" said I, " thing of evil! Prophet
still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest
forced thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert
land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted, tell me tru-
ly I implore,
Is there, *is* there balm in Gilead? Tell me, tell
me, I implore!
Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

" Prophet!" said I, " thing of evil! Prophet
still, if bird or devil!
By the Heaven that bends above us, by that
God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the
distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the an-
gels name Lenore,
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the
angels name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

" Be that word our sign of parting, bird or
fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting ;
" Get thee back into the tempest and the
Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie
thy soul has spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! Quit the bust
above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take
thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a de-
mon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws
his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.



THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

———o———

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

THERE are three readers of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." The first is gross enough to fancy all the imagery of the mariner's visions delivered by the poet, for actual facts of experience; which being impossible, the whole pulverizes, for that reader, into a baseless fairy tale.

The second reader is wiser than that; he knows that the imagery is not baseless; it is the imagery of febrile delirium, really seen, but not seen as an external reality. The mariner had caught the pestilential fever, which had carried off all his mates; he only had survived; the delirium had vanished; but the visions that had haunted the delirium remained.

"Yes," says the third reader, "they remained; naturally they did, being scorched by fever into his brain; but how did they happen to remain on his belief as gospel truths? The delirium had vanished, except as visionary memorials of a sorrow that was cancelled. Why was it that craziness settled upon this mariner's brain, driving him, as if he were a Cain or another Wandering Jew, to "pass like night from land to land," and at uncertain intervals, wrenching him until he made rehearsal of his errors, even at the hard price of "holding children from their play and old men from the chimney-corner?" That craziness, as the third reader deciphers, rose out of a deeper soil than any bodily affliction. It had its root in penitential sorrow. Oh, bitter is the sorrow to a conscientious heart when too late it discovers the depth of a love that has been trampled under foot! The mariner had slain the creature that on all the earth loved him best. In the darkness of his cruel superstition he had done it, to save his human brothers from a fancied inconvenience; and yet, by that very act of cruelty, he had himself called destruction on their heads. The Nemesis that followed punished him through them; him that wronged, through those that wrongfully he sought to benefit. The spirit who watches over the sanctities of love is a strong angel, is a jealous angel; and this angel it was

"That loved the bird, that loved the man
That shot him with his bow."

He it was that followed the cruel archer into silent and slumbering seas:

"Nine fathoms deep he followed him,
Through the realms of mist and snow."

This jealous angel it was that pursued the man into noonday darkness, and the visions of

dying oceans, into delirium, and finally, when recovered from disease, into an unsettled mind.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

———o———

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

IT is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off, unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child;
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he:
And he shone bright, and in the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dripping prow,—
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,—
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross:
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II.

"The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

"And the good south-wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That had made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!'

"Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist,
Then all averr'd I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
''Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.'

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun at noon,
Right above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck,—nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water; everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot! O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Out of the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

"And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah, well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

"There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye;
A weary time; a weary time;
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

"At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved, and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist;
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood,
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, 'A sail! a sail!'

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

"'See, see,' I cried, 'she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal!
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel.'

"The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done;

"Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright sun;
When that strange shape drave suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

"And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

"Alas! thought I, and my heart beat loud,
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

"Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer as through a grate,
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death, and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was white as leprosy;
The nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done; I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the Dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the phantom bark.

"We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip,
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

"One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

"Four times fifty living men,
And I heard nor sigh nor groan,
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

"The souls did from their bodies fly,
They fled to bliss or woe;
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow."

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown!"
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest,
This body dropped not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony!

"The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie!
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

"I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray,
But, or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor wreak did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

"The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;

Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

"Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship,
I watched their rich attire,
Blue, glossy green and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware;
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

"The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

"Oh, sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given:
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul!

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs;
I was so light; almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

"And soon I heard a roaring wind;
It did not come anear,

But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

"The upper air burst into life:
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about,
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

"And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

"The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon,
The dead men gave a groan.

"They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze upblew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools;
We were a ghastly crew!

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee;
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest!

"For when it dawned, they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;

Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-drooping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,—
How they seemed to fill the sky and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased, yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel nine fathoms deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

"The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short, uneasy motion,
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short, uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned,
Two voices in the air:

"'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"'The spirit who bideth by himself,
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew;
Quoth he: 'This man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI.

First Voice.

"'But tell me, tell me, speak again,
Thy soft response renewing:
What makes the ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

Second Voice.

"'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast,—

"'If he may know which way to go,
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him!'

First Voice.

"'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

Second Voice.

"'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

"'Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

"I woke, and we were sailing on,
As in a gentle weather;
'Twas night, calm night; the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

"The pang, the curse with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now this spell was snapped; once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen.

"Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring;
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly sailed the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly, blew the breeze,
On me alone she blew.

"Oh, dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this my own countree?

"We drifted o'er the harbor bar,
And I with sobs did pray,
Oh, let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway!

"The harbor bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That shines above the rock;
The moonlight steeped in silentness,
The steady weather-cock.

"And the bay was white with silent light,
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes that shadows were
In crimson colors came.

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were;
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

"This seraph band, each waved his hand;
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light.

"This seraph band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart;
No voice, but oh! the silence sank
Like music in my heart!

"But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast.
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third, I heard his voice,
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

"The Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve,—
He hath a cushion plump;
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

"The skiff-boat neared,—I heard them talk:
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

"'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said,
'And they answer not our cheer!
The planks look warped; and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along,
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look,'
The pilot made reply;
'I am afeared.' 'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

"Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread;
It reached the ship, it split the bay,
The ship went down like lead.

"Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath seven days been drowned,
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

"Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips: the pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars; the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while,
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see
The Devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"'Oh, shrive me, shrive me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say
What manner of man art thou?'

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
The agony returns,
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange powers of speech;
The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me;
To him my tale I teach."

"What loud uproar bursts from that door;
The wedding guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!"

"O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea,—
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

"Oh, sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company!

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

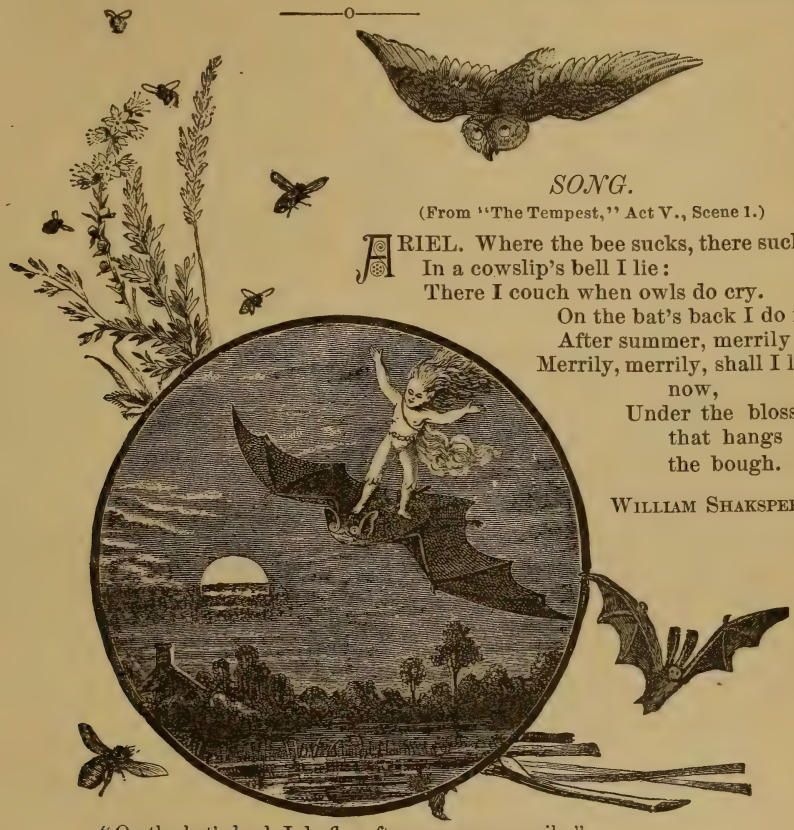
"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



"On the bat's back I do fly after summer, merrily."

SONG.

(From "The Tempest," Act V., Scene 1.)

ARIEL. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

THE HORRORS OF FORE-KNOWLEDGE.

IF life could throw open its long suites of chambers to our eyes from some station beforehand; if, from some secret stand, we could look by anticipation along its vast corridors, and aside into the recesses opening upon them from either hand; halls of tragedy or chambers of retribution, simply in that small wing, and no more, of the great caravanserai which we ourselves shall haunt; simply in that narrow tract of time, and no more, where we ourselves shall range; and confining our gaze to those, and no others, for whom personally we shall be interested; what a recoil we suffer of horror in our estimate of life! What if those sudden catastrophes, or those inexpiable afflictions, which have already descended upon the people within my own knowledge, and almost below my own eyes, all of them now gone past, and some long past, had been thrown open before me as a secret exhibition when first I and they stood within the vestibule of morning hopes, when the calamities themselves had hardly begun to gather in their elements of possibility, and when some of the parties to them were as yet no more than infants!

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

TAM O'SHANTER.

A TALE.

"Of Brownyis and of Bogilis full is this buke."
GAWIN DOUGLASS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter—
Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men, and bonnie lasses.
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum,
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou wast nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee got roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon,
Or catched wi' warlocks i' the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale! Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, blazing finely,
With reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And, at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither:
They had been fou for weeks thegither!
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors secret, sweet and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy!
As bees fly hame wi' lades of treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time nor tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twould blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed;
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
(A better never lifted leg,)
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind and rain and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scot's sonnet,
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.
By this time he was cross the ford,
Where i' the snaw the chapman smoored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hanged herself.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;

Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we'll fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebaugh, we'll face the Devil!
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle;
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the hand and heel admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
At winnock-bunker, in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape of beast,
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large;
To gie them music was his charge;
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses,
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note, upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae the rape
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
The knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son of life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew,
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead of creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white, seventeen hunder linen,
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ane blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wander didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawly;
"There was ane winsome wench and walie,"
That night enlisted in the core;
Lang after kenned on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear.
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
That, while a lassie, she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vaunty.
Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie
Wi' twa pun Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was, and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very e'en enriched;
Even Satan glowered, and fidge'd fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ane caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark;

And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussy's mortal foes,
When pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon wi' be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane o' the brig;
There at them thou thy tale may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tale she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae sprang brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail!
The carlin caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale of truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear;
Remember Tam O'Shanter's mare.

ROBERT BURNS.



WIT AND HUMOR.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it; never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

SHAKSPERE.





"Robin Hood took the friar on his back; deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad till he came at the other side."



"The army surgeons made him limbs."

POEMS OF WIT AND HUMOR.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot."

The army surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, "They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs."

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off.

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave.

"Before you had those timber toes
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now."

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajo's breaches."

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms."

"O false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse—
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death; alas!
You will not be my Nell."

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for the second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off, of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For though despair had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died;
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside.

THOMAS HOOD.



"And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off."

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTALL FRIAR.

(The word Curtall is a corruption of Cordelier, a term applied to the Franciscans, from the rope which they wore about the waist.)

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were disposed to play.

Then some would leap, and some would run
And some would use artillery;
"Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer to be?

"Which of you can kill a buck,
Or who can kill a doe,
Or who can kill a hart of Greece
Five hundred foot him fro?"

Will Scadlocke he did kill a buck,
And Midge he killed a doe,
And Little John killed a hart of Greece
Five hundred foot him fro.

"God's blessing on thy heart," said Robin Hood,
"That shot such a shot for me.
I would ride my horse a hundred miles
To find one could match thee."

This caused Will Scadlocke to laugh;
He laughed full heartily:
"There lives a friar in Fountaines Abbey
Will beat both him and thee.

"The Curtall Friar in Fountaines Abbey
Can well a strong-bow draw;
He will beat you and your yeomen
Set them all on a row."

Robin Hood took a solemn oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat nor drink,
Till the friar he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harness good,
And on his head a cap of steel,
Broadsword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.

He took his bow into his hand—
It was made of a trusty tree—
With a sheaf of arrows at his back,
And to Fountain Dale went he.

And coming unto Fountain Dale,
No further would he ride;
There was he ware of the Curtall Friar,
Walking by the water-side.

The friar had on a harness good,
And on his head a cap of steel;
Broadsword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.

Robin Hood lighted off his horse,
And tied him to a thorn;
"Carry me over the water, thou Curtall Friar,
Or else thy life's forlorn."

The friar took Robin Hood on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leaped Robin off the friar's back;
The friar said to him again:
"Carry me over this water, thou fine fellow,
Or it shall breed thee pain."

Robin Hood took the friar on his back;
Deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leaped the friar off Robin Hood's back.
Robin Hood said to him again:
"Carry me over this water, thou Curtall Friar,
Or it shall breed thee pain."

The friar took Robin on's back again,
And stepped in to the knee;
Till he came at the middle stream,
Neither good nor bad spoke he;

And coming to the middle stream;
There he threw Robin in:
"Now choose thee, choose thee, thou fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim."

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,
The friar to a wigger wand;
Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,
And took his bow in his hand.

One of his best arrows under his belt
To the friar he let fly;
The Curtall Friar with his steel buckler
Did put that arrow by.

"Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot as thou hast begun;
If thou shoot here a summer's day,
Thy mark I will not shun."

Robin Hood shot passing well,
Till his arrows all were gane;
They took their swords and steel bucklers,
They fought with might and main,

From ten o' th' clock that very day
Till four i' th' afternoon.
Then Robin Hood came to his knees
To beg of the friar a boon:

"A boon, a boon, thou Curtall Friar;
I beg it on my knee:
Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,
And to blow blasts three."

"That will I do," said the Curtall Friar;
"Of thy blasts I have no doubt.
I hope thou'lt blow so passing well,
Till both thy eyes fall out."

Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
He blew out blasts three.
Half a hundred yeomen, with bows bent,
Came raking o'er the lea.

"Whose men are these?" said the friar;
"They come so hastily."
"Those are mine," said Robin Hood;
"Friar, what is that to thee?"

"A boon, a boon," said the Curtall Friar,
"The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
And to whute whutes three."

"That will I do," said Robin Hood,
"Or else I were to blame;
Three whutes in a friar's fist
Would make me glad and fain."

The friar set his fist to his mouth,
And whuted whutes three;
Half a hundred good ban dogs
Came running o'er the lea.

"Here is for every man a dog,
And I myself for thee."
"Nay, by my faith," said Robin Hood,
"Friar, that may not be."

Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did go,
The one behind, the other before;
Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln green
Off from his back they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north or south,
The curtall dogs, so they were taught,
They caught th' arrows in their mouth.

"Take up thy dogs," said Little John;
"Friar, at my bidding be."
"Whose man art thou," said the Curtall Friar;
"Comest here to prate with me?"

"I am Little John, Robin Hood's man;
Friar, I will not lie;
If thou take not up thy dogs soon,
I'll take up them and thee."

Little John had a bow in his hand,
He shot with might and main;
Soon half a score of the friar's dogs
Lay dead upon the plain.

Hold thy hand, good fellow," said the Curtall Friar,
"Thy master and I will agree;
And we will have new orders taken
With all haste that may be."

"If thou wilt forsake fair Fountain's Dale,
And Fountain's Abbey free,
Every Sunday throughout the year,
A noble shall be thy fee:

"And every holiday throughout the year,
Changed shall thy garment be,
If thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,
And there remain with me."

This Curtall Friar had kept Fountain Dale
Seven long years and more.
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl,
Could make him yield before.

ANONYMOUS.

WIT THE FLAVOUR OF THE MIND.

WHEN wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it—who can be witty and something more than witty—who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit—

wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavour of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food: but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.

SYDNEY SMITH.

———o———



SYDNEY SMITH.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON.

(Aged Three Years and Five Months.)

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop, first let me kiss away that tear!)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite,
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck,
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair)
Thou darling of the sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so bright and strong a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub, but of earth!
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint,
(Where did he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the Hymeneal nest!
(Are these torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick.)
With fancies buoyant as the thistledown,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

THOMAS HOOD.

GENEALOGY OF HUMOUR.

IT is indeed much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy: Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of collateral line called Mirth, by whom he has issue, Humour. Humour therefore, being the youngest of the illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks, and a solemn habit; sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress; insomuch, that at different times he appears as serious as a judge and as jocular as a Merry Andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his coustitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

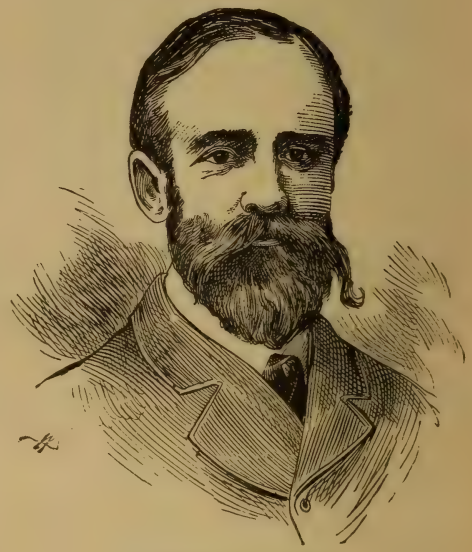
———o———

A NECESSITY.

(From "Lucile.")

WE may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

EDWARD ROBERT, EARL LYTTON.
("Owen Meredith.")



GEORGE W. CABLE.

MY DAUGHTER.

THERE came to port, last Monday night,
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked, and looked, and laughed.

It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water,
And moor herself right in my room—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

She has no manifest but this,
No flag floats o'er the water;
She's too new for the British Lloyds—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells, and *tame* ones, too!
Ring out the lovers' moon!
Ring in the little worsted socks!
Ring in the bib and spoon!

Ring out the muse! ring in the nurse!
Ring in the milk and water!
Away with paper, pen and ink!
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

GEORGE W. CABLE.

THE LAND OF THUS-AND-SO.

"HOW would Willie like to go
To the land of Thus-and-So?
Everything is proper there;
All the children comb their hair
Smoother than the fur of cats,
Or the nap of high silk hats;
Every face is clean and white
As a lily washed in light;
Never vaguest soil or speck
Found on forehead, throat or neck;
Every little crimpled ear,
In and out as pure and clear
As the cherry blossom's glow
In the land of Thus-and-So.

"Little boys that never fall
Down the stairs, or cry at all;
Doing nothing to repent,
Watchful and obedient;
Never hungry, nor in haste,
Tidy shoe-strings always laced;
Never button rudely torn
From its fellows all unworn;
Knickerbockers always new,
Ribbon tie, and collar too;
Little watches, worn like men,
Only always half-past ten;
Just precisely right you know,
For the land of Thus-and-So.

And the little babies there
Give no one the slightest care;
Nurse has not a thing to do
But be happy and say 'Boo!'
While mamma just nods, and knows
Nothing but to doze and doze;
Never litter round the grate;
Never lunch or dinner late;
Never any household din
Peals without or rings within,
Baby coos nor laughing calls,
On the stairs, or through the halls;
Just great Hushes to and fro
Pace the land of Thus-and-So!

"O the land of Thus and So!
Isn't it delightful, though?"
"Yes," lisped Willie, answering me,
Somewhat slow and doubtfully;
"Must be awful nice, but I
Would rather wait till by and by
Before I go there; may be when
I be dead I'll go there then;
But——" the troubled little face
Closer pressed in my embrace:
"Les don't never ever go
To the land of Thus-and-So!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE FAULT OF THE PUPPY.

LORD ERSKINE, at woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife a tin canister tied to one's tail;
And the fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.

But wherefore degrading? Considered aright,
A canister's polished and useful and bright;
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to which it is tied.

MATTHEW ("MONK") LEWIS.

PRISTINE PROVERBS PREPARED FOR PRECOCIOUS PUPILS.

OBSERVE you plumed biped fine;
To affect his captivation,
Deposit particles saline
Upon his termination.

Cryptogamous concreation never grows
On mineral fragments that decline repose.

Whilst self-inspection it neglects,
Nor its own foul condition sees,
The kettle to the pot objects
Its sordid superficies.

Decortications of the golden grain
Are set to allure the aged fowl, in vain.

Teach not a parent's mother to extract
The embryo juices of an egg by suction;
That good old lady can the feat enact
Quite irrespective of your kind instruction.

Pecuniary agencies have force
To stimulate to speed the female horse.

The earliest winged songster soonest sees,
And first appropriates the annelides.

With soap, and brush, and flannel, you tickle
In vain the Ethiopic cuticle.

Bear not to yon famed city upon Tyne
The carbonaceous product of the mine.

The mendicant once from his indigence freed,
And mounted aloft on the generous steed,
Down the precipice soon will infallibly go,
And conclude his career in the regions below.

It is permitted to the feline race
To contemplate even a regal face.

ANONYMOUS.

———o———

Birds of a feather flock together
But vide the opposite page,
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather
With some of the Birds in this cage -
Robert Southey 22 Oct. 1836

———o———

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

LET Taylor preach upon on a morning breezy,
How well to rise while nights and larks are flying;
For my part, getting up seems not so easy
By half, as lying.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out?
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning's prime;
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
A bed of time.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are naught,
His steeds that paw impatiently about;
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
The first turn-out.

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear,
Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl;
What then, if I prefer my pillow-beer
To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid their eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start
To see faint flushes in the east awaken?
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;"
Well, he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps that earn betimes their bit and sup;
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
All up, all up.

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon;
A man that's fond precociously of stirring
Must be a spoon.

THOMAS HOOD.

LINES.

(Improvised at the instance of his friend, Stuart Newton, to accompany his picture of an old philosopher reading from a folio to a young beauty asleep on a chair opposite.)

FROSTIE age, frostie age! vain all thy learning!

Drowsie page, drowsie page evermore turning.
Young head no lore will heed,
Young heart's a reckless rover;
Young beauty, while you read,
Sleeping, dreams of absent lover.

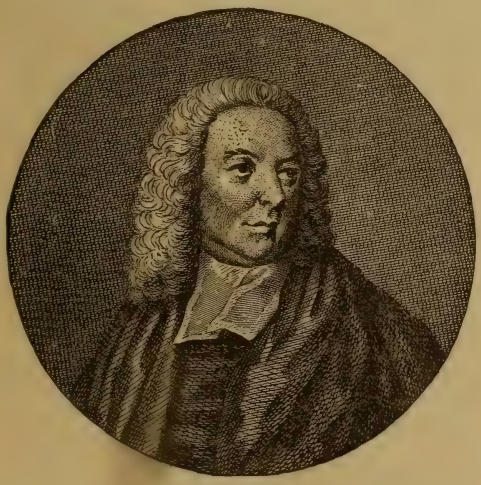
WASHINGTON IRVING.

LINES.

(Improvised when two ladies, with whom he had been walking in the garden, forced him from their presence to attend to a visitor of importance. One of the ladies afterward became his wife.)

THUS Adam looked, when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven.
Like him, I go, but yet to go I'm loath;
Like him, I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind:
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind!

EDWARD YOUNG.



EDWARD YOUNG.

BELINDA.

(From "The Rape of the Lock.")

NOT with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silvered Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And like the sun they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With airy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

ALEXANDER POPE.

BELINDA'S TOILET.

(From "The Rape of the Lock.")

AND now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First robed in white, the nymph intent adores
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess in the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box;
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white;
Here files of pins extend their shining rows;
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;

The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face,
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE COURTIN'.

GOD makes such nights all white an' still
Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' thar sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fire-place filled the room's one side,
With half a cord o' wood in;
There warn't no stoves, tell comfort died,
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbly crook-necks hung,
An' in among 'em rusted
The old queen arm that granther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On such a blessed creetur;
A dog-rose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton,
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells;
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins would run
All crinkly like curled maple;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice had such a swing
Ez his'n in the choir;
My! when he made Old Hundered ring,
She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blushed scarlet, right in prayer
When her new meetin' bonnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked some!
She seemed to've gut a new soul,
For she felt sarten sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-rasping on the scraper;
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtful of the sekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kept to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal, no; I come designin'"—
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clothes
Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, would be presumin';
Mebby to mean yes an' say no
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told you nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call again."
Says she, "Think likely, Mister."
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up an' kissed her.

When Ma bimeby upon em' slips,
  Huldy sat pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smiley round the lips,
  An' teary round the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
  Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
  Snow-hid in Janooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
  Too tight for all expressin,
Tell mother see how matters stood,
  An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red came back like the tide
  Down to the Bay of Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
  In meetin' come next Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
("Hosea Biglow.")

BALLADE OF A GIRL OF ERUDITION.

SHE has just put her gown on at Girton.
She is learned in Latin and Greek;
But lawn tennis she plays with a skirt on
That the prudish observe with a shriek.
In her accents perhaps she is weak
(Ladies *are*, one observes with a sigh),
But in her algebra—there she's unique,
But her forte's to evaluate π.

She can talk about putting a "spirt on"
(I admit an unmaidenly freak),
And she dearly delighteth to flirt on
A punt in some shadowy creek;
Should her bark by mischance spring a leak,
She can swim as a swallow can fly;
She can fence, she can put with a cleek,
But her forte's to evaluate π.

She has lectured on Scopas and Myrton,
Coins, vases, mosaic, the antique,
Old tiles with the secular dirt on,
Old marbles with noses to seek,
And her Cobet she quotes by the week,
And she's written on *Ken* and on *Kai*,
And her service is swift and oblique,
But her forte's to evaluate π.

ENVOY.

Princess like a rose is her cheek,
And her eyes are as blue as the sky;
And I'd speak had I courage to speak,
But her forte's to evaluate π.

ANDREW LANG.

THE TENDER HEART.

SHE gazed upon the burnished brace
Of plump ruffed grouse he showed with pride;
Angelic grief was in her face:
"How could you do it, dear?" she sighed.
"The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!
The songs all hushed; O, cruel shame!"
Said he, "The partridge never sings."
Said she, "The sin is quite the same."

"You men are savage through and through.
A boy is always bringing in
Some string of bird's eggs, white and blue,
Or butterflies upon a pin.
The angle worm in anguish dies,
Impaled, the pretty trout to tease—"
"My own, we fish for trout with flies"
"Don't wander from the question, please!"

She quoted Burns' "Wounded Hare,"
And certain burning lines of Blake's,
And Ruskin on the fowls of air,
And Coleridge on the water snakes.
At Emerson's "Forbearance" he
Began to feel his will benumbed;
At Browning's "Donald" utterly
His soul surrendered and succumbed.

"O gentlest of all gentle girls,"
He thought, "beneath the blessed sun!"
He saw her lashes hung with pearls,
And swore to give away his gun.
She smiled to find her point was gained,
And went with happy, parting words
(He subsequently ascertained)
To trim her hat with humming birds.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

MY AUNT.

MY aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her, though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a springlike way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa, forgive
This erring lip its smiles!—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins;
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins!

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track;
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man?"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
The all accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.

YEARS, years ago, ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty;
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty;
Years, years ago, while all my joys
Were in my fowling-piece and filly;
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at the Country Ball:
There when the sounds of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that sets young hearts romancing:
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And then she danced—oh, heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender,
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender;
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers—
Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets,
Of danglers or of dancing bears,
Of battles, or the last new bonnets;
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
To me it matter'd not a tittle,
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the Sunday Journal.
My mother laughed; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling;
My father frown'd; but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,—
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother, for many a year,
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three per cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,

And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
Oh! what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honors Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketch'd! the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading;
She warbled Handel; it was grand—
She made the Catalina jealous;
She touched the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well filled with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter;
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes of elder water.

And she was flatter'd, worship'd, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laugh'd, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frown'd, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolished.

She smil'd on many just for fun,—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute;
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand, and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves,—
A little glow, a little shiver;
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly Not Yet," upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted—months and years roll'd by;
We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh—
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
For in my heart's most secret cell,
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room's belle,
But only—Mrs. Something Rogers!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.



WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

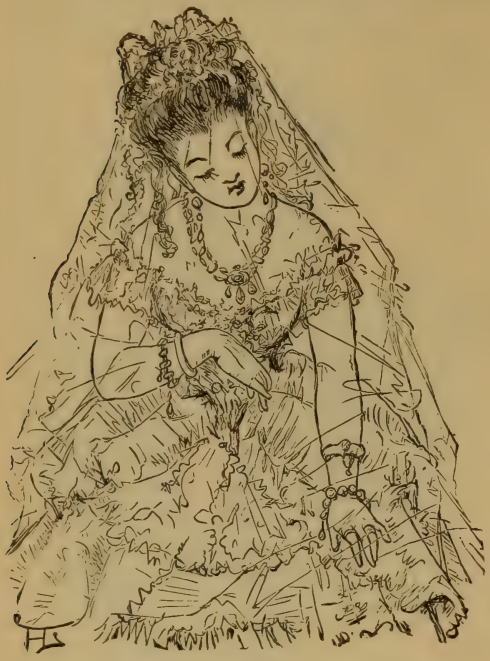
A MUSICAL BOX.

I KNOW her, the thing of laces, and silk,
And ribbons, and gauzes, and crinoline,
With her neck and shoulders as white as milk,
And her doll-like face and conscious mien.

A lay-figure fashioned to fit a dress,
All stuffed within with straw and bran:
Is that a woman to love, to caress?
Is that a creature to charm a man?

Only listen! how charmingly she talks
Of your dress and hers—of the Paris mode—
Of the coming ball—of the opera box—
Of jupons, and flounces, and fashions abroad.

Not a bonnet in church but she knows it well,
And Fashion she worships with down-cast eyes;
A *marchande de modes* is her oracle,
And Paris her earthly paradise.



"I know her, the thing of laces, and silk,
And ribbon, and gauzes, and crinoline."

She's perfect to whirl with in a waltz;
And her shoulders show well on a soft divan,
As she lounges at night and spreads her silks,
And plays with her bracelets and flirts her fan,—

With a little laugh at whatever you say,
And rounding her "No" with a look of surprise,
And lisping her "Yes" with an air distrait,
And a pair of aimless, wandering eyes.

Her duty this Christian never omits!
She makes her calls, and she leaves her cards,
And enchants a circle of half-fledged wits,
And slim *attaches* and six-foot Guards.

Her talk is of people, who're nasty or nice,
And she likes little *bon-bon* compliments;
While she seasons their sweetness by way of spice,
By some witless scandal she often invents.

Is this the thing for a mother or wife?
Could love ever grow on such barren rocks?
Is this a companion to take for a wife?
One might as well marry a musical box.

You exhaust in a day her full extent,
'Tis the same little tinkle of tunes always,
You must wind her up with a compliment,
To be bored with the only airs she plays.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

SANCHO PANZA'S DECISIONS.

(From "Don Quixote.")

SANCHO, with all his attendants, came to a town that had about a thousand inhabitants and was one of the best where the duke had any power. They gave him to understand that the name of the place was the island of Barataria, either because the town was called Barataria, or because the Government cost him so cheap. As soon as he came to the gates (for it was walled) the chief officers and inhabitants, in their formalities, came out to receive him, the bells rung, and all the people gave general demonstrations of their joy. The new governor was then carried in mighty pomp to the great church, to give Heaven thanks; and, after some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered him the keys of the gates, and received him as perpetual governer of the Island of Barataria. In the mean time the garb, the port, the huge beard, and the short and thick shape of the new governor, made every one who knew nothing of the jest wonder; and even those who were privy to the plot, who were many, were not a little surprised.

In short, from the church they carried him to the court of justice; where, when they had placed him in his seat, "My Lord Governor," said the Duke's steward to him, "it is an ancient custom here, that he who takes possession of this famous island must answer to some difficult and intricate question that is propounded to him; and, by the return he makes, the people feel the pulse of his understanding, and, by an estimate of his abilities, judge whether they ought to rejoice or to be sorry for his coming."

All the while the steward was speaking, Sancho was staring on an inscription in large characters on the wall over against his seat; and, as he could not read, he asked, what was the meaning of that which he saw printed there upon the wall? "Sir," said they, "it is an account of the day when your lordship took possession of this island; and the inscription runs thus: "This day, being such a day of this month, in such a year, the Lord Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, which may he long enjoy." "And who is he," asked Sancho? "Your lordship," answered the steward; "for we know of no other Panza in this island but yourself, who now sit in this chair."

"Well friend," said Sancho, "pray take notice that Don does not belong to me, nor was it borne by any of my family before me. Plain Sancho Panza is my name; my father was called Sancho, my grandfather Sancho, and all of us have been Panzas, without any Don or Donna to our name. Now do I already guess your Dons are as thick as stones in this island. But it is enough that Heaven knows my meaning; if my government happens to last but four days to an end, it shall go hard but I will clear the island of these swarms of Dons that must needs be as troublesome as so many flesh-flies. Come, now for your question, good Mr. Steward, and I will answer it as well as I can, whether the town be sorry or pleased."

At the same instant two men came into the court, the one dressed like a country fellow, the other like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand. "If it please you, my lord," cried the tailor, "I and this farmer here are come before your worship. This honest man came to my shop yesterday, for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and, Heaven be praised, free of any company; so, my lord, he showed me a piece of cloth. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'is there enough of this to make a cap?' Whereupon I measured the stuff, and answered him, 'Yes, if it like your worship.' Now as I imagined, do you see, he could not but imagine (and perhaps he imagined right enough) that I had a mind to cabbage some of his cloth, judging hard of us honest tailors. 'Prithee,' quoth he, 'look there be not enough for two caps?' Now I smelt him out and told him there was. Whereupon the old knave (if it like your worship,) going on to the same tune, bid me look again, and see whether I would not make three? And at last, if it would not make five? I was resolved to humor my customer, and said it might; so we struck a bargain.

"Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him; but when I asked him for my money, he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it." "Is this true, honest man?" said Sancho to the farmer. "Yes, if it please you," answered the fellow, "but pray let him show the five caps he has made me." "With all my heart," cried the tailor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five little tiny caps, hanging upon his four fingers and thumb, as upon so many pins. "There," quoth he, "you see the five caps this good gaffer asks for; and may I never whip a stitch more if I have wronged him of the least snip of his cloth, and let any workman be judge." The sight of the caps and the oddness of the cause, set the whole court a laughing. Only Sancho sat gravely considering awhile, and then, "Methinks," said he, "this suit here needs not be long depending, but may be decided without any more ado, with a great deal of equity; and, therefore, the judgment of the court is, that the tailor shall lose his making, and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor prisoners, and so let there be an end of the business."

If this sentence provoked the laughter of the whole court, the next no less raised their ad-

miration. For, after the governor's order was executed, two old men appeared before him, one of them with a large cane in his hand, which he used as a staff. "My Lord," said the other who had none, "some time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns to do him a kindness, which money he was to pay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again in a good while, lest it should prove a greater inconvenience to him to repay me than he laboured under when he borrowed it. However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due, nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but denied he owed me anything, and said that if I lent him so much money he certainly returned it. Now, because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the pretended payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath, and if he will swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him before God and the world." "What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" asked Sancho. "Sir," answered the old man, "I own he lent me the gold; and since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice, that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and truly returned him his money." Thereupon the Governor held down his rod, and in the mean time the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold, as if it hindered him, while he was to make a cross and swear over the judge's rod: this done, he declared that it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had really returned him the same sum into his own hands; and, that because he supposed the plaintiff had forgotten it, he was continually asking him for it. The great Governor, hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply? He made answer, that since his adversary had sworn it he was satisfied; for he believed him to be a better Christian than offer to forswear himself, and perhaps he had forgotten he had been repaid. Then the defendant took his cane again, and having made a low obeisance to the judge, was immediately leaving the court; which, when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had studied awhile with his head leaning over his stomach, and his forefinger on his nose, on a sudden he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back. When he was returned, "Honest man," said Sancho, "let me see that cane a little, I have a use for it." "With all my heart," answered the other; "sir, here it is," and with that he gave it him, Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, "There," said he, "go your ways, and Heaven be with you, for now you are paid." "How so, my Lord?" cried the old man; "do you judge this cane to be worth ten gold crowns?" "Certainly," said the Governor, "or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall see whether I have not a headpiece fit to govern a whole kingdom upon a shift." This said, he ordered the cane to be broken in open court, which was no sooner done, than out dropped the ten crowns. All the spectators were amazed, and began to look upon their Governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture that the ten crowns were in the cane? He told them that having observed how the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold while he took his oath, and then swore that he had truly returned him the money into his own hands, after which he took his cane again from the plaintiff, this considered, it came into his head that the money was lodged within the reed; from whence may be learned, that though sometimes those that govern are destitute of sense, yet it often pleases God to direct them in their judgment. Besides, he had heard the curate of his parish tell of such another business, and he had such a special memory that, were he not to forget all that he had a mind to remember, there could not have been a better in the whole island.

At last the two old men went away, the one to his satisfaction, the other with eternal shame and disgrace; and the beholders were astonished, insomuch that the person who was commissioned to register Sancho's words and actions, and observe his behavior, was not able to determine whether he should not give him the character of a wise man, instead of that of a fool, which he had been thought to deserve. MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

NOBODY.

If nobody's noticed you, you must be small;
If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low;
If nobody's kissed you, you're ugly we know.

If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody's flattered you, you've flattered yourself;
If nobody's cheated you, you're a knave;
If nobody's hated you, you're a slave.

If nobody's called you a fool to your face,
Somebody's wished you back in its place;
If nobody's called you a tyrant or scold,
Somebody thinks you of spiritless mould.

If nobody knows of your faults but a friend,
Nobody will miss them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when its gone.

If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you a miserly bore;
If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen,
Sign yourself "Nobody," quick as you can.

ANONYMOUS.

FISHING.

ONE morning, when spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing;

I, in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy:
She, with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped—vice versa;

I, with my rod, my reel and my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dyke,
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,
And I went to fishing, like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And, when the time for departure came,
The bag was flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
A hundred-and-eighty pounder.

ANONYMOUS.

THE DEVIL.

MEN don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his Majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the earth of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time wherever God sows his wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row,
To be heard in home, in church and state, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the Devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show
How the frauds and the crimes of the day spring up—for surely we want to know.
The Devil was fairly voted out, and of course the Devil is gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

ANONYMOUS.

Sorrows of Werther.

Werther had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter,
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing that might hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled & bubbled;
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by them troubled.

Charlotte, leaving sense his body
Borne before her on a shutter;
Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting bread & butter.

W. M. Thackeray

A TIRED WOMAN'S EPITAPH.

"YES," she sighed, "the world is hard, especially to the poor. I often think that the good people who eulogize work so highly do not know much of over-work." "Quite true," asserted Mrs. Sotheran. "Poor Sarah Dempster, yonder (she pointed to a neighboring tombstone), was of your opinion; her epitaph, unlike those of most of us, paints her life as it really was. If you never read it, it is worth your while to

do so." The tombstone stood in a neglected corner of the churchyard, overgrown with nettles and long grasses, but its inscription was still legible:

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired,
Who lived in a house where help was not hired;
Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing;
But everything there is exact to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there's no washing up dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But having no voice, I'll get clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never,
I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."

"That may not be poetry," observed Mrs. Sotheran, with unconscious plagiarism, "but it's true. There is nothing much worse than overwork."

JAMES PAYNE.



W. M. Thackeray

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

AND thou hast walked about—how strange a story!
In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago!
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue; come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with the bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us, for doubtless thou can'st recollect,
To whom should we assign the sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade;
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest; if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priest-craft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee, if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wast dead and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled;
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! Incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows!
But prythee, tell us something of thyself;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures hast thou numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman Empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conquerer, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb, with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold;
A heart hath throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,

And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning!

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure,
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HORACE SMITH.

ANSWER OF THE MUMMY.

CHILD of the later days! thy words have broken
A spell that long has bound these lungs of clay,
For since this smoke-dried tongue of mine has spoken,
Three thousand tedious years have rolled away.
Unswathed at length, I "stand at ease" before ye;
List, then, oh list! while I unfold my story!

Thebes was my birth-place, an unrivaled city,
With many gates; but here I might declare
Some strange plain truths, except that it were pity
To blow a poet's fabric into air.
Oh! I could read you quite a Theban lecture,
And give a deadly finish to conjecture.

But then you would not have me throw discredit
On grave historians, or on him who sung
The Iliad! true it is I never read it,
But heard it read, when I was very young;
An old blind minstrel, for a trifling profit,
Recited parts—I think the author of it.

All that I know about the town of Homer
Is that they scarce would own him in his day,
Were glad, too, when he proudly turned a roamer,
Because by this they saved their parish pay;
His townsmen would have been ashamed to flout him,
Had they foreseen the fuss since made about him.

One blunder I can fairly set at rest:
He says that men were once more big and bony
Than now, which is a bouncer at the best;
I'll just refer you to our friend Belzoni,
Near seven feet high; in truth, a lofty figure;
Now look at me, and tell me, am I bigger?

Not half the size; but then, I'm sadly dwindled;
Three thousand years with that embalming glue
Have made a serious difference, and have swindled
My face of all its beauty; there were few
Egyptian youths more gay; behold the sequel!
Nay, smile not; you and I may soon be equal.

For this lean hand did one day hurl the lance
With mortal aim; this light, fantastic toe
Threaded the mystic mazes of the dance;
This heart has throbbed at tales of love and woe;
These shreds of raven hair once set the fashion;
This withered form inspired the tender passion.

In vain; the skillful hand and feelings warm,
The foot that followed in the bright quadrille,
The palm of genius and the manly form,
All bowed at once to Death's mysterious will,
Who sealed me up where mummies sound are sleeping,
In sere cloth and in tolerable keeping;

Where cows and monkeys squat in rich brocade,
And well-dressed crocodiles in painted cases,
Rats, bats, and owls, and cats in masquerade,
With scarlet flounces, and with varnished faces;
Then birds, brutes, reptiles, fish, all crammed together,
With ladies that might pass for well-tanned leather.

Where Rameses and Sabacon lie down,
And splendid Psammis in his hide of crust,
Princes and heroes, men of high renown,
Who in their day kicked up a mighty dust;

There swarthy mummies kicked up dust in number,
When huge Belzoni came to scare their slumber.

Who'd think these rusty hams of mine were seated
At Dido's table, when the wondrous tale
Of "Juno's hatred" was so well repeated,
And ever and anon the queen turned pale?
Meanwhile the brilliant gas-lights hung above her
Threw a wild glare upon her ship-wrecked lover.

Ay, gaslights! mock me not; we men of yore
Were versed in all the knowledge you can mention;
Who hath not heard of Egypt's peerless lore,
Her patient toil, acuteness of invention?
Survey the proofs; the pyramids are thriving,
Old Memnon still looks young, and I'm surviving.

A land in arts and sciences prolific,
O block gigantic, building up her fame,
Crowded with signs and letters hieroglyphic,
Temples and obelisks, her skill proclaim:
Yet though her art and toil unearthly seem,
Those blocks were brought on railroads and by steam.

How, when, and why, our people came to rear
The pyramid of Cheops, mighty pile:
This, and the other secrets thou shalt hear;
I will unfold, if thou wilt stay awhile,
The history of the sphinx, and who began it,
Our mystic works, and monsters made of granite.

Well, then, in grievous times, when King Cephrenes—
But ah! what's this? the shades of bards and kings
Press on my lips their fingers! What they mean is
I am not to reveal those hidden things.
Mortal, farewell! Till Science' self unbind them,
Men must e'en take these secrets as they find them.

ANONYMOUS.

THIEVERY.

(From "Timon of Athens," Act IV., Scene 3.)

I'LL example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement; each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have unchecked theft. Love not yourselves: away;
Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
I give you, and gold confound you howsoever. Amen.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

DOUBLES.

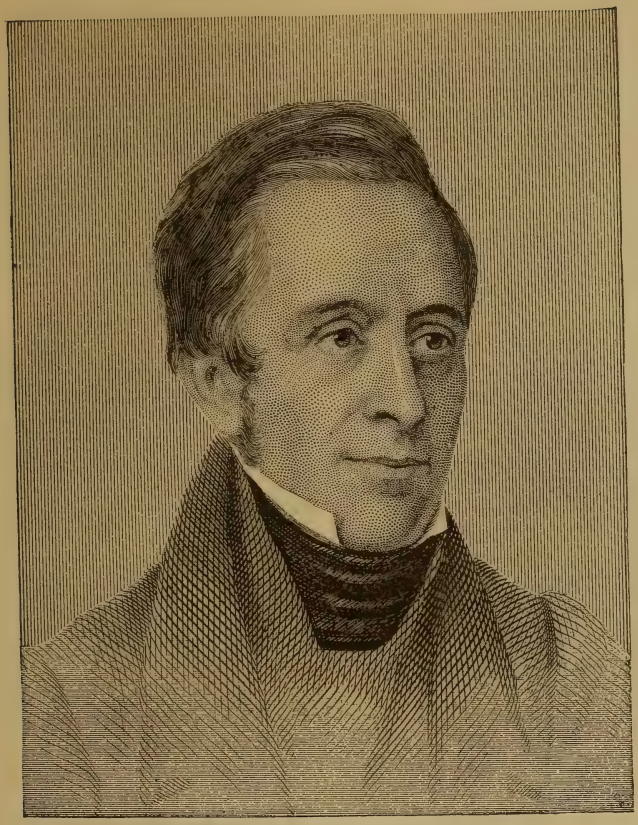
(From "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg.")

THERE'S strength in double joints, no doubt,
In double X Ale and Dublin Stout,
That the single sorts know nothing about;
And a fist is strongest when doubled;
And double aqua-fortis, of course,
And double soda-water, perforce
Are the strongest that ever bubbled.

There's double beauty wherever a swan
Swims on a lake, with her double thereon;
And ask the gardener, Luke or John,
Of the beauty of double-blowing;
A double dahlia delights the eye;
And it's far the loveliest sight in the sky
When a double rainbow is glowing.

There's warmth in a pair of double soles,
As well as a double allowance of coals;
In a coat that is double-breasted;
In double windows and double doors;
And a double U wind is blest by scores
For its warmth to the tender-chested.

There's twofold sweetness in double pipes;
And a double barrel and a double snipes
Give a sportsman a duplicate pleasure;





There s double safety in double locks;
And double letters bring cash for the box;
And all the world knows that double knocks
  Are gentility's double measure.

There's a double sweetness in double rhymes,
And a double at whist, and a double times
  In profit are certainly double;
By doubling, the hare contrives to escape;
And all seamen delight in a doubled cape,
  And a double-reefed topsail in trouble.

There's a double chuck at a double chin,
And of course there's a double pleasure therein,
  If the parties are brought to telling;
And however our Dennises take offense,
A double meaning shows double sense;
  And if proverbs tell truth,
  A double tooth
Is wisdom's adopted dwelling.

But double wisdom, and pleasure, and sense,
Beauty, respect, strength, comfort, and thence
  Through whatever the list discovers,
They are all in the double-blessedness summed,
Of what was formerly double-drummed,
  The marriage of two true lovers.

THOMAS HOOD.

HE NEVER KNOWED.

OLD BILLY B. was a pious man,
And heaven was his goal;
For, being a very saving man,
Of course he'd save his soul.
But even in this, he used to say,
"One can't too careful be,"
And he sang with a fervor unassumed,
"I'm glad salvation's free."

But the "means of grace," he had to own,
Required good, hard earned gold:
And he took ten pews, as well became
The richest of the fold.
"He's a noble man!" the preacher cried,
"Our Christian Brother B."
And Billy smiled as he sub-let nine,
And got his own pew free!

In class meeting next old Billy told
How heaven had gracious been.
Yea, even back in the dark days when
He was a man of sin.
"I's buildin' a barn on my river farm—
"All I then had," he said;
"I'd run out o' boards, an' was feedin' hands
"On nothin' but corn bread.

"I tell ye, brethren, that I felt blue,
Short o' timber and cash,
And thought I'd died when the banks then bust,
And flooded all my mash.
But the Lord was merciful to me,
And sent right through the rift
The tide had made in the river banks
A lumber raft adrift.

"Plenty o' boards was there for the barn,
And on the top was a cheese,
And a bar'l o' pork as sound and sweet
As any one ever sees.
Then I had bread and meat for the men,
And they worked with a will,
While I thanked God, who'd been good to me,
And I'm doing it still."

A shrill voiced sister cried "Bless the Lord!"
The whole class cried "Amen!"
But a keen-eyed man looked at Billy B.
In thoughtful way, and then
Asked: "Brother B., did you ever hear
Who lost that raft and load?"
And Billy wiped his eyes and said:
"Brethren, I never knowed!"

ANONYMOUS.

THE BIRTH OF GREEN ERIN.

(The following poem was originally published, the editor is informed, in an anonymous novel, issued more than thirty years ago, entitled "Tom Stapleton." All efforts to secure a copy of the book having failed, the poem is here reproduced from memory, neither the editor nor the informant having seen it for more than twelve years.)

WITH all condescension,
I'd turn yees attention
To fhat I would mintion av Erin so green;
And without hesitation
Would show how that nation
Became av creation the gem and the queen.

It happened wan marnin',
Without any warnin',
That Vaynus was born in the beautiful say;
An', be that same token,
An' sure 'twas provokin',
Her pinions war soakin', and wouldn't give play.

Thin Neptune, who knew her,
Began to pursue her,
In order to woo her, the wicked auld Jew;
An' he very nigh caught her,
Atop av the water,
Great Jupiter's daughter, who cried "Poot-a-loo!"

Then Jove, the great jaynius,
Looked down and saw Vaynus,
And Neptune so haynious pursuin' her wild,
An' he roared out in thunder
He'd tear him asundher!
An' sure 'twas no wondher for tazin' his child!

An' a star that was flyin'
Around him, espyin',
He sazed without sighin' and hurled it below.
It fell, without winkin',
On Neptune, while sinkin',
An' gave him, I'm thinkin', a broth av a blow.

An' that star it war dry land,
Both lowland and highland,
An' formed a swate island, the land of me birth;
Thus plain is the story,
Kaze sint down from glory,
That Erin so hoary's a heaven on earth.

Thin Vaynus jumped nately
On Erin so stately,
And fainted, being lately so bothered and prisht.
Which her much did bewildher;

But before it quite killed her,
Her father disthilled her a dhrop av the bisht.

An' that glass so victorious,
It made her feel glorious;
A thrifle uproarious, I fear I might prove.
Thin how can ye blame us
That Erin's so famous
For beauty, and murther, an' whiskey, an' love!

ANONYMOUS.

DEAFNESS.

(From "A Tale of a Trumpet.")

OF all old women hard of hearing,
The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing!
On her head, it is true,
Two flaps there grew,
That served for a pair of gold rings to go through;
But for any purpose of ears in a parley,
They heard no more than ears of barley.

* * * * * *

She was deaf as a house, which modern tricks
Of language would call "as deaf as bricks;"
For all her human kind were dumb;
Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,
That none could get a sound to come,
Unless as the Devil who had Two Sticks!
She was deaf as a stone—say one of the stones
Demosthenes sucked to improve his tones;
And surely deafness no further could reach
Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech!

* * * * * *

She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,
Or as Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy,
Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,
Were plugged with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail, that you cannot hammer
A meaning into for all your clamor;
There never was such a deaf old gammer,
So formed to worry
Both Lindley and Murray,
By having no ear for music or grammar!

Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings,
Deaf to verbs and all their compoundings,
Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,
Deaf to even the definite article;
No verbal message was worth a pin,
Though you hired an earwig to carry it in!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

(From "China.")

IN a country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women wear no petticoats; where the labourer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honour; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of your head; where the place of honour is on your left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take of your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning—we ought not to be astonished to find a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar, and we must not be startled to find that this Chinese language is the most intricate, cumbrous, unwieldy vehicle of thought that ever obtained among any people.

GEORGE WINGROVE COOKE.

KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

(From the "Taming of the Shrew," Act IV., Scene 1.)

Re-enter Servants *with supper.*

PETRUCHIO. Why, when, I say?—Nay, good, sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

[*Sings.*

It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!



KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

Where is my spaniel, Troilus?—Sirrah, get
you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—
[*Exit* Servant.
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be ac-
quainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some
water?
Enter a Servant *with a basin and ewer.*
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—
[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
[*Strikes him.*
Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault
unwilling.
Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd
knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a
stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else
shall I?—
What is this? mutton?
1st serv. Ay.
Pet. Who brought it?
1st serv. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal
cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the
dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, etc., about the room.*
You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you
straight.
Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so dis-
quiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried
away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; for to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Katharine, *and* Curtis.
Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the
like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

THEY'VE got a bran new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine,
In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'n MY voice and vote;
For it was never MY desire
To praise the Lord by note.

I've been a sister good an' true
For five and thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read,
And twice when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led;
And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out.

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read——"I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."——
I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
I s'pose I al'ays will;
It somehow gratifies MY whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I could'nt catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near,
An' when I seed them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good an'strong,
I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise;
And I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse you know
They played a little tune;

I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon,
I pitched it pritty middlin high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told;
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.



WILL H. CARLETON.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin' book,
An' never went to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time, right through,
An' kep' it, with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh or cough!
It kep' her head a bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
An' meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn right thro' and thro'
And laid it on the seat,
An' then a pensive sigh he drew,
An' looked completely beat.

An' when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise,
But drawed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister good an' true
For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track;
An' some day I to church will go,
An never more come back;
An' when the folks get up to sing—
Whene'er that time shall be—
I do not want no *patent* thing
A squealin' over me!

WILL H. CARLETON.

THE LEARNING OF HUDIBRAS.

HE was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl—
A calf, an alderman—a goose, a justice—
And rooks, committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to shew why,
And tell what rules he did it by:
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to shew't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect:
It was a party-coloured dress
Of patched and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.

It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he had talked three parts in one,
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This, he as volubly would vent,
As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large:
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on:
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;
Many a monk and many a friar,
Many a knight and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, and dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crozier—he hopped on all!
With saucy air he perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face of his Lordship's grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe, as such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custard had all disappeared,
And six little singing-boys—dear little souls!—
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne,
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more a napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white;
From his finger he draws his costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout, and a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out,
The friars are kneeling, and hunting and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew off each plum-colored shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels in the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes; they turn up the plates,



"They turn up the rugs—they examine the mugs—
But no! no such thing!—they can't find the RING!"

They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
They turn up the rugs—they examine the mugs—
But no! no such thing—they can't find the RING!
And the abbot declared that, when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell and his book;
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief;
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking;
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying,
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone, the night came on,
The monks and the friars they searched till dawn;
When the sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor, little, lame Jackdaw!
No longer gay, as on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;
His pinions drooped—he could hardly stand—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, so wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried,
"THAT'S HIM!
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw, when the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turned his bald head as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower he limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw, 'midst the sticks and straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution;
When those words were heard, that poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd;
He grew sleek and fat; in addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail waggled more than ever before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer it perched on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopped now about with a gait devout;
At matins, at vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the confessor's beads.
If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw would give a great "caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"

While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they never had known such a pious Jackdaw!
He long lived the pride of that country-side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When as words were too faint his merits to paint,
The conclave determined to make him a saint;

And on newly made saints and popes as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow;
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

R. H. BARHAM.
("Thomas Ingoldsby.")



"So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow."

OLD GRIMES IS DEAD.

OLD Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair it was inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain
His breast with pity burned,
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design,
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown.
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert,
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay,
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge hid from public gaze
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
He lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

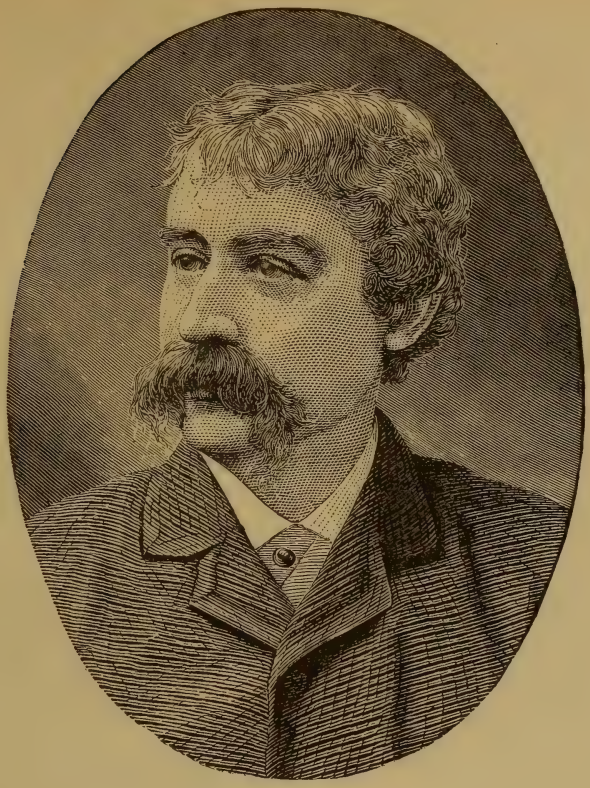
ALBERT GORTON GREENE.

THE VICTIM OF FRAUDS.

(Written while U. S. Consul at Glasgow, in reply to a warning against one Fowler, who had cheated the Consul at Bristol.)

I'M acquainted with affliction, chiefly in the form of fiction, as it's offered up by strangers at the Consul's open door:
And I know all kinds of sorrow that relief would try to borrow with various sums, from sixpence upwards to a penny more!

And I think I know all fancy styles of active mendicancy, from the helpless Irish soldier who mixed in our country's war,
And who laid in Libby prison in a war that wasn't his'n, and I sent back to the country—that he never saw before.



Bret Harte

I know the wretched seaman who was tortured by a demon captain till he fled in terror with his wages in arrear;
And I've given him sufficient to ship as an efficient and active malefactor with a gentle privateer.

Oh, I know the wealthy tourist who (through accident the surest) lost his letters, watch and chain from the cold deck coming o'er;
And I heeded that preamble, and lent him enough to gamble till he won back all his money on a "cold deck" here ashore!

I have tickets bought for mothers and their babies—that were another's—and their husbands—who not always could be claimed as theirs alone,
Till I've come to the conclusion that for ethical confusion and immoral contribution I have little left unknown!

But I never, never, never! in beneficent endeavor, fell into the wicked meshes by the Saxon Fowler spread;
And it seems to me a pistol used judiciously at Bristol would have not too prematurely brought this matter to a head!

(Francis) Bret Harte.

THE PARADISE OF PROGRESS.

THE WAIL OF THE POET OF THE FUTURE.

IN old Anno Domini
(Vanished hath the ancient style),
Men could look upon the sky,
If the earth were wholly vile,
Now—alas "the heavy change!"—
All our star-gazing is done;
Terrible machines and strange,
Glide between us and the sun!

Land laws—once they left us when
Our democracy was new—
Gayly they came back again,
Came the sea laws, air laws too!
"Fined for trespassing on brine,"
Every day we note it less.
"Killed when bathing on the line
Of a submarine express!"

In old Anno Domini,
In the happy days grown dim,
Men could sail upon the seas
At their pleasure—dive or swim.
On the sands the children played;
Now the sand, they tell us, fails;
There's a tax on every spade,
Stringent rules concerning pails!

In old Anno Domini
Men were simple, merry, kind,
Never struggled for the sea,
Never quarreled for the wind.
Earth hath been a peaceful place!
Free from folly, free from jars
Were the simple early race
That could look upon the stars!

ANDREW LANG.

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

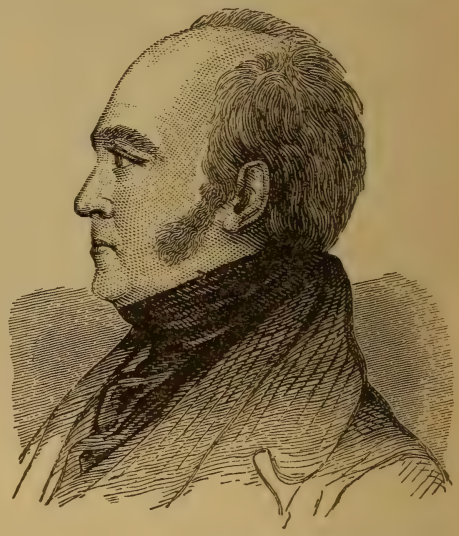
THE wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
And love to hear them told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one,
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among
The choir of wisdom's song,
But pretty lies loved I
As much as any king,
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot,
When one pert lady said;
"O, Landor, I am quite
Bewildered with affright!
I see (sit quiet, now), a white hair on your head!

Another, more benign,
Drew out that hair of mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended she had found
That one, and twirled it round.
Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a curled white wig looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;

In short, their toes, so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes,

A nostrum famous in old popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes,
A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot.
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as bullet from a gun;
The other limped as if he had been shot.
One saw the virgin, soon *peccavi* cried;
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever;
When home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live forever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half-way,
Hobbling with outstretched hands and bending knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now!" the light-toed, whitewashed pilgrim broke,
"You lazy lubber!"
"Confound it!" cried the t'other, "tis no joke;
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear;
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For hang me if I ha'n't lost every toe!

"But brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you're not in pain—
What power hath worked a wonder for your toes—
Whilst I, just like a snail am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

"How is't that you can like a grayhound go,
Merry as if naught had happened burn ye?"
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas."

JOHN WOLCOT.
("Peter Pindar.")

I'M GROWING OLD.

MY days pass pleasantly away;
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay;
I have no cause to mourn or weep;
My foes are impotent and shy;
My friends are neither false nor cold;
And yet, of late, I often sigh,
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All whisper, in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless of my dress;
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing—yes,
I'm growing old!

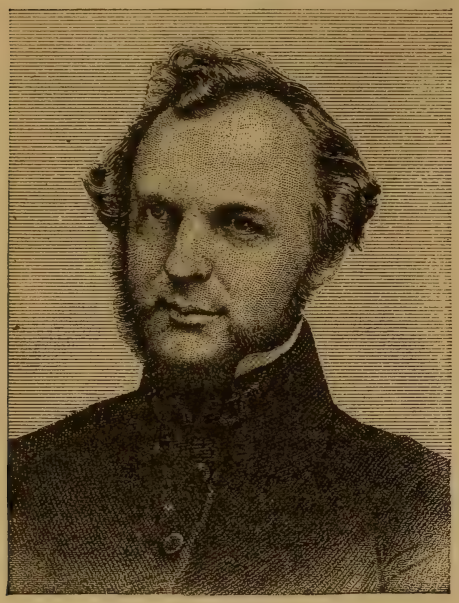
I see it in my changing dress;
I see it in my changing hair;
I see it in my growing waist;
I see it in my growing hair;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every boon the Hours bequeath
But makes me debtor to the Years;
E'en Flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tells me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years! whose rapid flight
My somber muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings;

The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold
Where all are blest, and none may sigh,
"I'm growing old!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.



JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

GUVENER B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer as straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My! ain't it terrible! wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him o' course—thet's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round, don't you,
An' go in fer thunder an' guns an' all that;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffal smart man,
He's ben on all sides that give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan:
He's ben true to one party, an' thet is himself;
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

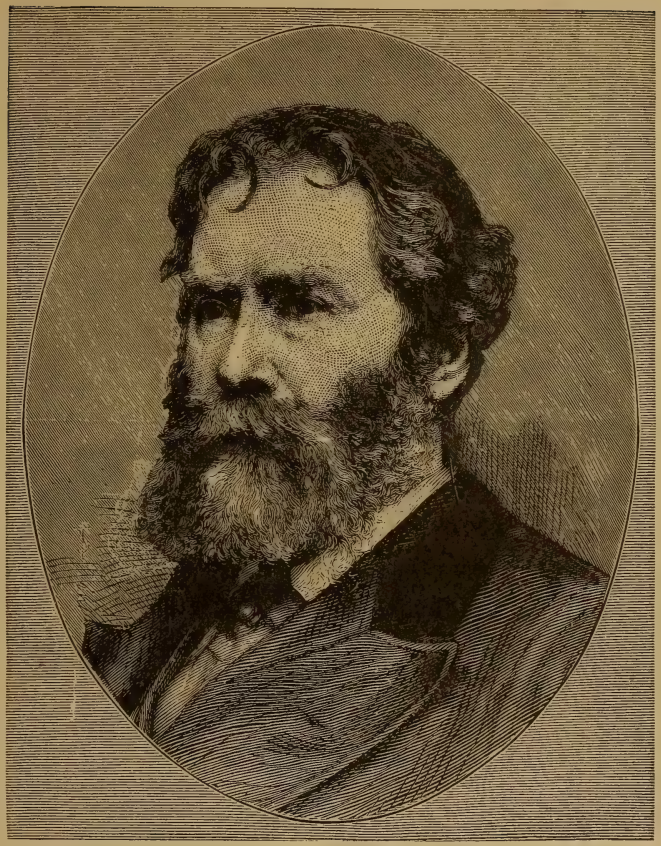
Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally principle more'n an old cud;
What did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder and blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees of wut's right an' wut aint;
We kinder thought Christ went agin war and pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' Presidunt Polk, you know, he is our country;
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the debit to him, an' to us the per contry;
An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argiments lies;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest fee, faw, fum;
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ignorance, an' t'other half rum;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it aint no sech thing; an' of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez he never heard in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in the swaller-tail coats,
And marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To get some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he



J. R. Lowell.

Sez they didn't know everythin' down
in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs of these matters, I
vow;
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise
fellers,
To start the world's team wen it gits in a
slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers
out "Gee!"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
("Hosea Biglow.")

———o———

THE SEA.

SHE was rich and of high degree;
A poor and unknown artist he.
"Paint me," she said, "A view of the
sea."

So he painted the sea as it looked that day
That Aphrodite arose from its spray;
And it broke, as she gazed on its surface the
while,

Into its countless-dimpled smile.
"What a poky, stupid picture," said she;
"I don't believe he can paint the sea."

Then he painted a raging, tossing sea,
Storming with fierce and sudden shock,
Wild cries and writhing tongues of foam,
A towering, mighty fastness-rock;
In its sides, above those leaping crests,
The thronging sea-birds built their nests.
"What a disagreeable daub!" said she;
"Why, it isn't anything like the sea."

Then he painted a stretch of hot, brown sand,
With a big hotel on either hand,
And a handsome pavilion for the band;
Not a sign of the water to be seen,
Except one faint little streak of green.
"What a perfectly exquisite picture," said she;
"It's the very image of the sea!"

ANONYMOUS.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

WHICH I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar;
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply?
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft were the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was euchre; the same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat at the table
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see,
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me,
And he rose with a sigh
And said: "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor!"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game he did not understand.

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar;
Which the same I am free to maintain.

(FRANCIS) BRET HARTE.

THE CURE'S PROGRESS.

MONSIEUR the Cure down the street
Comes with his kind old face,—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande Place*,"
And the tiny "*Hotel de Ville*;"
He smiles as he goes to the *fleuriste Rose*,
And the *pompier* Theophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marche*" cool,
Where the noisy fishwives call;
And his compliment pays to the "*belle Therese*,"
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Cure gropes
In his tails for a *pain d'epice*.

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit
Who is said to be heterodox,
That will ended be with a "*Ma foi, oui!*"
And a pinch from the Cure's box.

There is also a word that no one heard
To the furrier's daughter Lou:
And a pale cheek fed with flickering red,
And "*Bon Dieu garde M'sieu!*"



AUSTIN DOBSON.

But a grander way for the *Sous Prefet*,
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne;
And a mock "off hat" to the Notary's cat,
And a nod to the Sacristan.

Forever through life the Cure goes
With a smile on his kind old face—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella case.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.

ON the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That Saint Pathrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And it 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the baby—and some blamed the clock—
Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know
If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction-fight in owld Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of St. Pathrick's birthday:
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die,
And who wouldn't see right, sure they blacken'd his eye!
At last both the factions so positive grew,
That each kept a birthday; so Pat then had two,
Till father Mulcahy, who show'd them their sins,
Said, "No one could have two birthdays but a twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for nine,
Don't be always dividin' — but sometimes combine;
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birthday,"—"Amen," says the clerk.
"If he wasn't a twins, sure our hist'ry will show
That, at least, he's worthy any two saints that we know!"
Then they all got blind dhrunk—which completed their bliss,
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

SAMUEL LOVER.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

(The number of the line indicates the name of the author, as found in the key at the end.)

1. WHY all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man's a flower.
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die;
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5. To be is better far than not to be,
6. Though all men's lives may seem a tragedy;
7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb;
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10. Unmingled joys here no man can befall.
11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere;
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well; how long or short, permit to Heaven;
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear,
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
22. With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. Oh, then renounce that impious self-esteem!
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat—
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way of bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years, but actions, tell—
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make then, while yet we may, your God your friend,
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,
38. For live we how we can, die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Scott; 9. Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thompson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Charles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Pill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakspere.





A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink....123
A baby was sleeping....134
A beautiful and happy girl....545
A beggar sat at the king's gate.... 41
Abide with me! fast falls the even-tide....221
Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)....234
Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting...437
A brace of sinners, for no good....706
A camp of blue, a camp of gray....467
A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun....376
A cloud passed kindly overhead....158
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!....176
A fearless shape of brave device....369
A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest....579
Again I sit within the mansion....104
Against the wooded hills it stands....510
A good man was ther of religioun....422
Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn....423
Ah! my heart is weary waiting....322
Ah, then how sweetly closed those crowded days....140
Ah, thine is not the woe of love forlorn.... 55
Ah! 'tis like a tale of olden time....177
Ah, yes, that "drop of human blood"....557
A little in the doorway sitting....126
A little way—I know it is not far....250
All are but parts of one stupendous whole....609
Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning....193
"All hail!" the bells of Christmas rang....211
All hail! thou noble land....477
All June I bound the rose in sheaves.... 137
All places that the eye of heaven visits....530
"All quiet along the Potomac," they say.... 99
All the world's a stage....597
All thoughts, all passions, all delights....197
All yesterday I was spinning.... 45
A lovely sky, a cloudless sun....494
Although I enter not....186
And now comes Autumn—artist bold and free 306
And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed 681
And thou hast walked about—how strange a story!....692
And what is so rare as a day in June? 320
And what's a life? A weary pilgrimage....607
And what's her history?....149
"An unknown man, respectably dressed....112
A piercing eye, a princely air....458
Art is the child of Nature; yes....527
As by the shore, at break of day....275
A sensitive plant in the garden grew....334
Ask me no more. The moon may draw the sea 36
Ask me no more where Jove bestows 184
A song of long ago.... 71
As rising from the vegetable world....316
As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay....156
As snowdrops come to a wintry world....180
As through the land at eve we went.... 53
As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce....311
A sunny land, soft air, and dreamful ease....381
As when a lady, walking Flora's bower....185
A thing of beauty is a joy forever....548
A thought lay like a flower upon mine heart....526
At last one night it chanced....118
At midnight, in his guarded tent.... 264
A traveler through a dusty road....574
At summer eve, when heaven's ethereal bow....548
Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise....257
Awake, Æolian Lyre, awake....636
A wakeful night with stealthy tread....123
A weaver sat one day at his loom.... 604
A wet sheet and a flowing sea....363
A whisper broke the air....580
Ay, this is freedom! These pure skies....419

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight.... 51
Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!....179
Beauty still walketh on the earth and air....541
Befelle that in that season on a day....432
Before I trust my fate to thee 168
Before the beginning of years....590
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms 177
Belshazzar is king! Belshazzar is lord!....259
Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind....581
Ben Battle was a soldier bold.... 673
Beneath aerial cliffs and glittering snows....477
Beneath the midnight moon of May....116
Better to smell the violet cool than sip the glowing wine....600
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer....551
Bird of the wilderness....351
Birds are singing round my window....542
Birds of a feather flock together....680
Bland as the morning breath of June....322
Blessings on thee, little man.... 57
Blossom of the almond trees....338
Blossoms found....Back Fly leaf

Blow, blow, thou winter wind..... 73
Bluebird! on yon leafless tree.....349
Bobolink! that in the meadow.....360
Born in yon blaze of orient sky.....320
Break, break, break..... 56
Breathes there the man, with soul so dead.....261
Broad plains, blue waters, hills and valleys.....478
Burly, dozing, humble bee.....638
Busy, curious, thirsty fly.....606
But Enoch yearned to see her face again..... 53
But heard are the voices.....527
But still, with honest purpose, toil we on.....238
But these recede. Above me are the Alps.....511
But who the melodies of morn can tell.....382
By Nebo's lonely mountain.....225
By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting....332
By the moon we sport and play.....637
By this, though deep the evening fell.....281

Call it not in vain! they do not err.....559
Calm on the bosom of thy God..... 85
Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould.....547
Can'st thou forget, beloved, our first awaking...139
Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night..... 35
Celia and I, the other day.....176
Child of the later days! thy words have broken 693
Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight 348
Clear and cool, clear and cool 360
Clear quiet waters, like the pale green sky 510
Clear the brown path, to meet his coulter's gleam.....420
Close his eyes; his work is done.....462
Come all ye jolly shepherds.....145
Come into the garden, Maud 166
Come live with me, and be my love.....189
Could love impart, by nicest art.....131
Come not to my grave with your mournings..... 95
Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving..... 39
Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace..... 45
Come unto these yellow sands.....634
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish....209
Confide ye aye in Providence.....223
Cupid and my Campaspe played.....187

Daughter of Jove, relentless power..... 50
Day in melting purple dying.....180
Days dawn on us that make amends for many...578
Daystars! that ope your eyes with morn, to twinkle..... 344
Delightful is this loveliness; it calms..... ...481
Deep in the shady sadness of a vale..... 79
Deep in the wave is a coral grove.....477
Does the road wind up-hill all the way?.....231
Do not praise: a word is payment more than meet for what is done.....557
Down in yon summer vale.....299
Downward the Peri turns her gaze.....258
Down the dimpled greensward dancing..... 32
Do you remember how we used to pace.....165
Drink to me only with thine eyes.....169

Earth has not anything to show more fair.....503
Earth, of man the bounteous mother.....411
E'en such is time, that takes on trust 223
Ensign Epps at the Battle of Flanders..... 295
Ethereal Power! who at the noon of night.....533

Faint amorist, what! dost thou think.....176
Fainting, down on earth he sunk.....278
Fair daffodils, we weep to see.....345
Fair dweller by the dusty way.....367
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree.....339
Fair was the morn to-day, the blossom's scent 331
Falsely luxurious, will not man awake.....378
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 547
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay 559
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness.....288
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour 194
Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again 74
Farewell Life! my senses swim..... 78
Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean.....144
Far in a wild, unknown to public view 239
Far up the lonely mountain side.....116
Filled with balm the gale sighs on.....184
Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer.....468
Five years have passed; five summers with the length.....503
Flash out a stream of blood red wine 394
For in this mortal frame.....557
For mine is the lay that lightly floats.....394
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears 457
From Alton Bay to Sandwich Dome.....347
From childhood's hour I have not been..... 40
From Greenland's icy mountains 244
From the crowd and the crush of the ball-room 139
From under the boughs in the snow-clad wood 212
Frostie age, frostie age! vain all thy learning! 680

Gay, guiltless pair.....215
Gin a body meet a body.....183
Give thy thoughts no tongue.....580
God give us men! a time like this demands.....412
God makes such nights all white an' still.....682
God said: "Let there be light!".....249
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!..... 569
Go, lovely rose.....184
Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord...530
Good news or evil, sunshine or shadow.....29
Go sit by the summer sea.....149
Go, Soul, the body's gnest.....573
Green be the turf above thee..... 447
Guvener B. is a sensible man.....708

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove.....352
Hail, holy Light! offspring of heaven, first-born.236
Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!.. 345
Hail the High, the Holy One!.....245
Hail to thee, blithe spirit!.....359
Half a league, half a league.....295
Happy the man whose wish and care.....606
Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.....349
Hark, how the birds do sing..... 253
Harness me down with your iron bands.....404
Have you not heard the poets tell.....31
Hear the sledges with the bells.....654
He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.....161

Hell's gates swing open wide!.....373
Hence, all you vain delights.....611
Hence, loathed melancholy!.....535
Hence, vain deluding joys!.....537
He passed where Newark's stately tower.....418
Here's the garden she walked across.....131
Her inward worth all outward show transcends.449
Her light foot on a noble heart she set.....169
Her years steal by like birds through cloudless skies.....137
He sailed across the glittering seas that swept.....113
He that loves a rosy cheek.....127
He that of such a height hath built his mind.....552
He wandered o'er the dreary earth.....441
He was in logic a great critic.....700
His courtiers of the caliph crave.....252
His thoughts were song, his life was singing.....562
Hollow is the oak beside.....179
Home they brought her warrior dead..... 82
Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar.574
How beautiful this night! the palmiest sigh..... 388
How calm, how beautiful comes on.....387
How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood.....398
How delicious is the winning.....189
How do I love thee? Let me count the ways...169
How happy is he born and taught.....543
How like a tender mother, with loving thoughts beguiled..... 33
How many summers, love.....198
How many thousands of my poorest subjects....606
How pleasant the life of a bird must be.....351
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august....592
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest.....265
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank 394
How sweet thy modest light to view.....154
How would Willie like to go.....679

I am old and blind!..... 85
I am sitting alone by the fire.....146
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers...376
I cannot make him dead.....100
I cannot see, with my small human sight.....232
I care not, Fortune, what you me deny.....545
Icicles hang.....313
I come from haunts of coot and hern..... 481
If all the world and love were young.....189
I feed a flame within, which so torments me.....173
I feel I'm growing auld, gude-wife.....201
If I desire with pleasant songs.....179
If I had thought thou could'st have died..... 94
I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone 175
If I were thou, O Butterfly.....532
If love be dead, and you aver it.....135
If music be the food of love, play on.....159
If nobody's noticed you, you must be small.....689
"I found a Rome of common clay," imperial Cæsar cried.....505
If Spring has maids of honor.....333
If Zeus chose us a king of the flowers in his mirth 336
I gaed a waefu' gate yestere'en.....161
I gathered the gold I had hid in the earth.....175
I had sense in dreams of a Beauty rare.....394
I have had playmates, I have had companions... 57
I know, as my life grows older.....237
I know her, the thing of laces and silk.....685
I know not, love, when first you found me.....155
I know of something sweeter than the chime of fairy bells that run.....116
I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls.....214
I'll example you with thievery.....694
I loved thee long and dearly..... 81
I loved thee once, I'll love no more.....182
I love it, I love it, and who shall dare..... 82
I love the old melodious lays.....525
I love to hear thine earnest voice 353
I made a posie while the day ran by.....251
I'm acquainted with affliction, chiefly in the form of fiction.....704
I'm wearing awa', John.....192
In a long banished age, whose varied story..... 43
In eddying course when leaves begin to fly.....305
In eastern lands they talk in flowers.....334
In lowly dale, fast by a river's side.....513
In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes...329
In old Anno Domini.....706
In summer time when leaves grow green.....674
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand..... 455
In the long sleepless watches of the night.....198
In the lore that is known to our childhood.....370
In this dim world of clouding cares.....110
Into a ward of the whitewashed walls 83
Into his listening ear the universe.....434
Into the sunshine.....365
In words as fashions, the same rule will hold.....550
I prythee send me back my heart.....173
I read it, my letter, my letter, as I sate in my rocky nest.....141
I rose anone, and thought I woulde gone.....336
I saw him once before..... 435
I saw two clouds at morning.....199
I see, as parcel of a new creation.....570
I shot an arrow into the air.....527
I sing the hymn of the conquered who fell in the battle of life..... 80
Is it the ghost of dead and ruined love.....148
I sometimes feel it half a sin.....101
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he.....286
Is she biding where eternal summer smiles upon the seas.....150
Is there no secret place on the face of the earth 60
Is there, when the winds are singing..... 133
Is this a temple where a god may dwell.....621
I stood and watched my ships go out.....118
I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs.....513
I tell thee, Dick, where I have been..... 37
It is an Ancient Mariner.....660
It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying.....444
It is the Indian summer time.....306
It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well.....567
It seems a day.....496
It stands in a sunny meadow.....192
It was a lover and his lass.....183
It was many and many a year ago..... 81
It was the calm and silent night.....209
It was the nightingale, and not the lark..... .381
It was the winter wild.....205
I've wandered east, I've wandered west.....165
Ivy is soft and meek of speech.....329

I walk down the valley of silence....249
I wandered lonely as a cloud....347
I weigh not fortune's frown or smile....551
I will paint her as I see her....415
I would not from the wise require....33
I would not live alway; I ask not to stay....211

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good Vizier....416
Jennie kissed me when we met....440
Jesus, lover of my soul....228
John Anderson, my jo John....201
Joy comes and goes, hope ebbs and flows like the wave....39

Keep thy spirit pure....532

Land of the rare old chronicle....495
Laugh, and the world laughs with you....603
Let me not to the marriage of true minds....139
Let's oftener talk of noble deeds....578
Let Taylor preach upon a morning breezy....680
Life! I know not what thou art....608
Life, joy and splendor with the year awake!....35
Like a gentle joy descending....365
Like as the damask rose you see....610
Like prisoned bird....FRONT COVER LINING
Like the violet which, alone....133
Like to the falling of a star....608
Little Ellie sits alone....33
Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown 572
Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day....262
Long ago in old Granada, when the Moors were forced to flee....41
Long, long ago, in the sweet Roman Spring....447
Look at me with thy large, brown eyes....442
Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air!....191
Look where you step, or you'll stumble....571
Lord Erskine, at woman presuming to rail....679
Love in my bosom, like a bee....129
Love is a sickness full of woes....143
Love! I will tell thee what is to love....127
Love thy mother, little one!....128
Love wakes and weeps, while Beauty sleeps....163

Maiden, crowned with glossy blackness....175
Maiden, with the meek, brown eyes....42
Maid of my love, Sweet Genevieve!....194
"Make me a statue," said the King....231
"Make way for liberty!" he cried....276
Maxwelton braes are bonnie....181
May, thou month of rosy beauty....319
Melik, the Sultan, tired and wan....607
Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do....689
Merrily swinging on briar and weed....352
Merry Margaret....436
Methinks I love all common things....396
Methought, that I had broken from the Tower 290
Mid pleasures and places though we may roam 466
Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!....338
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord....275
Monsieur the Cure down the street....710
Morn on the water! and, purple and bright....592
Music, when soft voices die....140
My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!....683
My boat is on the shore....441
My country, 'tis of thee....266
My days among the dead are passed....612
My days pass pleasantly away....707
My dear and only love, I pray....144
My eye, descending from the hill, surveys....503
My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired....44
My gentle Puck, come hither; thou remember'st....151
My heart leaps up when I behold....348
My liege, I did deny no prisoners....428
My life is like a stroll upon the beach....530
My life is like the summer rose....608
My little love, do you remember....156
My loved, my honored, much respected friend..216
My mind to me a kingdom is....555
My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara....78
My mother's voice! how often creep....123
My prime of youth is but a frost of cares....73
My son, these maxims make a rule....225
My soul drinks in its future life....439
Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew..391
My thoughts go home to that old brown house..475

Naught is there under heaven's wide hollowness....430
Nearer, my God, to thee....223
Nestle closely, little hand....163
Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds....366
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note....263
Not in the swaying of the summer trees....597
Not only around our infancy....381
Not ours the vows of such as plight....202
Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain....681
Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods....306
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray ...227
Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!....283
Now, in the season of flowers....324
Now the bright Morning-star, day's harbinger...381

Observe yon plumed biped fine....679
O don't be sorrowful, darling!....168
O faint, delicious, spring-time violet!....331
Of all old women hard of hearing....697
Of all the thoughts of God that are....233
Oft have I wooed sweet Lettice White....181
Oft in the stilly night....51
Ofttimes when Even's scarlet flag....528
Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green....340
O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree....130
O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth....433
Oh for a tongue to curse the slave....267
Oh, good painter, tell me, true....400
Oh, had my love ne'er smiled on me....163
Oh, hear ye not a voice that comes a-singing through the trees....304
Oh! if no faces were beheld on earth....409
Oh Mary, go and call the cattle home....92
Oh, merry, merry, be the day, and bright the star of even....130
Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light..270
Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom....111

Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt..... 72
Oh, the click of the type as it falls into line.....402
Oh, there's a power 143
Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow! 71
Oh, trifling task so often done.....576
Oh, very gloomy is the house of woe.....520
Oh! was it I or was it you.....125
Oh, well these places knew and lov'd us twain! 153
Old Billy B. was a pious man.....696
Old Grimes is dead, that good old man.....704
O leave the lily on the stem.....135
O little feet! that such long years..... 52
O long and lagging hours of time.....605
O majestic Night!.....384
Once more, my harp, once more! although I thought.....453
Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more 291
Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands.....467
Once upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered, weak and weary 656
One more unfortunate.....108
One morning when spring was in her teens.....689
One sweetly solemn thought.....230
One wo doth tread upon another's heel.....111
O Night of death, O Night that bringest all.....113
On softening days, when a storm was near.....397
On that deep retiring shore.....117
On the eighth day of March it was, some people say.....711
On what foundation stands the warrior's pride...459
O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth.....458
O reader, hast thou ever stood to see.....340
O there is still within this world.....124
O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright....246
Our good steeds snuff the evening air.....275
Out of the city, far away.....321
Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass. 46
Out to the west the spent day kisses night.....387
Over hill, over dale.....646
O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!.....555
O what a pure and sacred thing.....402
O Winter, ruler of the inverted year.....309
O woman! In our hours of ease.....129
"O, World God, give me wealth!" the Egyptian cried.....603
O ye dales of Tyne.....465
O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west.....171

Pack clouds away, and welcome day.....187
Parting with friends is temporary death.....104
Pass on! and leave me standing here alone..... 78
Peace! let the long procession come..... 461
Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic.....644
Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray..... 80
Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me.....480
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.....245
Pushing the clods of earth aside..... 327

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair..... 647

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.....507
Ring out, O bells, ring silver-sweet o'er hill and moor and fell!..... 38
River, sparkling river, I have fault to find with thee... 55
Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....214
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll! 368
Ruin seize thee, ruthless king..... 267

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.....260
See, how the orient dew.....342
See the chariot at hand here of love.....187
Serene I fold my hands and wait.....151
She came as comes the summer wind.....172
She dwelt among the untrodden ways..... 83
She gazed upon the burnished brace.....683
She has just put her gown on at Girton.....683
She is not fair to outward view.....167
She stood breast-high amid the corn.....172
She walks in beauty, like the night.....150
She was a phantom of delight.....440
She was rich and of high degree.....709
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.....188
Sir, I desire you do me right and justice.....433
Sitting under the birch trees, in the beautiful April day 47
Slave of the dark and dirty mine..... 55
Sleep on, baby, on the floor..... 59
Sleep on—sleep on—above thy corse..... 98
So beautiful the day had been.....329
So forth issew'd the seasons of the yeare.....300
Softly woo away her breath.....103
Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast.....150
So he entered the house, and the hum of the wheel and the singing.....185
So justly to your grave ears I'll present.....171
Some blame the years that fly so fast.....161
Somebody thinks the world all wrong.....576
Some fairy spirit with his wand.....160
Some murmur when their sky is clear..... 35
Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned 247
Some years ago, ere time and taste.....413
Some years ago, when I was young.....581
So now my summer task is ended, Mary.....140
So when of old the Almighty Father sate.....214
Speak low, tread softly through these halls.....515
Speak naught, move not, but listen, the sky is full of gold 371
St. Agnes' Eve! Ah, bitter chill it was!.....649
Stand here by my side and turn, I pray.....311
Still on the spot Lord Marmion staid.....279
Still to be neat, still to be dressed.....164
Sunlight and shade, rich gold that dulls to grey 29
Sunset is burning like the seal of God.....390
Sweet and low, sweet and low.....130
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain....486
Sweet bird! that sing'st away the earthly hours 351
Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright.....246
Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies.....336
Sweet Solitude, thou placid queen.....605
Sweet Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train 105
Sweet warblers of the sunny hours.....357

Take, O take those lips away..... 156
Talking of sects till late one eve.....243
Talk not of temples; there is one.....234

Teach me, my God, my King.....251
Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean..... 36
Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean....623
Tell me not in mournful numbers..... 608
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind.....187
Tell me, where is fancy bred.....154
The apples are ripe in the orchard..... 91
The April sunshine brought.....FRONT FLY LEAF
The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold 281
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne.....437
The bee from the clover blooms.....400
The birds must know. Who wisely sings.....559
The blasts of Autumn drive the winged seeds...302
The bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath.....137
The blessed damozel leaned out.....645
The breaking waves dashed high.....233
The bright-robed days sit now at feast, and sup.....304
The broken column, reared in air..... 273
The budding floweret blushes at the light.....314
The busy larke, the messenger of day.....381
The caged bird that all the autumn day..... 85
The child is father of the man.....585
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces 579
The cock hath crowed. I hear the doors unbarred.....327
The conference meeting through at last.....157
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.....617
The cygnet finds the water: but the man.....590
The days of infancy are all a dream.....592
The despot's heel is on thy shore.....271
The farmer sat in his easy chair.....407
The fields were covered over..... 411
The flowers are dead that made a summer's splendor.....117
The flowers of thought.....BACK COVER LINING
The forward violet thus did I chide.....154
The fountains mingle with the river.....190
The Frost looked forth, one still, clear night 314
The glories of our blood and state 617
The groves were God's first temples.....497
The harp at Nature's advent strung.....228
The harp that once through Tara's halls.....277
The harp the monarch minstrel swept.....396
The island lies nine leagues away.....471
The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !.....285
The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair !.....701
The lad and lass were forced to part.....580
The lady lay in her bed..... 48
The lark has sung his carol in the sky.....610
The lists are oped, the spacious area cleared.....292
The lovely purple of the noon's bestowing.....393
The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews 382
The moonbeams lay upon the hill..... 393
The morning hath not lost her virgin blush.....383
The mossy marbles rest..... 434
The mother of the muses, we are taught.....533
The muffled drum's sad roll has beat.....277
The muse, disgusted at an age and clime.....466
Then came faire May, the fairest maid on ground.....318
The night has a thousand eyes.....529
The night is dim with snow-flakes falling fast...125
The night shall be filled with music.....148
Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city.....106
Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell.....290
Then the king exclaimed, "This is for me"..... 273
The old mayor climbed the belfry tower..... 87
The poet or priest who told us this.....601
The quality of mercy is not strained.....530
The queen, my lord, is dead.....613
The rain, the desolate rain !..... 375
There are faces we fondly recall.....115
There are gains for all our losses..... 39
There are seven pillars of Gothic mould.....294
There are songs enough for the hero 91
There came to port, last Monday night.. 678
There comes, each dying day to bless.....384
Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp.....534
There have been loftier themes than his..... 443
There is a land, of every land the pride.....465
There is a soul in earthly things.....604
There is music, there is sunshine..... 125
There is no death ! The stars go down.....107
There is no rest ! the mills of change.....599
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen..... 411
There's many a trouble.....580
There's no dew left on the daisies and clover..... 61
There's strength in double joints, no doubt.....694
There was a house—a house of clay..... 36
There were ninety and nine that safely lay 222
These are the gardens of the desert, these.....472
These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good..230
The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er.....612
The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !.....370
The shades of night were falling fast..... 623
The shadows lay along Broadway.....423
The silent wilderness for me.....409
The sinking sun had streaked the west 561
The sky is changed !—and such a change ! O night 363
The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare..... 609
The snow had begun in the gloaming..... ..119
The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings.....317
The spacious firmament on high.....248
The splendor fall on castle walls.....385
The stately homes of England.....484
The summer sun is falling soft on Carberry's hundred isles..... 97
The summer sun was soft and bland 151
The sun had gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond.....129
The sun is careering in glory and might.....349
The sunrise waits behind Heaven's gates.....387
The supper is o'er, the hearth is swept.....111
The thirsty earth soaks up the rain 396
The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain 468
The violet loves a sunny bank.....196
The voice which I did more esteem 83
The warm sun is falling, the bleak wind is wailing.....306
The whilom hills gray, whose tender shades.....325
The wild November comes at last 309
The wisest of the wise 706
The wonders of all-ruling providence.....213

The world goes up and the world goes down.... 44
The world is too much with us; late and soon.....508
They are all gone into the world of light..... 94
They are jewels of the mind.....109
They come! the merry summer months of beauty, song and flowers.....322
They drive home the cows from the pasture.....407
The years come and the years go.....583
The year stood on its equinox.....408
They made her a grave too cold and damp.....195
They sang of love, and not of fame.....159
They sin who tell us love can die.....177
They tell us thou art he, about whose brow.....443
They've got a bran new organ, Sue.....699
Thinks't thou to be concealed, thou little stream.....613
This is a spray the bird clung to 137
This is the ship of pearl, which poets feign.....355
This royal infant (Heaven still move about her) 449
Thought is deeper than all speech.....543
Thou happy, happy elf!.....677
Thou lingering star, with lessening ray..... 95
Thou still unravished bride of quietness.....528
Three fishers went sailing out into the west..... 97
Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life.....377
Thus Adam looked, when from the garden driven.....681
Thus passeth year by year, and day by day.....439
Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue.....154
Tired of play! tired of play.....566
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother.....110
'Tis not the loss of love's assurance.....172
'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark.....349
'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night.....627
'Tis time this heart should be unmoved..... 73
To be, or not to be, that is the question.....615
To him who in the love of Nature holds.....621
To him who sang of "Home, sweet home".....441
To me the world's an open book.....381
Too frail to keep the lofty vow..... 445
Too late I stayed; forgive the crime.....188
To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell.....511
To the seashell's spiral round.....529
Touch us gently, Time! 198
Tread softly—bow the head.....250
Tread softly through these amorous rooms.....508
Trust not sweet soul, those curled waves of gold.....612
'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won.....639
'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house.....647
'Twas when the world was in its prime.....314
Two armies covered hill and plain 271
Two dimpled hands the bars of iron grasped.... 43

Under a spreading chestnut tree.....414
Under my window, under my window 30
Underneath the sod low-lying..... 94
Unwarned by any sunset light.....312
Upon the sadness of the sea.....525
Up the airy mountain.....642
Up the dale and down the bourne.....324

"Vanitas vanitatum" has rung in the ears.....605
Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying. 401
Violet, sweet violet!.....338
Vital spark of heavenly flame.....233

Way down upon the Suwannee river..... 71
We are born; we laugh; we weep.....599
We are the sweet flowers..... 333
We count the broken lyres that rest.....611
Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower.....345
We knew it would rain, for all the morn.....365
Welcome, thrice welcome is thy silvery gleam 482
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths 611
We may live without poetry, music and art.....678
We pledge our hearts, my love and I.....192
Werther had a love for Charlotte.....690
We scatter seeds with careless hand.....227
We watched her breathing through the night... 88
We were not many, we who stood.....272
What a change hath passed upon the face.....306
What bird, in beauty, flight, or song.....444
What constitutes a State?.....265
What doth it serve to see sun's burning face..... 97
What figure more immovably august.....420
What is the name of King Ringang's daughter?.....138
What might be done if men were wise 564
What plant we with this apple tree?.....356
What saith the river to the rushes gray.....375
Whatsoe'er she vowed to-day.....165
What stands upon the highland.....391
What was he doing, the great god Pan.....645
What will not men attempt for sacred praise....550
When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame..... 75
Whence dost thou come to me.....642
When chapman billies leave the street.....668
When daffodils begin to peer.....315
When Freedom, from her mountain height.....269
When I consider how my light is spent.....223
When I survey the bright.....391
When last the maple-bud was swelling..... 90
When love with unconfined wings.....182
When, marshalled on the nightly plain.....251
When Music, heavenly maid, was young.....634
When shall we three meet again?.....117
When silent time, wi' lightly foot.....593
When stars are in the quiet skies.....164
When that my mood is sad, and in the noise.....362
When the dimpled water slippeth..... 44
When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces.....315
When the humid shadows hover.....378
When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame..... 49
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought.....137
When whispering strains with creeping wind...396
When, with his lively ray, the potent sun.....317
When woman loves, and will not show it.....153
Where did you come from, baby dear?..... 41
Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home!.....293

Where the bee sucks, there suck I.....667
Wherever through the ages rise.....229
Where wind and water meeting made.....122
Which I wish to remark.....710
Whither midst falling dew.....355
Who bides his time, day by day.....576
Who can judge a man from manners.....577
Who can sing us a song of sorrow.....561
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye.....127
Who is Silvia? What is she.....439
Who'll press for gold this crowded street.....624
Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime.....569
Who shall be fairest.....541
Who would himself with shadows entertain.....590
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?.....712
Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death.....83
Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears.....342
Why, Love, my love is a dragon fly.....167
Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hall.....611
Why so pale and wan, fond lover?.....173
Why thus longing, thus forever sighing.....619
Why, when, I say?—Nay, good, sweet Kate, be merry.....697
Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool.....354
Wisdom loves this seat serene.....522
With all condescension.....696
With deep affection.....399
Withdraw not yet those lips and fingers.....187
With fingers weary and worn.....76
With husky-haughty lips, O Sea!.....373
Within the twilight came forth tender snatches.....390
Woodman spare that tree.....399
Woodmen, shepherds, come away.....318
Worthy the patriot's thought and poet's lyre.....485
Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng.....433

Years, years ago, ere yet my dreams.....684
Ye distant spires! ye antique towers!.....501
Ye gracious mountain neighbors.....471
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.....153
Yestermorn the air was dry.....331
Yes, 'tis not helm nor feather.....278
Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild.....515
You are nobly born, I know.....135
You meaner beauties of the night.....452
Your murmurs bring the pleasant breath.....365
Youth is a vision of a morn.....593





ADAMS, SARAH FLOWER.—An English poet, born in 1805. Her poem "Nearer, My God to Thee," which has attained a world-wide popularity, was contributed to a Unitarian collection of "Hymns and Anthems," published in 1841. Died in 1848.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.....223

ADDISON, JOSEPH.—An English author, pre-eminent as an essayist, humorist and moralist, and also of high rank as a poet, was born in Wiltshire in 1672. His popularity rests chiefly upon his essays contributed to the *Spectator*. They are models of the purest English and have secured to him immortal fame. His reputation as a poet is founded upon his "Tragedy of Cato" which appeared in 1713. He died in London in 1719.

Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.....567

Education.....577

Genealogy of Humor.....678

AKENSIDE, MARK.—An English poet and physician, born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1721. In 1744 was published his "Pleasures of Imagination," which at once attained celebrity, and proved him a true poet. He died in London in 1770.

A Scene Recalled.....465

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY.—An American writer born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1836. Was assistant editor of the *Home Journal*, New York, and also of *Every Saturday*, Boston, as long as it was published—1870-4. For several years wrote exclusively for the *Atlantic Monthly*, when in March, 1881, he became its editor.

Appreciation.....529

Babie Bell's Coming.....31

ALEXANDER, MRS. CECIL FRANCES (*nee* HUMPHREYS).—An English poet, born in Strabane, Ireland, about 1830. In 1850 she was married to Rev. Wm. Alexander, afterwards Bishop of Derry. Among her "Poems on Old Testament Subjects," is the well known "Burial of Moses."

The Burial of Moses.....225

ALLEN, ELIZABETH AKERS.—An American poet, born in Strong, Me., 1832. Her maiden name was Chase. She married Paul Akers, the sculptor, who died in 1861, and in 1865 she married E. M. Allen of New York. Began to write for the *Atlantic Monthly* at the age of 15, under the *nom de plume* of "Florence Percy." Among her poems, is the popular song, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother."

Rock me to Sleep, Mother.....51

The City of the Living.....43

ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.—A British poet, born at Ballyshannon, Ireland, about 1828. His poem, "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland," was well received, and in 1864 he obtained a literary pension.

Æolian Harp.....375

A Holiday.....321

Autumnal Sonnet.....306

The Fairies.....642

ALLSTON, WASHINGTON.—An eminent American artist, born at Waccamaw, S. C., in 1779. In addition to his genius as a painter, possessed poetic talent of high order. He was the author of "The Sylphs of the Seasons, and other Poems," published in 1813. Died 1843.

America to Great Britain.....477

Boyhood.....140

ARNOLD, EDWIN.—An English poet, born in 1832. The "Light of Asia," his best known work, is a poem on the life and doctrines of Gautama Booddha, the supposed founder of the Booddhistic religion. As poetry, it is admirable, but, as serving to give an idea of the spirit of that religion, it cannot be relied upon for accuracy of detail in regard to the teachings of Gautama. But it is a pleasing poem, and beautifully written.

Almond Blossoms.....338

Woman's Voice.....597

ARNOLD, MATTHEW.—An English poet, son of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby and Oxford, was born at Laleham in Middlesex, in 1822. In 1857, elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His verse is always calm, chaste, and noble, and there is, throughout his style of thought, a certain antique grandeur, differing much from most of the poets of the present day.

A Question.....39

Culture.....534

Fire and Strength.....570

Sweetness and Light.....575

AYTON, SIR ROBERT.—An English poet of great merit, born in 1570. He was a favorite of both James VI. and Charles I. Died in 1683.

On Woman's Inconstancy.....182

BACON, SIR FRANCIS (Lord Bacon of Verulam, and Viscount St. Alban's). One of the grandest names in the annals of England, and one of the greatest men ever produced by any country or in any age, was born in London, 1561. He was poet, philosopher, orator, lawyer and statesman. As an author, his "Essays" are his most popular work, while the masterpiece of his matured genius is the "Novum Organum Scientiarum," a work on which he had labored for years. His later life was devoted to scientific pursuits. Died 1626.
Prosperity and Adversity 600
Studies 562

BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES.—An English poet, born at Nottingham, 1816. His "Festus," published in 1839, was highly successful. He has since published the "Angel World," the "Mystic," and the "Age."
A Noble Life 532
From "Festus" 611

BALLANTINE, JAMES.—A Scottish poet and artist, born in 1808. Published "One Hundred Songs." Died in 1877.
Its Ain Drap of Dew 223

BARBAULD, ANNA LÆTITIA.—An English writer, sister of Dr. John Aikin, was born 1743. As a writer of books for children she is very popular. Died in 1824.
Life 608

BARHAM, RICHARD HARRIS.—Better known by his literary pseudonym of "Thomas Ingoldsby," was born at Canterbury, 1788. Barham was the author of the famous "Ingoldsby Legends," a series of burlesque poems, which have obtained immense popularity. He died in 1845.
The Jackdaw of Rheims 701

BARTON, BERNARD.—A member of the Society of Friends, popularly known as "the Quaker poet," born in London, 1784. Died 1849.
Not Ours the Vows 202

BEATTIE, JAMES.—A Scotch poet, born in 1735. His principal works are "The Minstrel," and the "Essay on Truth." Died in 1803.
Morning from "The Minstrel" 382
Benevolence 254

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. — Celebrated English dramatic poets, contemporaries of Shakspere and Jonson. Beaumont was born in 1586, and died in 1616, being honored by burial in Westminster Abbey, that mausoleum of Britain's great men and kings. Fletcher was born in 1576, and died in 1625. They formed a literary partnership, the result of which was the production of nearly fifty plays. In this collaboration, it has been said that Beaumont found the quality of fancy and Fletcher that of judgment. They were both admirable delineators of human nature, and, in their lifetime, their dramas were even preferred to those of Shakspere, whom they made their model. The principal piece of Fletcher's separate writing is a dramatic pastoral, entitled "The Faithful Shepherdess," and there is no doubt that it suggested the idea of Milton's "Comus." The works of these authors have descended to posterity under the twin title of authorship of "Beaumont and Fletcher."
Invocation to Sleep 39
Melancholy 611
Song: Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air! 191
The Influence of Woman 137

BEERS, MRS. ETHEL LYNN.—An American poet, born in New York in 1827. Her poem, "The Picket-Guard," first published in *Harper's Weekly* in 1861, became instantly popular. Died 1879.
The Picket-Guard 99

BERKELEY, GEORGE.—An illustrious English metaphysical philosopher, born 1684. He was Dean of Derry, and afterwards Bishop of Cloyne. His works are, beyond dispute, the finest models of philosophical style since Cicero. Died at Oxford, 1753.
Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America 466

BLAMIRE, SUSANNA. — An English poet, born 1747. She wrote, in the Scottish dialects, a number of admired lyrics. Died 1794.
The Nabob 593

BLANCHARD, LAMAN. — An English journalist and *litterateur*, born 1803. Was associated with Bulwer as editor of *The New Monthly Magazine* in 1831. Died 1845.
The Mother's Hope 133

BOIES, LAURA A.
Little Children 125
The Rain 365

BOKER, GEORGE HENRY. — An American poet, born at Philadelphia, 1824. As a dramatist he has been successful. He was American Minister to Constantinople from 1871 to 1877.
Dirge for a Soldier 462

BOSWELL, JAMES.—A Scottish gentleman, born at Edinburgh, 1740. A man of no decided talent, he has made himself famous as the author of one of the completest biographies in the language: "The Life of Dr. Johnson." He was an intimate friend of Johnson, and during the whole course of their friendship was collecting materials for his great work, which therefore contains stores of minute and accurate information. Died 1795.
Desire of Knowledge 560
"The Vicar of Wakefield" 431

BOTTA, ANNA C.—An American poet, born in Vermont. In 1855 she married Vincenzo Botta, an Italian statesman. Died 1870.
On a Library 515

BOURDILLON, FRANCIS W. — An English poet, born 1852, whose reputation was made, while yet an undergraduate at Oxford, by a short poem, entitled "Light," which has been translated into the principal European languages.
Light 529

BOWLES, WILLIAM LISLE.—An eminent English clergyman and writer, born in 1762. His poems were admired by Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey. Died 1850.
South American Scenery 477

BRAINARD, JOHN G. C.—An American poet, born

in Connecticut, 1796. Edited the *Connecticut Mirror* for about six years. Died 1828.
Epithalamium 199
Niagara 468

Brooks, Maria Gowan.—An American poet, born in Massachusetts, 1795. Her principal work is "Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven," which was highly praised by Southey. She visited Southey at Keswick in 1831. Died at Matanzas, 1845.
Song of Egla 180

Brown, Frances.—A blind Irish poet, born about 1816. In 1844 she published "The Star of Atteghei" and other poems, which were received with favor.
Woodland Streams 365

Brown, Roland.
Love Letters 180

Brown, William Goldsmith.—An American editor, teacher, and poet, born in 1812. His short poem "A Hundred Years to Come," has enjoyed a wide popularity.
A Hundred Years to Come 624

Browne, Matthew.
Suggestion 580

Browne, Sir Thomas.—An English physician and author, born in London in 1605. In 1642 he published his famous book, "Religio Medici." He was knighted by Charles II. in 1671. Died in 1682. His life has been written by Dr. Johnson.
Habit 254

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett.—An English poet, born in 1807. The greatest woman poet of England or of modern times. Was the daughter of Mr. Barrett, an opulent merchant of London. Began to write verse at the age of ten, and gave early proofs of poetical genius. Her most extensive work is "Aurora Leigh," a poem, or novel in verse, which is greatly admired. In 1846 she was married to the poet Browning, with whom she resided in Italy, until her death in 1861.
A Musical Instrument 645
A Portrait 415
Cowper's Grave 444
From "The Sword of Castruccio Castrucani" 273
How Do I Love Thee? 169
Intuitions 590
Pain in Pleasure 526
Romance of the Swan's Nest 33
Sleeping and Watching 59
Song of the Rose (Translation) 336
The Sleep 233
Wisdom Unapplied 532

Browning, Robert.—An English poet, born in 1812. Produced in 1835 his first poem, entitled "Paracelsus," which attracted much attention by its originality and subtlety of thought. His tragedies and dramatic lyrics are included in the collection of his works, entitled "Bells and Pomegranates." In 1846 married the poet Miss Elizabeth Barrett. Browning is one of the most cultivated of poets but is not popular with the masses.
All June I Bound the Rose in Sheaves 137
Evelyn Hope 179
How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix 286
The Flower's Name 131
This is the Spray the Bird Clung To 137

Bryant, William Cullen.—An eminent American poet and man of letters, born in Massachusetts, 1794. He wrote poems when he was but 10 years old. "Thanatopsis," the unrivalled production of a youth of only 18 years old, was published by him in the *North American Review*, in 1816. The first outbreak of Bryant's genius was the most rich and abundant. Since then he has published only short poems and at considerable intervals. From 1826 until his death, which occurred in New York in 1878, he held the position of editor of the *New York Evening Post*.
A Forest Hymn 497
From "The Planting of the Apple Tree" ... 356
Robert of Lincoln 352
Thanatopsis 621
The Battle-Field 467
The Prairie Hunter 419
The Prairies 472
The Snow Shower 311
To a Waterfowl 355

Brydges, Sir Egerton.—An English writer, born in 1762. Was a prolific writer of sonnets, novels, essays, letters, etc. Died near Geneva, 1837.
Echo and Silence 305

Buchanan, Robert.—A Scottish poet, and miscellaneous writer, born 1841, and educated at Glasgow University. Buchanan is a poet of considerable merit.
Autumn in the Highlands 492

Bulwer, Edward George, Lord Lytton.—A distinguished British novelist, born in 1803. Among his works are "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," "Zanoni," and "Kenelm Chillingly." Perhaps, after Scott, Bulwer is the most universally popular of all the British novelists. He also possesses superior poetical power. Bulwer was made a baronet in 1838. Having, on his mother's death in 1844, come into the possession of the Knebworth estates, he assumed, in compliance with the conditions of the will, the name of Bulwer-Lytton. Was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton, in 1866. Died 1873.
Hollow is the Oak Beside 179
Love of Nature in the Decline of Life 299
Power and Genius 533
There is No Death 107
When Stars Are in the Quiet Skies 164

Burbidge, Thomas.—An English poet, born 1817. Was the friend and schoolmate of Arthur Hugh Clough, and published with him a volume of poems entitled "Ambarvalia," in 1849.
A Mother's Love 126
If I Desire with Pleasant Songs 179

Burns, Robert.—The national poet of Scotland, born in Ayrshire, in 1759. His father being a poor farmer, the son could receive but a scanty education, and his youth was passed in working at the plow, and his spare hours, writing scraps of verse. His

innate spirit of poetry, fostered by a perusal of the writings of Pope, soon developed itself into an active and powerful life. His "Poems" appeared in 1786, and made him at once famous, the "Cotter's Saturday Night" alone being sufficient to stamp him a poet of the truest and best class. Died 1796.
Address to the Unco Guid....225
Auld Rob Morris....411
Bruce's Address....260
Farewell to Nancy....176
John Anderson....201
Tam O'Shanter....668
The Blue-Eyed Lassie....161
The Cotter's Saturday Night....216
To a Mountain Daisy....345
To Mary in Heaven....95
Youth....593

Burton, Henry.—An English theologian and Dissenter, born in 1579. Died 1648.
The Ivy....327

Butler, Samuel.—An English poet, author of "Hudibras," born 1612. He had only a scanty education in his youth, but afterwards cultivated his mind by study and reading. His poem was intended to throw ridicule on the Presbyterian and Independent parties. Though sparkling with wit, the poem is now little read, and is probably seldom obtainable. Butler died at London in 1680.
The Learning of Hudibras....700

Byrd, William.—An eminent English composer of church music, born about 1540. Was a pupil of Thomas Tallis, and became conjointly with him organist to Queen Elizabeth in 1575. Died 1623.
My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is....555

Byron, George Gordon, Lord.—One of the greatest of modern poets, was born in 1788. His father's name was John Byron. His mother was Catharine Gordon of Gight. In 1798 by the death of his grand-uncle, he became a lord, and owner of Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire. His wonderful poetic genius was brought to light by the publication of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" which was the reply to a severe criticism passed upon his "Hours of Idleness" by an Edinburgh reviewer. His greatest work is "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Has written many other works. They are all tainted with a morbid melancholy and misanthropy, but yet contain passages of the most exquisite beauty. Died in Greece, 1824.
Apostrophe to the Ocean....368
A Spanish Bull-Fight....292
Modern Greece....515
Oh, Snatched Away in Beauty's Bloom....111
On a Skull....621
On This Day I Complete My Thirty-sixth Year....73
She walks in Beauty....150
Solitude....511
Song of the Greek Poet....285
Storm at Night....363
The Alps....511
The Destruction of Sennacherib....281
The Harp the Monarch Minstrel Swept....396
The Prisoner of Chillon....294
The Shipwreck....290
To Thomas Moore....441
Venice....513

Cable, George W.—An American novelist, born in New Orleans, 1844. In 1884 came forward as a public reader and lecturer. His descriptions of Creole life in Louisiana have the charm of novelty and are widely read.
My Daughter....678

Campbell, Thomas.—A distinguished British poet, born in Glasgow, 1777. His "Pleasures of Hope," published at the early age of twenty-one, is replete with romantic beauty and generous enthusiasm. "Gertrude of Wyoming" and "O'Connor's Child" are well-known and beautiful poems, while his war-songs form a choice lyrical selection. Died at Boulogne, 1844.
Absence....172
Freedom and Love....189
Hope....548
Lochiel's Warning....262
Song: Withdraw not yet those lips and fingers....187
Woman the Home-Maker....127

Carew, Thomas.—An English poet and courtier, born 1589. Was a gentleman of the court of Charles I., and wrote sonnets and other short poems, which rendered him a favorite in the literary and fashionable world. Died 1639.
He that Loves a Rosy Cheek....127
Song....184
Vanitas Vanitatum....559

Carleton, Will H.—An American poet, born in Michigan, 1845. His principal books are "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," "Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes," and "Farm Festivals."
From "Rifts in the Cloud"....238
John Howard Payne....441
The New Church Organ....699

Carlyle, Thomas.—An English essayist, historian and speculative philosopher, and one of the most remarkable writers of the age, born in Scotland, 1795. His leading characteristic is a rugged earnestness of expression, and a range of thought widened and deepened by his profound acquaintance with the writings of the great German thinkers. Died in 1881.
But heard are the voices....527
Music....402
Napoleon at St. Helena....460
Nothing Lost....527
The Song and the Singer....566
Work....599

Cary, Phœbe.—Sister of Alice Cary, born 1824. Was a contributor to periodical literature, and in 1854 published "Poems and Parodies." Died July 31, 1871.
Nearer Home....230
The Neglected Pattern....604

Cary, Alice.—An American author, born near Cincinnati, Ohio, 1820. She published several volumes of poems and other works, including three novels. Her sketches of Western life, entitled "Clovernook," were very popular, both in America

and Europe. Died February 12, 1871.
An Order for a Picture....400

CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE.—This most illustrious of Spanish writers, was born in 1547, at Alcala, in New Castile. His taste for literature was early developed, and was chiefly directed towards poetry. His life was full of adventures and uncommon experiences. In 1605 was published the first part of "Don Quixote." This celebrated work speedily made him famous. It was at length completed by the appearance of the second part in 1615. Cervantes died on the 23d of April, 1616; Shakspere dying on the very same day in England.
Sancho Panza's Decisions....686

CHAMBERLAYNE, WILLIAM.—An English poet and physician, born 1619. Died 1689.
Morning....383

CHANDLER, BESSIE.—An American poet and philanthropist, born in Delaware, 1807. She wrote several poems on moral and religious subjects. Died in Michigan, 1834.
Keys.... 41

CHATTERTON, THOMAS.—An English poet, born at Bristol, 1752. He was the son of a poor schoolmaster. When not quite 16, he published in a Bristol newspaper specimens of old poetry which he claimed were written by a priest in the 15th century. To those who were competently familiar with the Old English language and history, however, the spuriousness of his claim was at once evident. The minstrel's song in the tragedy of "Ælla" is the best imitation of the antique. But perversity of principle was manifest alike in the unhappy boy's writings and in his conduct. Disappointed to the verge of desperation he committed suicide before completing his 18th year.
Spring, from "Ælla"....314

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY.—The "Father of English Poetry," born in 1328, in London. In the discharge of foreign missions, he was sent to Genoa in 1373, on which journey he is supposed to have had an interview with Petrarch. He received a house in the royal demesne of Woodstock, and there most of his works were written. The "Canterbury Tales," his chief poem, is replete with a deep insight into human character. Died 1400.
Departure of the Pilgrims....432
Emilie....439
In the Woods....336
Morning....381
The Poor Parson....422

CHESTERFIELD, PHILIP STANHOPE, EARL.—An English statesman and *litterateur*, born 1694. Took an active part in the parliamentary and court life of the reign of George II. The only writings of this accomplished person that are at all remembered are his "Letters" to his son. Died in 1773.
Good Breeding....583

CIST, C.
Olden Memories....109

CLARKE, S. J.—A popular American writer, born at Pompey, N. Y., in 1825. Her first productions appeared in the New York *Mirror*, under the pseudonym of "Grace Greenwood." In 1853 was married to Leander K. Lippincott of Phila.
Love's Sweet Memories....139

CLEPHANE, ELIZABETH C.
The Ninety and Nine....222

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH.—An English poet, born in 1819. Produced, in 1848, "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich: a Long Vacation Pastoral," which is much admired. Died at Florence, 1861.
Qua Cursum Ventus....156

COLEMAN, CHARLES W., JR.
When Day Meets Night....387

COLERIDGE, HARTLEY.—An English poet, the eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was born at Clevedon, 1796. Imagination was predominant in him, and while yet a boy he wrote long and extraordinary romances. Many of his poems are of rare excellence. Died in 1849.
Song: She is Not Fair to Outward View 167
The Nightingale....349

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR.—An English poet, philosopher and theologian, born 1772. He early distinguished himself by his classical acquirements, and by an extraordinary passion for metaphysical studies. "Remorse," a tragedy, "The Ancient Mariner," and "Christabel," are among the best known of his poems. His influence as a philosopher and theologian has been very great. He was noted for his pure love of truth and rare simplicity of nature. Died 1834.
Ancient Mariner....660
For in This Mortal Frame....557
Genevieve....194
Love....197
Love's Burial-Place....135
The Exchange....192
The Minstrel's Call....135
Youth and Age....401

COLLINS, WILLIAM.—An eminent English lyric poet, born 1720. He was the friend of Dr. Johnson. His excellent odes on the "The Passions," "To Mercy," "To Evening," etc., appeared in 1747, but were treated with unmerited neglect. Died 1756.
Ode: How Sleep the Brave....265
The Passions....634

COLTON, CALEB CHARLES.—An English author, born 1780. His chief reputation rests upon "Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words." Although a beneficed clergyman, he was a well-known frequenter of the gaming-table, and subsequently lived in Paris a professed gamester. He killed himself at Fontainebleau in 1832.
Observation....397

CONE, HELEN GRAY.
The Tender Heart....683

CONWAY HUGH.
The Mother's Vigil.... 123

COOKE, ELIZA.—An English poet, of great merit and originality, born in 1817. In 1864 she obtained a literary pension of £100 a year. Among her popular productions are "The Old Arm-chair" and "Home in the Heart."
The Old Arm Chair.... 82
There's a Silver Lining to Every Cloud....601

Cook, Marc Eugene.
A Farewell..... 95

Cooke, George Wingrove.—A British lawyer and writer, born 1814. Wrote several biographies, and after a visit to China in 1857, published "China and Lower Bengal." Died 1865.
The Chinese Language.....697

Cooke, Philip Pendleton.—An American poet, born in Virginia in 1816. "Florence Vane" is one of his most popular poems. Died 1850.
Florence Vane..... 81

Cousin, Victor.—A celebrated French philosopher and metaphysician, born at Paris, 1792. From 1825 to 1840, appeared his celebrated translations of Plato, in 13 volumes. At this period, Cousin was one of the most influential leaders of opinion among the educated classes in Paris. Died 1867.
Art.....194

Cowley, Abraham.—An English poet born in London, 1608. He is now almost forgotten, but was highly esteemed by Milton and Dr. Johnson. Died 1667.
Drinking.....396
Of Obscurity..... 549
The Grove.....345

Cowper, William.—An English poet, born in 1731. "The Task" is the best of all his poems; while his correspondence exhibits him as one of the most elegant of English letter-writers. Died in Norfolk in 1800.
The Voice of Nature.....366
Winter 309

Coxe, Arthur Cleveland, D. D.—An American Episcopal clergyman and author, born in New Jersey, 1818. In 1859 became rector of Grace Church in the city of New York, and in 1865 Bishop of Western New York.
Old England.....495

Crabbe, George.—An English poet, born in 1754. His reputation began with the publication of his poem, "The Library." Died 1832.
To a Library.....522

Craik, Dinah Mulock.—Dinah Mulock, an excellent and popular English author, born in 1826. In 1865 was married to George Lillie Craik. Is the author of the popular novel, "John Halifax, Gentleman."
Philip, My King..... 442

Cranch, Christopher Pearse.—A poet and landscape-painter, born in Virginia, 1813. He visited Italy in 1848, after which he resided for many years in Paris.
At the Grave of Keats.....447
Gnosis 543

Cunningham, Allan.—A popular English novelist and biographer, born 1785. Published a much admired dramatic poem, "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," and several valuable biographies. Died 1842.
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.....363

Cutter, George Washington.—An American poet, born in Kentucky, 1814. His "Song of Steam" is a popular poem. Died 1865.
Song of Steam..... 404

Dana, Richard Henry. An American poet and essayist, born 1787 at Cambridge, Mass. His poem, "The Buccaneer," is well-known.
The Buccaneer's Island 471

Daniel, Samuel.—An English poet of great merit, born 1562. Was tutor to Anne Clifford, who was afterwards Countess of Pembroke. He lived many years in London, where he associated with Shakspere, Marlowe, and other poets. Was highly appreciated by his contemporaries. Died 1619.
From an Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland.....552
Love is a Sickness Full of Woes.....143
Sonnet..... 35

Darley, George.—A poet and mathematician, born in Dublin, 1785. Gained distinction in London, by his critical contributions to the "Literary Gazette," and "Athenæum" and by several poems. Died 1849.
Song of the Summer Winds..... 324
The Gambols of Children..... 32

Darwin, Erasmus.—An English physician and poet, born 1731. He wrote a curious poem, "The Botanic Garden," which has been greatly admired. Died 1802.
Song to May..... 320

Davis, Miriam K.
Fairy Gold.....370
Nature and Song.....Cover lining
Nature and Books .....Fly leaf
Preface.....v
Wild-Flowers.....Fly leaf
Thought-Flowers.....Cover lining

Davis, Thomas.—An Irish poet and political writer, born 1814. Died 1845.
Sack of Baltimore..... 97

Dekker, Thomas.—An English dramatist, who lived in the reign of James I. "The Gull's Horn-Book" is noted as presenting a curious picture of the manners of his time. Died about 1638.
Sleep 607

De LaRame, Louise ("Ouida").
Affliction 51

Denham, Sir John.—A British poet, born at Dublin, 1615. He accompanied Charles II. in his exile. The poem of "Cooper's Hill" is his most celebrated. Died 1668.
The Thames.....503

Dennis, John.—An English writer and critic, born 1657. The most successful of his dramas were "Liberty Asserted," and "A Plot and No Plot." Died 1734.
In the Summer Time.....329

De Quincey, Thomas.—An English author, born in Manchester, 1785. While at Oxford, he contracted the habit of eating opium, to which he remained a bounden slave for many years. The consequences were fearful, as he himself relates in his principal work, "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater." In 1843 he settled at Lasswade, near Edinburgh. His works evince profound learning and deep speculation together with great

critical powers and terseness of diction. Died 1860.
Knowledge and Power....540
The Ancient Mariner....659
The Horrors of Foreknowledge....667

DERZHAVIN, GABRIEL ROMANOVITCH.—A Russian poet, born in Kasan, 1743. His poems are marked by lofty sentiments and beautiful imagery, especially his world-renowned "Ode to God," which has been translated not only into every European language, but even into Persian, Chinese and Japanese. Died in 1816.
God....246

DICKENS, CHARLES.—The distinguished English novelist, born at Portsmouth, 1812. Began his career with the publication of "Sketches by Boz." Then followed in rapid succession, "Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," and others in the series of his popular works. "The tendency of his writings is to make us practically benevolent, to excite our sympathy in behalf of the aggrieved and suffering in all classes, and especially in those who are most removed from observation." Died 1870.
Italy....516
The Battle-field....470
The Hollow Down by the Flare....519
The Ivy Green....340
The Voice of the Waves.... 90

DOBSON, AUSTIN.—An English poet; was born 1840. He published many poems, chiefly graceful lyrics, and a number of critical sketches of authors and painters.
An Eastern Apologue....607
The Cure's Progress....710
The Lost Elixir....557

DOMETT, ALFRED.—An English poet, born 1811. Has published "Venice, a Poem," "Ranolf and Amohia," and other poems. He is understood to be the hero of Robert Browning's poem, "Waring."
A Christmas Hymn....209

DOUDNEY, SARAH.
My Nell....135

DOUGLAS OF FINGLAND.
Annie Laurie....182

DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN.—An American poet, born in New York, 1795. In 1819 he wrote humorous and satirical verses which were published in the *Evening Post* under the signature of "Croaker." He was an intimate friend of Fitz-Greene Halleck. His principal works are the "Culprit Fay," a beautiful, imaginative poem, and the much admired verses on "The American Flag;" the last four lines of the latter being written by Fitz-Greene Halleck. Died 1820 in New York.
The American Flag....269
The Culprit Fay....627

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM.—An early Scotch poet, born 1585. He was the first to write in pure English dialect. Died 1649.
Beauty Fades....612
Sonnet: Sweet Spring, Thou Turn'st With All Thy Goodly Train....105
Sonnet to a Nightingale....351
Sonnet: What Doth it Serve to See Sun's Burning Face.... 97

DRYDEN, JOHN.—An English poet, born 1601. Was poet-laureate of England, and the head of the English heroic drama in the time of Charles II. His prefaces and the "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," prove him to be a master of what he himself calls "that other harmony of prose." While his "Satires" and "Fables" are masterpieces of poetry. His "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day, or Alexander's Feast," is one of the finest poems in the language. Died 1700.
Alexander's Feast....639
Love....173
Redemption....214
Zimri....455

DUFFIELD, SAMUEL W.
Common Things....400

DUNBAR, WILLIAM.—An early Scottish poet, born in Lothian, 1460. He is the author of several beautiful poems, "The Thistle and Rose," "Merle and Nightingale" and others. Died about 1520.
Cheerfulness....581

EASTMAN, CHARLES GAMAGE.—An American poet and journalist, born in Maine, 1816. Died 1861.
Afternoon....407

ELIOT, GEORGE.—Marion Evans Cross, better known under her assumed name of "George Eliot," an English author of remarkable power, born at Griff, 1819. "Her writings are characterized by powerful originality, wide learning, masterly insight and invention, and vigorous and sinewy diction." She was married in the spring of 1880 to a Mr. Cross, and died at Chelsea Dec. 22d of the same year.
Misshapen Lives.... 91
Perception of Poetry....551
Ruins on the Rhine....509
Secret Sorrows.... 78
Song from "The Spanish Gypsy"....175
The Circle of Life....617
The Troubles of Childhood.... 595

ELLIOT, EBENEZER.—An English poet, called "The Corn-Law Rhymer," born 1781. About 1821 he wrote his most popular poem, the "Corn-Law Rhymes," urging the repeal of duties on corn, which excited general admiration. Died 1849.
Light....249

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.—A celebrated American poet and essayist, born in Boston, 1803. Has contributed largely to periodicals. He is unquestionably one of the most eminent modern philosophers of the Pantheistic school, and one of the most remarkable personifications of American genius. Died 1882.
Behavior....585
Different Minds....542
Each and All....572
From "The Humble Bee"....638
Music....397
The Rhodora....329

EMMET, ROBERT.—An Irish revolutionist, born in Dublin, 1780. He was a member of the bar, and a highly gifted and estimable man. Becoming

involved in the revolutionary troubles of 1802–3, he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to death, which he suffered Sept. 20, 1803.
Vindication 274

EYTINGE, MARGARET.
And Now Comes Autumn 306

FELTHAM, OWEN.—A learned English writer under the reign of James I., born about 1608. Was a zealous royalist in the civil war. Is celebrated as the author of a work entitled "Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political." Died about 1678.
Against Readiness to Take Offense 553

FIELDS, JAMES TICKNOR.—An American *litterateur*, born in New Hampshire, 1817. Was a partner in several Boston book firms, retiring from business 1870. Was for several years editor of the "*Atlantic Monthly*, and in conjunction with E. P. Whipple edited "A Family Library of English Poetry." Died at Boston 1881.
Dirge for a Young Girl 94

FORRESTER, M. M.
Yesterday 153

FULLER, THOMAS.—One of the wittiest and most original of English authors, born 1608. Is noted as the author of "The Worthies of England"—a production valuable alike for its history of the country, and also for its biographical anecdote. Died 1661.
Recreations 602

GALL, RICHARD.—A Scottish poet, born in 1776. Acquired distinction as the author of several popular songs. Died 1801.
My Only Jo and Dearie O 154

GALLAGHER, WILLIAM D.—An American poet and journalist, born in Philadelphia in 1808. Among his works are three volumes of poems entitled "Erato."
Indian Summer 306
Lines 90
The Forest 478

GIBBON, EDWARD.—An eminent English historian, born at Putney in 1737. In 1770 he began his celebrated history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Gibbon's great history abounds with proofs of immense learning, of a mind penetrating and sagacious, and of almost unrivalled talents for ridicule. Died 1794.
The Conquest of Jerusalem 279

GILPIN, REV. WILLIAM.—A distinguished English writer, born 1724. He is the author of "Essays on Picturesque Beauty," a work describing the picturesque scenery of England, with plates finely engraved by himself. Died 1804.
Sunrise in the Forest 379

GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG.—The most illustrous name in German literature, and one of the greatest poets of any age or country, born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, 1749. While very young, Goethe exhibited a wonderful precocity of intellect, and in 1765 he composed the first of his poems which have been preserved. A few of his works are: "Goetz von Berlichingen, "Wilhelm Meister," "Hermann and Dorothea," and "Faust." Died 1832.
Wisdom 609

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.—A brilliant man of letters of the last century, born in Ireland in 1728. His most popular prose work is the "Vicar of Wakefield;" while his poems, "The Traveler" and "The Deserted Village" have a high place among English classics. He had also fine dramatic talent. Although largely remunerated for his works, he was constantly involved in pecuniary embarrassments, and when he died, April, 1774, he was $10,000 in debt, but beloved and more truly lamented than any literary man of his generation.
The Deserted Village 486
The Traveler 507

GOODALE, DORA READ.—An American poet, born in Massachusetts, 1866. The younger of two sisters remarkable for precocity. A volume of their poems was published when they were respectively 15 and 12.
Your Coming 155

GOULD, HANNAH FLAGG.—An American poet, born in Massachusetts. Has published several volumes of poems. Died 1865.
The Frost 314

GRAHAME, JAMES.—A Scottish poet and divine, born 1765. His principal poem, "The Sabbath," is esteemed one of the finest compositions of the kind. Died 1811.
A Summer Sabbath Walk 481

GRAY, THOMAS.—A celebrated English poet, born in London, 1716. Especially known as the author of "An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," and of the splendid odes, "On the Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard." Gray, although he published little besides his poems, was a man of deep and varied learning, and his correspondence places him among our best epistolary writers. Died 1771.
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard ... 617
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College 501
Ode to Adversity 50
The Bard 267
The Progress of Poesy 634

GREENE, ALBERT GORTON.—An American poet, born in Rhode Island in 1802. Is the author of fugitive poems, of which "Old Grimes" is the most famous. Died 1868.
Old Grimes is Dead 704

HABINGTON, WILLIAM.—An English poet born 1605. Wrote a collection of poems, entitled "Castara." Died 1645.
Night 391
Description of Castara 133

HALL, EUGENE J.—An American poet, born in Vermont, 1845. Author of the popular hymn, "Sweet Bye and Bye."
The Sweet Bye and Bye 115

HALL, ROBERT.—An American lawyer and poet, born in South Carolina, 1825. Published a volume of poems about 1848. Died 1854.
The Bible 213

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE.—An American poet, born in Connecticut, 1795. His first contribution to literature consisted of humorous and satirical odes and lyrics, contributed to the New York

Evening Post in 1819, in conjunction with his gifted friend, Joseph Rodman Drake, under the pseudonyms of "Croaker" and "Fanny," Among his well known poems are "Alnwick Castle" and "Marco Bozzaris, the latter one of the finest martial lyrics in the language. Died 1867.
Burns....443
Marco Bozzaris....264
On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake....447

HAMILTON, MARGARET.
Distance....397

HARE, JULIUS CHARLES.—An eminent English divine, born 1796. Has acquired distinction by his "Guesses at Truth." Died 1855.
Mirth....541

HARRISON, VIRGINIA B.
The Gray Nun....384

HARTE, (FRANCIS) BRET. — A distinguished American author, born in Albany, N. Y., 1839. Went to California in 1854. Was United States consul at Glasgow in 1880. His books are often collections of short tales, of marked originality.
Dickens in Camp....437
Fate....609
Her Letter....146
Plain Language from Truthful James....710
The Mountain Heartsease....332
The Victim of Frauds....704

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL. — A distinguished American novelist, born at Salem, Mass., 1804. Among his principal works are "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," and "The Marble Faun." Hawthorne, though a prose-writer only, is in spirit a poet; and his style is exquisitely simple, clear and delicate. Died 1864.
Companionship with Children....31
"I have been a happy man"....112
October Days....304
Phœbe Pyncheon's Chamber....517

HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON.—A poet, and nephew of Robert Y. Hayne, the distinguished American orator, born in South Carolina, 1831. Published several volumes of poems; and a complete edition in 1881.
A Madrigal....163
Windless Rain....375

HAZLITT, WILLIAM. — An English author and critic, born 1778. In 1805 he produced his "Principles of Human Action," which was the beginning of a long and successful literary career. Died 1830.
The Character of Falstaff....418

HEBER, REGINALD.—An excellent English poet and prelate, born in 1783. While at college he produced his beautiful prize poem, "Palestine." His "Hymns" are of a superior order of lyric poetry. Died 1826.
Missionary Hymn....244
The Good Old Times....215
Time and Eternity....236

HEINE, HEINRICH.—A celebrated German poet and *litterateur*, was born of Jewish parents in Dusseldorf in 1800. Heine is probably best remembered for his songs, many of which are of exquisite beauty, and are even thought by some to rival in their delicacy and finish the earlier songs of Goethe. Died at Paris, 1856.
Plagiarism....553

HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA.—An English poet, born 1794. Published her first volume of poems in 1808. "The Forest Sanctuary," "Records of Women" and "The Vespers of Palermo," are among her well-known works. "In her poetry, religious truth, moral purity, and intellectual beauty ever meet together." Died 1835.
Dirge....85
The Homes of England....484
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers....233

HENDERSON, W. J.
A Song in October....304

HERBERT, GEORGE.—An English poet, born 1593. After taking holy orders, he became rector of Bemerton, Wiltshire, where he died in 1632. He is esteemed the best of the older English devotional poets, and his chief production, "The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," contains passages of the most exquisite verse.
Life....251
Man's Medley....253
The Elixir....251
Virtue....246

HERRICK, ROBERT.—An English poet, born 1591. Is the author of "The Hesperides," and some of the most charming pastoral verse in the language. Died 1674.
To Blossoms....339
To Daffodils....345
To Primroses filled with Morning Dew....342

HERSCHEL, SIR JOHN.—An eminent astronomer and philosopher, born 1792. The *London Journal of Science* says, "he combines in his own person the assiduous astronomical observer, the acute mathematician, the deep-thinking philosopher, and the graceful poet. It is not to many men that intellectual powers of so high order have been given." Died 1871.
A Taste for Reading....551

HERVEY, THOMAS KIBBLE.—An English poet of merit, born 1804. Was chief editor of *Athenæum* from 1846–1854. Died 1859.
The Convict Ship....592

HEYWOOD, THOMAS. — An English actor and dramatic author, of the times of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., and pronounced by Lamb a sort of prose Shakspere. Dates of birth and death unknown.
Good-morrow....187

HILL, THOMAS.
The Bobolink....360

HINXMAN, E.
Love's Impress....169

HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO.—A popular American poet and novelist, born in New York, 1806. He was one of the most active and successful contributors to the American magazines. His career was a brilliant one, and were it not for his love of

the horrible and repulsive, he might have claimed rank among the best modern novelists. Died at Harrisburg, Pa., 1884.
Monterey 272

HOGG, JAMES.—A British poet, popularly known as the "Ettrick Shepherd," born 1772. With the appearance of "The Queen's Wake" in 1813, he became greatly distinguished as an author. Although inferior in tender and passionate earnestness to Burns, yet he possessed a higher creative fancy; and many of his pieces, such as Bonny Kilmeney, are marked by a certain wild and dreamy fascination, unlike anything else with which we are acquainted. Died 1835.
The Skylark 321
When the Kye Come Hame 145

HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT, M. D. ("Timothy Titcomb").—A popular American author, born in Massachusetts, 1819. Among his works are "Gold Foil," "Bitter Sweet, a Dramatic Poem," "Arthur Bonnycastle," and others. In 1870 became editor of *Scribner's Magazine*. Died 1881.
Complaint 55
The Question Illustrated by Nature 571
Wanted! 412

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL. — An eminent American physician and man of letters, born at Cambridge, Mass., 1809. His contributions to literature have been many, various and distinguished. His works are held in high estimation in both America and England. His writings abound in humour and wit, and exhibit a shrewd insight into human character.
Books 555
Mare Rubrum 394
My Aunt 683
Sweet Swan of Avon 482
The Chambered Nautilus 355
The Last Leaf 435
The Plowman 420
The Voiceless 611
To an Insect 353

HOOD, THOMAS.—An English poet and humorist, born in London, 1798. In 1821 became sub-editor of the *London Magazine* and a member of that brilliant coterie of writers, including Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Hartley Coleridge, and others. In 1827 appeared the exquisite "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies." In 1830 he began the publication of the "*Comic Annual*," which continued for ten years. He wrote "Tylney Hall," a novel, and in 1843 his immortal "Song of the Shirt," and the "Bridge of Sighs." Died 1845.
A Parental Ode to my Son 677
Deafness 697
Doubles 694
Faithless Nelly Gray 673
Gold 569
Morning Meditations 680
Ruth 172
Song of the Shirt 76
Stanzas 78
The Bridge of Sighs 108
The Death-bed 88
The Fairies 644
The Haunted House 520
The Lady's Dream 48
To a Child Embracing his Mother 128

HOPE, JAMES BARRON.—An American poet, born in Virginia. In 1857 he published a volume of poems.
Three Summer Studies 327

HOUGHTON, RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, LORD.—An English statesman and miscellaneous writer, born in 1809. Was a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. Died 1885.
The Long Ago 117

HOWE, MRS. JULIA WARD.—An American poet, daughter of Samuel Ward, a banker in New York, was born in 1819. Some of her poems possess merit of a very high order. She is the author of the deservedly popular song, "Battle Hymn of the Republic."
Battle-Hymn of the Republic 275

HOWELL, ELIZABETH LLOYD.
The Blind Old Milton 85

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN.—A distinguished American author, born in Ohio, 1837. He was U. S. consul at Venice 1861-65, and edited the *Atlantic Monthly* 1866-81. Known chiefly as a novelist. His style is one of great refinement, and many of his characters are drawn with remarkable clearness and effect.
American English 568
Through the Meadow 151

HOWITT, MARY.—A popular English writer and moralist, born about 1804. Is well known both as author and translator.
Birds in Summer 351

HUGO, VICTOR MARIE (COMTE).—A distinguished French poet, politician, and man of letters, born at Besancon, 1802. Widely known as the author of the celebrated social romance, "Les Miserables," which has been translated into nine languages. Has also written other powerful novels. Died 1885.
A Poet's Creed 439
At the Last 246

HUME, DAVID.—A celebrated English historian, philosopher and miscellaneous writer, born at Edinburgh, 1711. His greatest work, the "History of England," brought him an immense popularity and obtained for him a pension. Died 1776.
Character of Queen Elizabeth 449

HUNT, (JAMES HENRY) LEIGH.—A popular English poet and *litterateur*, born in 1784. Was associated with Byron and Shelley in 1822 as an editor of *The Liberal*. The productions of this versatile genius are multifarious. Died in 1859.
Abou Ben Adhem 234
Jaffar 416
Rondeau; Jenny Kissed Me 440
Songs of the Flowers 333
To May 319

INGELOW, JEAN.—A popular English poet, born in 1830. Author of "Divided," "Songs of Seven," and "The High Tide," which have given her a

high reputation.
Songs of Seven..... 61
Song: When the dimpled water slippeth.. 44
The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire..... 87

IRVING, WASHINGTON. — An American author and humorist, born in New York, 1783. In 1809 he published his humorous work, "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker." The "Sketch Book," "The Alhambra," and the "Life of Columbus" are among his best known productions. Died at Sunnyside, on the Hudson River, 1859.
Lines.....680
New Amsterdam.....473
Rip Van Winkle's return..... 67
The Alhambra by Moonlight.....499

JACKSON, HELEN HUNT.—An American poet and author of much merit, born in Massachusetts, 1831. Her works include "Verses by H. H," "Bits of Travel," "A Century of Dishonor," and others. Died 1887.
Arbutus.....333
Found Dead.....112
The Song he Never Wrote.....562
The Way to Sing.....559

JEFFREY, FRANCIS. — A distinguished British critic and essayist, born at Edinburgh, 1773. In 1802 became editor of the *Edinburgh Review*; and the celebrity of this journal was owing more to him, than to any other of the contributors. Died 1850.
Men of Genius Generally Cheerful.....413

JOHNSON, FINLEY.
A Mother's Love.....124

JOHNSON, SAMUEL, LL. D.—A celebrated English lexicographer, and one of the most distinguished writers of the 18th century, born in 1709. He was a man of wonderful, comprehensive intellect, and when free from the influence of prejudice or passion, his judgments were, generally speaking, remarkably just. Died 1784.
Charles XII.....459
Retirement from the World.....601

JONES, ERNEST, M. P.—An English poet and Chartist. Author of "The Wood Spirit," and "Chartist Lyrics." Died 1869.
Moonrise.....391

JONES, SAMUEL PARKER.
Love.....237

JONES, SIR WILLIAM.—A famous English scholar and jurist, born in 1746. Died 1794.
An Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.....265

JONSON, BEN.—A celebrated English dramatist, the contemporary and friend of Shakspere, born at Westminster 1574. In 1598, produced his comedy, "Every Man in his Humour." He died 1637 and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a tablet has been erected to his memory in Poet's Corner, inscribed, "O rare Ben Jonson."
Hymn to Diana.....647
The Sweet Neglect.....164
To Celia.....169
Triumph of Charis.....187

KARR, JEAN BAPTISTE ALPHONSE.—A French author, born at Paris, 1808. In 1832 published a novel written in his youth, "Sous les Tilleuls," a *melange* of irony and sentiment, of good sense and trifling, which at once made him popular. In 1839 became editor-in-chief of the *Figaro*, and of a satirical monthly periodical called *The Wasps*. Wrote an ingenious work on flowers and gardens, "Voyage autour de mon Jardin."
The Land of Love.....142

KEATS, JOHN.—A young English poet, born at London, 1796. His first poems were published in 1817; Leigh Hunt kindly lending the sanction of his name to the publication. Then followed "Endymion," and in 1820, his last and best work, "Lamia," and other poems. On account of feeble health, he visited Italy, where he arrived in November, 1820, and died the following month. Shelley's lament for his poet friend is the beautiful and well-known poem, "Adonais."
Beauty.....548
Ode on a Grecian Urn.....528
Saturn and Thea..... 79
The Eve of St. Agnes.....649
The Wonders of All-ruling Providence.....213

KEBLE, JOHN.—An English divine and poet of high reputation, born 1792. Was an intimate friend of John Henry Newman. In 1827, published "The Christian Year: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year" which obtained almost unbounded popularity, and passed through fifty editions or more. Keble died in 1866.
Example.....227
The Lilies of the Field.....336

KEMPIS, THOMAS A. — A celebrated German ascetic writer, born at Kempen about 1380. He spent much of his time in copying religious books, and is said to have employed fifteen years in writing a copy of the Bible. His reputation is founded on the well-known work, "On the Imitation of Christ," but it remains an unsettled question whether he composed or only transcribed it. Many volumes have been written on each side of the question. Died 1471.
Self-Knowledge.....226

KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT.—An American jurist and poet, born in Maryland, 1779. Was the author of the popular national song, "The Star-Spangled Banner." Died 1843.
The Star-Spangled Banner.....270

KING, HENRY, DR.—An English divine and poet, born in 1591. Wrote "A Poetical Version of the Psalms," and various sermons and religious treatises. Died 1669.
Sic Vita.....608

KINGSLEY, CHARLES.—An English clergyman, novelist, and poet, chaplain-in-ordinary to Queen Victoria, born at Holne Vicarage, Devon, 1819. He has distinguished himself as a dramatic and lyric poet, is the author of several novels, "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho" being among the best known. Was appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge in 1859, and made

Dean of Rochester, 1870. Died 1875.
Song of the River 360
The Sands of Dee..... 93
The Three Fishers..... 97
The World Goes Up and the World Goes Down..... 44

KINNEY, COATES.—An American poet, born in New York, 1826. Published "Keeuka and other Poems," in 1854. His short lyric, "Rain on the Roof," has attained wide popularity.
Rain on the Roof 378

KNOX, WILLIAM.—A Scottish poet, born 1789. Is widely known as the author of the poem, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" Died 1825.
Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud 565

KROUT, MARY H.
Beethoven 434

LACOSTE, MARIE R.—An American poet, born in Georgia, about 1842. Known as the author of "Somebody's Darling," a short poem which appeared anonymously in 1863, and achieved a wide popularity.
Somebody's Darling..... 83

LAMB, CHARLES.—An English author, and one of the most charming essayists in the language, born in London in 1775. He resided for the greater part of his life with an accomplished sister to whom he was devotedly attached. Of his works the most eminent is undoubtedly the "Essays of Elia," which ranks as an English classic in its own peculiar style; our literature, indeed, contains few things so exquisite. Died at Edmonton in 1834.
Books..... 563
From "The Self-Enchanted"..... 394
The Old Familiar Faces..... 57
The Pleasures of Poverty..... 595

LANDON, LÆTITIA E.—A popular English poet, born in London, 1802. Wrote verses at the age of thirteen, and in 1820 became a contributor to the *Literary Gazette*, under the signature, "L. E. L," and acquired an extensive reputation. In 1838, was married to George Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, Africa, whither they went to reside. Died in 1839.
Little Red Riding Hood..... 411
Night at Sea..... 393

LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE.—An English poet, born of an ancient family in Warwickshire, 1775. Landor neither sought nor won popularity. Haughty and of a savage independence, he probably despised his contemporaries, and was neglected by them. But his poems possess that merit which will secure them a high place in the esteem of future generations. Died in 1864.
Memory..... 533
The One Gray Hair..... 706

LANG, ANDREW.—A British poet, born in Scotland, 1844. Popular also as a translator.
Ballade of a Girl of Erudition..... 683
The Paradise of Progress..... 706

LARCOM, LUCY.—An American poet, born in Massachusetts, 1845. Her principal work is "Wild Roses of Cape Ann," and she has made several valuable compilations in prose and verse.
Mountain Neighbors..... 471

LATHROP, C. R.
Affiinitus..... 604

LATHROP, GEORGE PARSONS.—An American author, born at Honolulu, in Hawaii, in 1851. Was assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and editor of Boston *Courier*. Married a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Among his works are noted "A Study of Hawthorne," "Afterglow" and "Spanish Vistas."
The Lily Pond..... 160

LATIMER, HUGH, BISHOP.—An English bishop and reformer, born about 1490. He was admired by Henry VIII., who conferred upon him the bishopric of Worcester. But Latimer, displeased with the king, remonstrated with him on his cruelties. Afterwards resigned his bishopric, and, on the fall of his patron, Lord Cromwell, was sent to the Tower. In the reign of Mary he was condemned as a heretic, and in 1555 was burned at the stake. His sermons have often been printed.
Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands..... 582

LAZARUS, EMMA.—An American poet, born in New York City, 1849, of a Hebrew family. Published "Poems and Ballads from Heine," and other works.
Gifts..... 603

LEWIS, MATTHEW ("MONK").
The Fault of the Puppy..... 679

LEYDEN, JOHN.—A Scottish poet and antiquary, eminent as an Oriental scholar, born 1775. Contributed to "Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and wrote other poetical pieces. Was noted as a linguist. Died in Java, 1811.
Ode to an Indian Gold Coin..... 55
To the Evening Star..... 154

LINDSAY, LADY ANN.
Auld Robin Gray..... 49

LINEN, JAMES.
The Gude-Wife..... 201

LOCKER, FREDERICK.—An English poet, born 1821. Principal Works are "London Lyrics" and "Patchwork."
Vanity Fair..... 605

LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON.—A Scottish poet, novelist, biographer and critic, born 1794. Married Sophia, daughter of Sir Walter Scott. He was one of the chief contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*. "Reginald Dalton" and "Valerius, a Roman Story," are among his most noted works. Died 1854.
An English Mansion..... 479

LODGE, THOMAS.—An English dramatist and versatile writer, born probably about 1556. Translated "Josephus" and "Seneca" into English, and wrote successful dramas, novels and other works. Died 1625.
Rosalind's Madrigal..... 129

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH.—One of the most gifted of poets, born in Portland, Me., 1807.

His name is not only dear to his countrymen, but is held in high esteem by all English readers. As a poet, he is characterized by tenderness and depth of feeling, to the expression of which the picturesque and graceful simplicity of his language often imparts an indescribable charm. His poems touch the popular heart and are familiar in almost every household. Died 1882.

A Psalm of Life.....608
A Swedish Country Church.....493
Death of Gabriel.....106
Excelsior.....623
From "The Day is Done." 148
God's-Acre.....214
John Alden and Priscilla.....185
Maidenhood.....42
Nature and Art.....527
Parting and Death.....104
Sonnet.....198
The Acadian Farmhouse.....468
The Arrow and the Song.....527
The Village Blacksmith.....414
Weariness.....52

LOGAN, JOHN,—A Scotch divine and poet, born 1748. Died 1788.

Ode to the Cuckoo.....352

LOVELACE, SIR RICHARD.—An English poet, born in Kent, 1618. Was a zealous Royalist, and suffered much for his attachment to Charles I. His poems are elegant, and he also wrote two plays: "The Scholar," a comedy, and "The Soldier," a tragedy. Died 1658.

To Althea from Prison.....182
To Lucasta 187

LOVER, SAMUEL.—An Irish novelist, poet, musician, and artist, born in Dublin, 1797. Some of his songs and ballads, "Rory O'More," "The Angel's Whisper," and others, have achieved a world wide popularity. This gifted and genial man died in 1870.

The Angel's Whisper.....134
The Birth of St. Patrick.....711

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL.—A distinguished American poet, grandson of Judge Lowell, born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1819. Before leaving college, he published a class poem. "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," which are a series of well-studied criticisms. "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and "A Fable for Critics," are well known productions. But his most remarkable work is the "Biglow Papers," a collection of humorous poems on political subjects, written in the Yankee dialect, and published in 1848. He succeeded Mr. Longfellow as professor of Modern Literature at Harvard in 1854.

Heaven Present.....381
June.....320
Song: Violet, Sweet Violet.....338
The Courtin'.....682
The First Snowfall.....119
The Fountain.....365
What Figure More Immovably August.....420
What Mr. Robinson Thinks. 708

LOWELL, ROBERT.—An American clergyman and author, born in Massachusetts, 1816. Published a novel, "The New Priest in Conception Bay," and a collection of "Poems."

Our Inland Summer Nightfall.....390

LYLY, JOHN.—An English dramatic writer, born in Kent, about 1553. He wrote several dramas, and flourished as a wit at the court of Elizabeth. Died 1600.

Continue Not in Anger.....553
Cupid and Campaspe.....187
Song of the Fairies.....637

LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS.—A British hymn-writer, born in Scotland, 1793. Died at Nice, 1847.

Hymn: Abide With Me.....221

LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON, EARL.—An English poet, only son of Edward Bulwer, Baron Lytton, the celebrated novelist, was born 1831. He entered the diplomatic service in 1849, and while secretary of embassy at Paris, in 1873, he succeeded to the titles of his father. He published under the pseudonym of "Owen Meredith," several volumes of verse, including "Lucile" and others.

A Necessity.....678
The Chess-Board.....156

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD.—A celebrated English historian, orator, essayist and poet. At a very early age he exhibited signs of superiority and genius, and more especially of that power of memory which startled every one by its quickness, flexibility and range. Besides the "History of England"—his greatest work—and the "Essays," he wrote a collection of beautiful historic ballads, the well-known "Lays of Ancient Rome" being the principal. Died 1859.

Ivry 283
Milton, Dante, and Æschylus.....454
The Armada.....257
The Father of History.....451

MACDONALD, GEORGE.—A distinguished Scottish novelist, born 1824. Most of his works are written for some religious or didactic purpose.

Better Things.....600
The Baby..... 41

MACCARTHY, DENNIS FLORENCE.—An Irish author, born 1820. Among his works are translations of Calderon's dramas and several volumes of ballads and lyrics. Died 1882.

Summer Longings.....322

MACKAY, CHARLES.—A Scottish poet and writer of songs, born at Perth, 1814. Author of "Legends of the Isles" and many other works.

Little at First, but Great at Last.....574
Valor and Virtue.....541
What Might be Done.....564

MACMASTER, GUY HUMPHREYS.—An American poet, born at Clyde, N. Y., 1829. His most noted poem is the well-known "Carmen Bellicosum."

Northern Lights.....373

MACPHERSON, JAMES.—A Scottish poet, celebrated as the translator or author of "Ossian." Was born at Inverness, 1738. In 1760 he produced

"Fragments of Ancient Poetry, translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language," which were so well received that a subscription was formed to enable the author to collect additional specimens of national poetry,. The result of his researches was "Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem," in six books, together with several other poems, *professedly* translated from originals by Ossian, the son of Fingal, a Gaelic prince of the 3rd. century. These poems found many enthusiastic admirers throughout Europe, although their authenticity has been doubted. Macpherson died in 1796.

Desolation of Balclutha..... 75

MAHONY, FRANCIS.—An Irish writer and wit, born about 1805, who wrote under the assumed name of "Father Prout." Died 1866.

The Bells of Shandon.....399

MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER.—An English dramatic genius, born 1564. He was an actor, addicted to the lowest vices, and was killed in a quarrel with a footman in 1593. "Edward the Second" is one of his best works. The "Jew of Malta" was the foundation of Shakspere's "Merchant of Venice;" and his "Dr. Faustus" the groundwork upon which Goethe built his "Faust."

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.....189

MARSH, JULIET C.

Spoken after Sorrow.....116

MARSTON, PHILIP BOURKE.—An English poet, son of Westland Marston, the dramatist; was born in 1850. He became totally blind. In youth he was the devoted friend of Swinburne and Dante G. Rossetti. Among his works are "Song Tide" and "Wind Voices." Died 1887.

Love's Ghost.....148

MARVELL, ANDREW.—An English patriot and publicist, gaining, by the purity and disinterestedness of his life, the appellation, "Honest Andrew Marvell;" born 1620. As a political writer, and as a poet and satirist, his merits are of the highest order. Died 1678.

A Drop of Dew.....342

Ode: The Spacious Firmament on High.....248

MASSEY, GERALD.—An English poet, born in 1828. His "Ballad of Babe Christabel" is well known.

Death of the Babe Christabel.....110

Tis Like a Tale of Olden Times.....177

MASSINGER, PHILIP.—An eminent English dramatic poet, born in 1584. Eighteen of his dramas are extant, mostly tragedies and tragi-comedies. Died 1640.

Longing for Death..... 83

MATTHEWS, J. N.

There is no Rest.....599

MEREDITH, GEORGE.—An English author, born about 1828. Has attained a wide popularity as a novelist.

Beauty Rohtraut.....138

MERIVALE, HERMAN.—An English writer, born about 1805. Was professor of political economy at Oxford about 1837. Died 1874.

Twilight.....387

MILLER, BARBARA.

Death at the Goal..... 113

MILLER, JOAQUIN.—The literary name of Cincinnatus Heine Miller, an American poet, born at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1842. When very young he went westward with his father. Among his poems are "Songs of the Sierras," and "The Danites," an effective and successful play.

Rome.....509

The Gold-hunter.....175

Who is Love?.....167

William Walker.....458

MILMAN, HENRY HART.—An English poet, historian and divine, born in 1791. In 1820 published "The Fall of Jerusalem," a sacred poem, founded upon Josephus' narrative. He published a beautiful edition of Horace, and a new and copiously annotated edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Died 1868.

The Merry Heart..... 33

MILTON, JOHN.—An immortal poet, and, if we except Shakspere, the most illustrious name in English literature; born in London in 1608. He had read all the Greek and Latin writers, and wrote Latin verses with classic elegance. In studious retirement he composed his beautiful poems, "Comus," "L'Allegro;" "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas." About 1657 he planned a great epic poem, the result of his deliberation and long choosing, being "Paradise Lost," an epic that ranks with Homer's "Iliad," and Dante's "Divine Comedy." In prose, Milton evinced an equal power, his political writings exerting a special influence on his times. His later years, including the period of the production of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," were passed in total blindness. Died in 1674.

Evening in Paradise.....227

Fame.....547

From the "Masque of Comus".....547

Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity 205

Il Penseroso.....537

Invocation to Light.....236

L'Allegro.....535

Morning Hymn.....230

Song on May Morning.....381

Sonnet on his Blindness.....223

Truth.....540

MITFORD, MARY RUSSELL.—A charming English writer, born 1786. In order to relieve the pecuniary embarrassments of her father, she devoted herself to literature at an early age. Her works have now the favor of all classes and have passed through many editions.

Song: The Sun is Careering in Glory and Might.....349

MONTROSE, JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF.—A Scottish noble, and a distinguished royalist leader under Charles I., known in English history as the "Great Marquis," was born in 1613. Received an excellent education, and attained great military prominence. Was executed at Edinburgh in 1650.

Ballad: I'll Never Love Thee More.....144

MONTGOMERY, JAMES.—An English poet, born in 1771. In 1806 he produced his "Wanderer in Switzerland," the success of which induced him to bring out his "West Indies." In 1823 appeared "Original Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Devotion." His devotional poetry is of high merit. Died 1854.

Hail the High, the Holy One!.....245
Home 465
Prayer.....245
Robert Burns.....444
The Patriot's Pass-word.....276

MOORE, CLEMENT C., LL.D.—An American poet and scholar, born in New York, 1779. Was a son of Bishop Moore of the Episcopal Church, and professor of Hebrew and Greek literature in the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in New York. His poem, "The Visit of St. Nicholas" is universally familiar. Died in 1863.

The Visit of St. Nicholas.....647

MOORE, THOMAS.—Ireland's national poet—"the poet of all circles," as Byron styled him—was born in Dublin, 1779. His principal works are "Lalla Rookh," an Oriental poem; "The Two-penny Post Bag," a witty satire directed against the Tories; "The Fudge Family in Paris," "Loves of the Angels," and his popular "Irish Melodies." He was a poet of the fashionable world. Died 1852.

As by the Shore, at Break of Day.....275
Beauty and Song.....299
Believe Me, if all those Endearing Young Charms.....177
Come, Ye Disconsolate.....209
Evening Calm.....387
Farewell, but Whenever You Welcome the Hour.....194
"Filled with Balm the Gale Sighs On".....184
Oft in the Stilly Night..... 51
Prelude.....314
Secluded Beauty.....402
Song of Nourmahal.....394
The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls 277
The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.....195
The Peri's Offering.....258
The Traitor.....267
Yes, 'tis not Helm nor Feather..... .278

MORE, HANNAH.—An English moralist and miscellaneous writer, born in 1744. She was the friend of Garrick, Dr. Johnson, and other eminent men of that period, by whom she was greatly esteemed for her character. She devoted herself to compositions of a moral and religious nature. Died 1833.

Solitude.....605

MORRIS, GEORGE P.—An American poet and journalist, born in Philadelphia in 1802. In 1846 he became associated with Mr. N. P. Willis in the publication of the *Home Journal*. As a writer of lyrics he is well known, and, with Mr. Willis, edited "Prose and Poetry of Europe and America." Died 1864.

To me the World's an Open Book.....381
Woodman, Spare that Tree.....399

MORRIS, WILLIAM.—An English poet and decorative artist, born in 1834. Among his works are: "Life and Death of Jason," "The Earthly Paradise," and "Hopes and Fears for Art."

July.....331

MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM.—A Scottish poet, born in 1798. He published an interesting collection of ballads, entitled "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern." His poems are remarkable for pathos and earnest feeling. Died 1835.

Jeanie Morrison.....165
Song: Could Love Impart by Nicest Art...131
They Come, the Merry Summer Months.....322

MOULTON, LOUISE CHANDLER.—An American author, born in Connecticut in 1835. Mrs. Moulton's poems, and especially her sonnets, are of a high order.

The Strength of the Hills.....475

MUHLENBERG, REV. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS.—A well-known American clergyman and poet, born in Philadelphia in 1796. Of his literary productions, his hymn, "I would not live alway" is the best known. Died in New York in 1877.

I Would Not Live Alway.....211

NAIRNE, LADY CAROLINA.—A Scottish poet, born in 1766, famed for her beauty. Among her works are: "The Land o' the Leal," and "The Laird 'o Cockpen." Died 1845.

The Land o' the Leal.....192

NICHOLLS, MRS.

Indian Summer.....306

NORTON, MRS. CAROLINE E. S.—An English poet, and grand-daughter of the Right Hon. R. Brinsley Sheridan. Born in 1808. At a very early age she gave proofs of the literary talents hereditary in her family. The "Child of the Islands," and the "Undying One" are the most important of her later works. Died 1877.

To the Duchess of Sutherland.....453

O'HARA, THEODORE.—An American poet, born in Kentucky, about 1820. Is best known for his poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead." Died 1867.

The Bivouac of the Dead.....277

OLDYS, WILLIAM.—An English biographer, born about 1690. Wrote a "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh." Died 1761.

Song: Busy, Curious, Thirsty Fly.....606

O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE.—An Irish-American poet and journalist, born 1844. His principal books are "Songs from the Southern Seas," "Songs, Legends and Ballads," and "Statues in the Block."

Ensign Epps.....295
The Songs That Are Not Sung.....557

OSGOOD, KATE PUTNAM.—Born in Maine, 1840. Among her contributions to magazines is the well-known poem, "Driving Home the Cows."

Driving Home the Cows..... 46

PARKER, THEODORE.—A distinguished American theologian, philosopher and social reformer, born in Mass., 1810. Was joint-editor with Emerson and Cabot of the Massachusetts *Quarterly Review*. Known chiefly as an advocate of simple theism in religion. His principal work is "Theism,

Atheism, and the Popular Theology." Died in 1860 at Florence, Italy.
The Seasons of Life.....613

PARNELL, THOMAS.—A British poet, born in Dublin, 1679. He was intimate with Addison, Congreve, Swift and Pope. "The Hermit" is one of his best poems.
The Hermit.....239

PAYNE, JAMES.
The Tired Woman's Epitaph.....690

PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD.—An actor and dramatist, born in New York, 1792. From childhood he was considered a prodigy. In his 13th year he was a writer for the press and editor of the *Thespian Mirror*. At the age of 16 he appeared on the New York stage, and in 1812 he went to England and made his *debut* at Drury Lane in his 21st year. "Home, Sweet Home" first appeared in Payne's "Clari, the Maid of Milan." He died at Tunis, while United States Consul there, in 1852.
Home, Sweet Home.....466

PEABODY, OLIVER W. B.—An American author, born about 1790. Was associate editor of the *North American Review* and professor of English literature in Jefferson College, La. Died 1847.
The Backwoodsman.....409

PEALE, REMBRANDT.—An American artist, and also an author of note, born in Pennsylvania, 1778. Was the son of Charles Wilson Peale, the eminent portrait painter. Died 1860.
Don't be Sorrowful, Darling.....168

PECK, SAMUEL MINTURN.
Is She Biding?.....150

PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES.—A distinguished American poet and scholar, born in Connecticut in 1795. In 1827 he was employed by Dr. Webster to revise the manuscript of his large Dictionary. He published "The Dream of a Day and other Poems," and an excellent translation of Malte-Brun's Geography. Died 1856.
A Vision.....642
The Coral Grove.....477
The Language of Flowers.....334

PERKINS, JAMES H.—An American writer, born about 1810. Died 1849.
Oh Merry, Merry be the Day.....130

PERRY, CARLOTTA.
The Boundary.....561

PERRY, NORA.—An American poet, born in Rhode Island. Is the author of "After the Ball" and other popular poems.
Sundered Friends.....125

PIKE, ALBERT.—An American poet and journalist, and also a brilliant and eloquent lawyer, was born in Boston in 1809. His name is always associated with the Southwest, where he had removed at an early age. In 1834 he became editor of *The Arkansas Advocate* at Little Rock.
After the Midnight Cometh Morn.....583

PINKNEY, EDWARD COATES.
A Health.....175

PIERPONT, JOHN.—An American poet and Unitarian divine, born in Connecticut, 1785. The "Airs of Palestine," published in 1816, established his reputation. Was a splendid writer of hymns. Died 1866.
My Child.....100

POE, EDGAR ALLAN.—An American poet, author of that exquisite piece of mystery and music, "The Raven," was born in 1811 at Baltimore. "Annabel Lee," a tender lament for his dead wife, is one of the sweetest lyrics in the language. His prose tales are full of wild and absorbing interest. Reckless intemperance brought his short life to a close in 1849.
Alone.....40
Annabel Lee.....81
The Bells.....654
The Raven.....656

POLLOK, ROBERT.—A British clergyman and poet, born in Scotland, 1799. His reputation is based on "The Course of Time," a didactic poem, which found many admirers. Died 1827.
Primeval Nature.....480

POPE, ALEXANDER.—A celebrated English poet, born 1688. His precocity was remarkable and he began to write verses, as he himself says, farther back than he could well remember. His "Pastorals," "Essays on Criticism," "The Rape of the Lock," and the "Messiah," were all written and published before 1712. The translation of the "Iliad" and his philosophic poem, "The Essay on Man," are among his principal works. He is noted for the keenness of his satire and the brilliancy of his antithesis. Died 1744.
Advice to Poets.....550
Belinda.....681
Belinda's Toilet.....681
Ode on Solitude.....606
The Dying Christian to his Soul.....233
The Hereafter.....574
Unity of Nature.....609

PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH.—An English poet and lawyer, born 1802. He gained prizes while at Cambridge for the Greek ode and epigram and for two English poems. His poetry is highly commended for wit and elegance. Died 1839.
The Belle of the Ball.....684
The Vicar.....413

PRENTICE, GEORGE DENNISON.—An American poet and journalist, born in Connecticut, 1802. He conducted the Louisville *Journal*, which soon acquired the reputation of one of the ablest and most brilliant papers in the country. Died 1870.
Sometime.....579
The Dead Mariner.....98

PRESTON, MARGARET J.—An American poet, born in Virginia, 1838. Among her books are "Silverwood," "Beechenbrook" and others.
"Philip, my King".....443

PRICE, SIR UVEDALE.—An English gentleman, born in 1747. Wrote a book on the subject of landscape-gardening, entitled "An Essay on the Picturesque as compared with the Sublime and Beautiful." Died 1829.
Twilight.....388

PRIOR, MATTHEW.—An English poet and diplomatist, born 1664. In 1700 produced "Carmen Seculare," a poetical panegyric on William III., which Johnson calls "one of his most splendid compositions." Died 1721.
The Lady's Looking-glass.....176

PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE.—An English poet, daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, born in 1825; published, among her other works, a volume of "Legends and Lyrics." Died 1864.
A Dream 45
A Woman's Question.....168

PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER.—An English poet, who wrote under the assumed name of "Barry Cornwall," born about 1790. Acquired distinction by a volume entitled "Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems." His songs have obtained much popularity. Died 1874.
A Chamber Scene.....508
A Petition to Time..... 198
Belshazzar.....259
Life.....599
Lowly Pleasures.....396
Softly Woo Away Her Breath.....103
The Poet's Song to his Wife..... 198
The Sea 370

QUARLES, FRANCIS.—A quaint but popnlar English poet, born 1592. His most popular poem is "Emblems." Died 1644.
Stanzas.....185
The Shortness of Life.....607

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER.—A famous English navigator, author, courtier, and commander, born in 1552. The *Edinburgh Review* says: "His name is unquestionably one of the most renowned and attractive in English story. His mind presents a surprising union of strength and versatility, of intellectual and practical power, and of an observing and philosophical with a highly imaginative or poetical temperament." Beheaded at Westminster in 1618.
Lines.....223
The Nymph's Reply.....189
The Soul's Errand..... 573

RAMSAY, ALLAN.—A Scottish poet, and, excepting Burns, the most thoroughly national bard his country has produced, was born in 1685. His fame rests on "The Gentle Shepherd," one of the finest dramatic pastorals ever penned. Died at Edinburgh, 1758.
Lochaber No More.....144

RANDALL, JAMES RYDER.—An American journalist and poet, born in Maryland, 1839. His spirited lyric, "My Maryland," written in 1861, was very popular in the South during the civil war.
Arlington..... 273
Maryland.....271

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN.—An American poet, born in Pennsylvania in 1822. His poems, "Sheridan's Ride" and "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," have achieved wide popularity. Died 1872.
A Glimpse of Love..... 172
Passing the Iceburgs.....369
The Wayside Spring..... 367

RICE, CATHERINE MACDOWELL.
Beyond the Gate..... 43

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB.
A Song of Long Ago..... 71
The Land of Thus-and-So.....679
Who Bides his Time.....576

ROBINSON, AGNES MARY FRANCIS.—An English poet and novelist, born 1857. "Janet Fisher," an excellent prose tale, "Life of Emily Bronte," and "The New Arcadia," are her best works.
Remembrance.....113

ROBERTSON, WILLIAM.—A British historian and clergyman, born 1721. By his "History of Scotland" he has acquired a place among British classical writers. Died 1793.
Character of Mary Queen of Scots.....450

ROGERS, SAMUEL.—An eminent English poet, born 1763. Is known as the author of "The Pleasures of Memory," a beautiful and highly finished poem, although "Italy" is his most extensive work. Died 1855, over 92 years of age.
Human Life.....610
Marco Griffoni.....460
Memory.....533
To the Butterfly.. 348

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA.—An English poet, sister of Dante Gabriel, born in 1830. Has written "Goblin Market," "The Prince's Progress," "A Pageant," and other poems.
The Milking Maid.....408
Up Hill.....231

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL.—An English painter and poet, born about 1828. He was the leader of the movement called Pre-Raphaelitism, an attempt to revive the style of the Italian painters who preceded Raphael. He published several volumes of poems. Died 1862.
From "The Blessed Damozel".....645

RUSKIN, JOHN.—An able, original and copious author, great English art critic and writer, born in London, 1819. His works have had a profound influence on the age, exciting admiration by their impassioned eloquence and elevating the standard of morals by their lofty teachings. Besides "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Stones of Venice," he has written many other volumes on artistic subjects, and is the champion of Pre-Raphaelitism and Gothic architecture.
Flowers.....326
Loss.....115
Misused Art.....596
Simplicity.....577

RYAN, ABRAM J. (FATHER RYAN).—A Catholic clergyman of Alabama, who possessed superior merit as a poet.
Alone.....249
Rest..... 44

SAXE, JOHN GODFREY.—An American humorous poet, born in Vermont, 1816. His poems have obtained extensive popularity.
I'm Growing Old..... 707
John Howard Payne..... 441
Spes est Vates.....570
Test of Friendship 581

SCHILLER, JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON. — One of the most illustrious of German poets, born in Wurtemberg, 1759. His tragedy of "The Robbers," written in his 22d year, raised him at once to the foremost rank among the dramatists of his country, while his "Ballads" are reckoned among the finest in any language. Among the works which have immortalized his name are "Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart," "Joan of Arc," and "William Tell."

The Poetry of Life..... 590

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.— A celebrated novelist and poet, born at Edinburgh, 1771. His poems are characterized by richness of imagination and brilliancy of coloring, while as a novelist he has attained the highest rank. Sir Walter Scott, says a writer in *Blackwood*, "did for literature what Shakspere did for the drama,—provided a long and gorgeous gallery of great, noble and sublime characters, that live in all memories, and become, though they are fictitious, as real as if we all of us had actually seen and conversed with them." Died 1832.

Allen-a-Dale.....193
A Stormy Sunset by the Seaside.....389
A Woman's Forgiveness.....129
Death of Marmion.....278
Lochinvar.....171
Patriotism.....261
Serenade.....163
Still on the spot Lord Marmion staid.....279
The Old Minstrel.....418
The Poet's Mourners.....559
Time.....611
Twilight on the Battle-field.....281

SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM.—The greatest dramatic genius that ever lived, born at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1564. He seems to have enjoyed a large measure of the favor of his sovereigns, Queen Elizabeth and King James I. Has written thirty-seven plays and 154 sonnets, besides other poems. Died 1616.

A Fool.....579
Anne Hathaway.....433
Antony's Oration.....457
Antony to Cæsar's Body.....458
Apostrophe to Sleep.....606
Ariel's Song.....634
Balcony Scene.....161
Barbara's Song..... 78
Cleopatra.....437
Concealed Love.....149
Cupid Defied.....151
Death of Ophelia.....111
Elizabeth.....449
Fear.....289
Hamlet's Soliloquy.....615
Henry V. to His Soldiers.....291
Hotspur's Death.....433
Imagination.....530
Juliet Taking the Opiate..... 74
Katharine and Petruchio.....697
Katharine's Defense.....433
Life.....613
Mercy.....530
Morning.....381
Mourning.....110
Music.....394
Music and Love.....159
Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt 72
Othello's Defense.....171
Perfection.....534
Polonius to Laertes.....580
Reputation.....530
Song: Blow, blow, thou winter wind..... 73
Song: Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.....349
Song: It was a lover and his lass.....183
Song: Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.. 188
Song: Take, oh take those lips away.....156
Song: Tell me, where is Fancy bred?.....154
Song: When daffodils begin to peer 315
Song: Where the bee sucks, there suck I...667
Song: Who is Silvia? What is she?.....439
Sonnet: Let me not to the marriage of true minds.....139
Sonnet: The forward violet thus did I chide 154
Sonnet: When to the sessions of sweet silent thought.....137
The Balcony Scene in "Romeo and Juliet" 161
The Dream of Clarence.....290
The Fairy's Song.....646
The Fall of Wolsey.....288
The Fop.....428
The Ingratitude of Republics.....293
The Mind O'erthrown.....555
The World a Stage.....597
Thievery.....694
Unreality.....579

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE.—One of the best of English poets, born in 1792. Noted for his exquisite imagery and wonderful imagination. Shelley was early distinguished for his romantic and speculative turn of mind, as well as for a remarkable facility in the acquisition of every kind of knowledge. Of singular and eccentric habits, he yet possessed noble traits of character. Among the most exquisite of his poetical creations are: "The Cloud," "To a Skylark," and "The Sensitive Plant." His "Prometheus Unbound," and "Adonais," an elegy on the death of John Keats, are well-known. Died 1822.

Autumn.....307
From the Dedication to "The Revolt of Islam".....140
Love's Philosophy.....190
Night.....388
The Cloud.....376
The Seasons.....302
The Sensitive Plant.....334
To ———.....140
To a Skylark.....359

SHENSTONE, WILLIAM. — An English pastoral poet, born 1714. The "Schoolmistress" is his best known work. Died in 1763.

The Schoolmistress.....423

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY. — An English dramatist and statesman, born at Dublin, 1751. His dramas, "The Rivals" and "School for Scandal," gained for him the highest reputation as a comic

writer. Was well-known in politics and attained celebrity as an orator. Died 1816.
Oh Had My Love Ne'er Smiled on Me.....163
Song from the Duenna.....150

Shirley, James.—An English dramatic writer, born about 1594. He was the author of thirty-nine plays and a volume of poetry. Died 1666.
Death's Final Conquest.....617
Go Sit by the Summer Sea.....149
Song.....318

Sidney, Sir Philip.—An English poet, and a brilliant ornament of Elizabeth's court, born 1554. Wrote the celebrated pastoral, "Arcadia." In 1585 he was appointed general in the expedition against the Netherlands, where he was killed at the seige of Zutphen the same year. Was possessed of rare accomplishments and is an ideal of chivalry.
Description of Arcadia..... 522
Queen Elizabeth.....449
Sonnet: Come, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace..... 45
Wooing Stuffe.....176

Sigourney, Lydia Huntley.—An American poet and miscellaneous writer, born in Connecticut, 1791. Wrote "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse," "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands," and others. Died 1865.
No Concealment.....613
The Early Bluebird.....349

Simms, William Gilmore.—An American novelist and poet, whose writings embrace a list of sixty volumes. Born in South Carolina in 1806; died in 1870.
The Shaded Water.....362

Skelton, John.—A Scottish author, born 1831. He wrote "The Impeachment of Mary Stuart," and "Essays in Romance."
To Mrs. Margaret Hussey.....436

Smith, Alexander.—A Scottish poet, born 1830. "The Life Drama," his first poem, was much admired. Died 1867.
Intellectual Beauty.....541
Middle Age.....614
Sunset.....390

Smith, Horace.—A celebrated English wit and writer, born 1779. With his brother, James, he wrote a series of poems, humorous imitations of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Scott, and other prominent writers of the time, which met with brilliant success. Died 1849.
Address to the Mummy.....692
Hymn to the Flowers.....344

Smith, May Riley.—An American poet and miscellaneous writer, born in New York in 1842.
Sometime.....247

Smith, S. F.
From "America".....266

Smith, Sidney.—A political writer, humorist, critic and preacher of extraordinary talents, and greatly distinguished for his wit, humor and conversational powers, born in England, 1771. Was one of the founders of the *Edinburg Review*. Died 1845.
Wit the Flavor of the Mind.....676

Southey, Caroline Anne Bowles. — An English author of wide repute, born 1787. Wrote, besides other works, "Ellen Fitz-Arthur," a poem, and "The Wldow's Tale, and other Poems." In 1839 was married to Robert Southey. Died 1854.
The Pauper's Death-bed.....250

Southey, Robert.—An English poet and miscellaneous writer, and a poet laureate of England, born 1774. He was an able and laborious writer, and his works were voluminous and covered a wide range of topics. His "Common-place Book," a posthumous publication in four volumes, is a marvelous monument of his reading and research. Died 1843.
Birds of a Feather Flock Together..... 680
Love.....177
Stanzas.....612
The Days of Infancy are all a Dream.....592
The Holly Tree.....340

Spencer, Hon. William Robert.—A distinguished English writer, son of Lord Charles Spencer, was born 1770. Died in 1834.
To the Lady Anne Hamilton.....188

Spenser, Edmund.—One of the most illustrious of English poets, born in London about 1553. His first poem, "The Shepherd's Calendar," he dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, who became his patron, and introduced him at court. But his chief poem, "The Faerie Queene," forms one of the treasures of our language. Died 1598. Spenser is one of the most purely poetic of all poets.
May.....318
The Seasons.....300
Una.....430

Spofford, Harriet Prescott.—An American poet and prose writer, born in Maine, 1835. Her works are mostly poems and tales.
High Days and Holidays.....605

Sprague, Charles.—An American poet, born in Boston, 1791. His most extensive work is "Curiosity," a didactic and satirical poem. His poems exhibit much skill in the use of language. Died 1875.
The Winged Worshipers.....215

Stanton, Henry T.
The Moneyless Man..... 60

Stedman, Edmund Clarence.—An American poet, born in Connecticut, 1833. Among his works are "Poems, Lyric and Idyllic," "Alice of Monmouth," and "The Victorian Poets."
Cavalry Song.....275
Summer Rain.....331
The Door-step.....157

Sterling, John.—A British poet and miscellaneous writer, born 1806. Was the author of "Arthur Coningsby," "Strafford, a Tragedy," and others. His biography has been written by Carlyle. Died 1844.
The Husbandman.....411

Stowe, Harriet Beecher.—Daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher, born in Connecticut, 1812. Has obtained a world-wide reputation as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a book that has gone through hundreds of editions and been republished and translated into all the principal languages of

the earth. Among her other works are "Dred, A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp" and "The Minister's Wooing."
Love 163

STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY. — An American poet, born in Massachusetts, 1825. In 1852 he married Elizabeth Barstow, a poet. Among his later works are "The King's Bell, and "The Book of the East."
Burial of Lincoln....461
It Never Comes Again.... 39
November....309
The Rain....365
The Statue in Clay....231
Thoughts....542
Why Not?....153

STORY, WILLIAM WETMORE. — A lawyer and sculptor, born in Massachusetts, 1819. Among his productions are "Poems," "Nero' a Tragedy,', and several works on art.
A Musical Box....685
Io Victis.... 80
The Violet....331

STREET, ALFRED B.—An American poet, born in New York in 1811. Died 1881.
A Forest Walk....494

STRODE, WILLIAM.—An English divine and poet, born 1598. Died 1644.
Music....396

SUCKLING, SIR JOHN.—An English poet, born about 1608, and celebrated as a wit at the court of Charles I. His reputation rests chiefly on his lyric poems, but he also wrote several dramas and satires. Died about 1642.
A Ballad upon a Wedding.... 37
Send Back My Heart....173
Song: Why so pale and wan, fond lover?....173

SURREY, HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF.—A celebrated English poet, born about 1516. He excelled in the accomplishments of a scholar, courtier and soldier, and cultivated as well as patronized the fine arts. Surrey is the first who used blank verse in our language, and is considered the first English classical poet. He translated the second book of the Æneid, and wrote numerous sonnets and songs. Was executed in 1547.
Sonnet: The soote seson that bud and bloom forth brings....317

SWAIN, CHARLES.—An English writer and engraver, known as "The Manchester Poet," born in that city in 1803. His "Dryburgh Abbey," an elegy on Sir Walter Scott, is particularly admired. Died 1874.
Home Happiness....143
The Coquette....168
What It Is to Love....127

SWINBURNE, CHARLES ALGERNON.—An English poet, born 1837. His first publications were the following poetical dramas: "The Queen Mother and Rosamond," "Atalanta in Calydon," and "Chastelard." Has since written a great number of other works.
Chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon"....590
Etude Realiste....123
Spring....315
The Interpreters....578

SWIFT, JONATHAN, DEAN. — A celebrated humorist and satirist, born in Dublin in 1667. "The Tale of the Tub" is generally considered his masterpiece as a piece of satire, "condensed, pointed, full of biting satire and of felicitous analogy." His most popular work is his famous "Travels of Lemuel Gulliver," a satirical romance. In the latter part of his life, he became morose, misanthropic and solitary. Died 1745.
Aphorisms and Comparisons....568
Characteristics of Modern Critics....560

SYLVESTER, JOSHUA.—An English Puritan writer, born 1563. Died 1618.
A Contented Mind....551

TANNAHILL, ROBERT.—A Scottish poet, born 1774. His songs and ballads are remarkable for their grace, simplicity and pathos. Died 1810.
The Flower of Dumblane....129

TAYLOR, BENJAMIN F.—A brilliant American journalist and poet. Born in New York, 1822. Has written "Pictures in Camp and Field," "The World on Wheels," and "Songs of Yesterday."
The Burning of Chicago....505

TAYLOR, (JAMES) BAYARD. — A distinguished American poet, novelist, journalist and traveler. Born in Pennsylvania in 1825. He wrote "Views Afoot; or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff," "El Dorado," "Life and Landscapes from Egypt," and many other books, records of his travels and explorations. Was appointed minister to Germany in 1878, and died at Berlin the same year.
From "The Song of the Camp"....159
Proposal....196
The Phantom.... 104
The Press....402

TAYLOR, JEREMY.—An English prelate, born in 1613. Among his eloquent works are: "The Great Exemplar, or the Life and Death of Jesus Christ;" "Holy Living and Dying," and several sermons and controversial and pious treatises. Died 1667.
Habit....245
The Skylark....341

TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD, D. C. L. and F. R. S., raised to the peerage in 1883 as Baron Tennyson d'Eyncourt of Aldworth. Poet-laureate of England. Born in 1809. He is the representative poet of the recent era. In his poetry the thought and words are exquisitely adjusted to each other, producing almost the perfection of poetic form. "The Princess, A Medley," "In Memoriam," "Maud" and the "Idylls of the King" are among the best known of his longer poems.
Annie's Dream.... 118
Break, Break, Break.... 56
Bugle Song....385
Charge of the Light Brigade....295
Enoch's Return.... 53
From "The Princess".... 36
Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead.... 82
Lullaby....130
Selections from "In Memoriam"....101

Come Into the Garden, Maud.....166
Song from "The Princess"..... 53
Song of the Brook.....481
The Days that are No More.....623

TENNYSON, FREDERICK.
Women and Children.....409

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.—A popular English novelist and humorist, the contemporary of Dickens, was born in Calcutta in 1811. Displayed superior talent for humor and irony. "Vanity Fair" is commonly accepted as his masterpiece. He was gifted in the use of the pencil as well as the pen, and illustrated some of his own works with designs of much originality and humor. Died in 1863.

At the Church Gate.....186
The Sorrows of Werther.....690
The World's Indifference..... 46

THAXTER, MRS. CELIA. — An American poet, born in New Hampshire, 1835. Her principal works are "Among the Isles of Shoals," "Driftwood" and "Poems for Children."

The Sunrise Never Failed Us Yet.....525

THOM, WILLIAM.—A Scottish poet, born in 1799. Published "Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-Loom Weaver." Died in great destitution in 1848.

The Mitherless Bairn..... 75

THOMAS, EDITH M.

Migration 85
The Interpreter.....153

THOMPSON, JOHN RANDOLPH. — An American *litterateur*, born in Virginia, 1823. Was long the editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Died 1873.

Music in Camp.....271

THOMSON, JAMES.—An English poet, born 1700. His four great Poems, published collectively as "The Seasons," are his best known works. "The Castle of Indolence," though less generally read, is more carefully finished, and in some respects deserves the highest praise. Died in 1748.

From "The Castle of Indolence".....513
Lost in the Snow.....311
Morning.....382
Morning Pleasures 378
The Heritage.....545
The Symphony of Spring.....316
Trout-fishing.....317

THOREAU, HENRY DAVID.—An American author and naturalist, born in Mass., 1817, of very eccentric habits. He lived two years as a hermit in a small frame house on the shore of Walden Pond, near Concord, in studious retirement, and published an account of this portion of his life in a book entitled "Walden." Died 1862.

Noonday Rest.....470
Upon the Beach 530

TOPLADY, AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE.

Rock of Ages..... 214

TRENCH, REV. RICHARD CHEVENIX.—An eminent English ecclesiastic and philologist, born 1807. Was created Archbishop of Dublin in 1863. His poem, "The Story of Justin Martyr," and "Poems from Eastern Sources," are well-known.

The Spilt Pearls.....252
Some Murmur When Their Sky is Clear... 35

TROLLOPE, ANTHONY.—An English novelist, born 1815. Has written a great many books, among them "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "South Africa," and "Life of Cicero." Died 1882.

Letter-writing.....560

TUCKERMAN, HENRY THEODORE.—An American critic and miscellaneous writer, born in Boston, 1813. Occupies a high rank among the art critics of America. Died 1871.

A Defense of Enthusiasm.....531
Sonnet, on the Proposition of the N. Y. Historical Society.....485
To the "Eve" of Powers..... 55

TYCHBORN, CHIDIOCK.—An English poet, who shared in Babington's conspiracy and was executed with him in 1586. He was a very young man at the time. His "Lines Written by One in the Tower" is the best known of his productions.

Lines Written by One in the Tower..... 73

VAUGHAN, HENRY.—A British poet and physician, born in 1621, and called "The Silurist," because a native of Siluria, or South Wales. Was the author of devotional poems and other works. Died 1695.

Beyond the Veil 94

VEDDER, DAVID.—A Scottish poet, born in 1790. Published a number of volumes of prose and verse. Died 1854.

The Temple of Nature.....234

WALLER, EDMUND.—An eminent English poet, born 1605; was a cousin-german of the celebrated John Hampden. His principal poems are "Panegyric on Cromwell," "On the Death of the Lord Protector," and an ode to Charles II., entitled "To the King upon his Majesty's Most Happy Return." Died 1687.

Go, Lovely Rose..... 184
Old Age and Death.....612

WASTEL, SIMON.—An English poet and schoolmaster, born about 1566. Is chiefly remembered for his "True Christian's Daily Delight."

Man's Mortality.....610

WEATHERLY, GEORGE.

Good News or Bad?..... 29
Sunlight and Shade..... 29

WEBSTER, AUGUSTA.—An English poet, born 1840. Among her writings are "Prometheus Bound," after Æschylus, "Medea," after Euripides, and other volumes of verse besides prose works. Some of her books are published under the name of "Cecil Horne." One of the most thoughtful writers of the modern school.

At Sorrento..... 510
The Gift 130

WEBSTER, DANIEL. — A celebrated American statesman, jurist, and by many considered "the greatest orator that ever lived in the Western Hemisphere," was born in New Hampshire in 1782. He was the master-spirit in legislative debate during his life-time. His reply to Hayne of South Caro-

lina, in defense of the Union and the Constitution, is regarded as the most remarkable speech ever made in Congress. Died 1852.
Education.....579

WESLEY, CHARLES.—An English preacher and writer of Hymns, born 1708. Was a brother of the celebrated reformer, John Wesley. He gained great distinction as a writer of hymns. Died 1788.
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.....228

WESTWOOD, THOMAS.—An English poet, born in 1814. He has published "Beads from a Rosary," "The Burden of the Bell," and "Berries and Blossoms."
Do You Remember How We Used to Pace..165
Little Bell..... 30
Under My Window..... 30

WEIR, HARRISON.—An English artist, born 1824. He was apprenticed to a wood-engraver, and won distinction as a water-color painter and book illustrator.
Christmas in the Woods.....212

WELBY, AMELIA B.—An American poet born in Maryland, 1821. She subsequently moved to Kentucky, where she contributed numerous poems to the Louisville *Journal* under the signature of "Amelia." Died 1852.
Summer Evening.....393
The Summer Birds.....357

WHITE, (HENRY) KIRKE. — An English poet, born in 1785. As a child he was remarkable for precocity of intellect, and distinguished himself by his attainments in the ancient and modern languages, music and natural science. He studied for the ministry, but the severe application was too much for his frail constitution, and he died in 1806.
The Star of Bethlehem.....251
To an Early Primrose.....338

WHITE, JOSEPH BLANCO.—A distinguished writer, born at Seville, Spain, 1775; was descended from an Irish family settled there. In Spain he was called "Blanco," which he afterwards exchanged for its English equivalent, "White." Is the author of a sonnet entitled "Night," highly commended by Coleridge. Died 1841.
Sonnet on Night.....391

WHITMAN, WALT.—An American poet, born in Long Island, N. Y., 1819. Was a journalist in New York. Published "Leaves of Grass," "Drum-Taps," "Specimen Days and Collect," and others. His style is exceedingly eccentric.
With Husky-haughty Lips, O Sea..... 373

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF.—A distinguished American poet and philanthropist, born in Mass., 1808. Belonged to the sect of Quakers. Early identified himself with the anti-slavery party. Among his best known works are: "In War-Time, and other Poems," "Snow-Bound," "The Tent on the Beach," "Miriam," and "Ballads of New England."
A Dream of Summer.....322
From "Miriam".....229
Memories.....545
Proem.....525
Song from "The Tent on the Beach".....228
The Barefoot Boy..... 57
The Forsaken Farmhouse.....510
The Mystic's Christmas.....211
The Reward.....569
The Snow-storm.....312
The Wood Giant.....347

WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER.—An American poet, a contributor to periodical literature, and has published several volumes of verse.
The Disappointed..... 91
The Way of the World.....603

WILDE, RICHARD HENRY.—An author and lawyer, born in Dublin, 1789. Was a child when his parents emigrated to the United States. For twenty years he was an M. C. from Georgia. Besides his "Torquato Tasso," a work of great merit, he also wrote a number of popular lyrics. Died 1847.
Life.....608
Sonnet to the Mocking-Bird.....354

WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER.—A distinguished American journalist and poet, born at Portland, Me., 1807. His volume, "Pencillings by the Way," procured him a wide popularity. Also wrote "Inklings of Adventure," "Dashes at Life with a free Pencil," and a great many others. Became in 1846 associated with George P. Morris, as editor of the *Home Journal*, a literary periodical published in New York. Died in 1867.
Better Moments.....123
Dawn.....377
On the Picture of a Child Tired of Play....566
Unseen Spirits.....422

WILSON, JOHN.—Otherwise known as "Christopher North," a celebrated Scottish author, critic and poet, born in 1785. Contributed a series of brilliant articles to *Blackwood's Magazine*. In 1820 was elected to the chair of moral philosophy at the University of Edinburgh, which he held for over thirty years. Died 1854.
The Evening Cloud.....376

WILSON, ROBERT BURNS.
June Days.....325
In the October Fields.....304

WINSLOW, HARRIET.
Why Thus Longing?.....619

WINTER, WILLIAM. — An American poet and critic, born in Mass., 1836. Was dramatic critic for several New York journals. Has edited the works of some of the poets, and written volumes of merit himself.
In Watches of the Night.....116
The Apples are Ripe in the Orchard 91

WITHERS, GEORGE.—An English poet, satirist and political writer, born 1588. His works are very numerous, and consist chiefly of lyrics and devotional pieces. Died 1667.
Vanished Blessings..... 83

WOLCOT, JOHN.—An English poet and humorist, born 1738. Wrote under the name of "Peter Pindar." Died 1819.
The Pilgrim and the Peas.....706

WOLFE, CHARLES.—An Irish clergyman and poet, born 1791. His works consist of sermons, prose sketches, and lyric poems of great beauty. His "Burial of Sir John Moore" is esteemed one of the finest productions of the kind in the language. Died in 1823.

Song: If I had thought thou couldst have died 94
The Burial of Sir John Moore 263

WOODWORTH, SAMUEL.—An American journalist and poet, born in Mass., 1785. Was the author of a number of lyrics. His "Old Oaken Bucket" has been very popular. Died 1842.

The Old Oaken Bucket 398

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM.—An illustrious English poet, born 1770. Is pre-eminently the poet of reflective imagination. His sonnets have a high rank in English poetry, while his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" is one of the finest poems in the language. Succeeded Southey as poet-laureate in 1843. Died 1850.

At the Grave of Burns 445
Daffodils 347
Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey 503
Lucy 83
Nutting 496
Ode on Immortality 585
Sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge 503
Sonnet: The world is too much with us 508
The Poet's Wife 440
The Rainbow 348

WOTTON, SIR HENRY.—An English diplomatist and writer, born in 1568. Wrote several short and beautiful poems and prose works. Died in 1639.

The Happy Life 543
To his Mistress the Queen of Bohemia 452

YOUNG, CHARLOTTE.

Mother Nature 33

YOUNG, EDWARD.—An eminent English poet, born 1684. "Night Thoughts" is the poem on which his reputation is chiefly founded. Died 1765.

For Praise 550
Lines 681
Man 592
Night 384
Procrastination 551

ANONYMOUS.

A Bird's Song 561
A Holiday Idyl 139
Answer of the Mummy 693
At the King's Gate 41
Beautiful Snow 71
Carpe Diem 324
Comin' Through the Rye 183
Don't Take it to Heart 580
Down on the Suwannee River 71
Echoes 528
Every Day 576
Fair Weather and Foul 371
Fishing 689
Grandmother's Sermon 111
He Never Knowed 696
In Time to Come 117
Ivy 329
Little Brown Hands 407
Midwinter 313
My Own Shall Come 151
My Letter 141
My Saint 144
Nobody 689
No Sects in Heaven 243
On Her Birthday 137
Only a Little Way 250
On the Threshold 38
Parting 78
Pristine Proverbs for Precocious Pupils 679
Robin Hood and the Curtall Friar 674
Scandal 580
Sea Ventures 118
Somebody 576
Sonnet: A Jersey Summer Day 381
Sonnet: Life, joy and splendor with the year awake 35
Sweet Home 467
The Birth of Green Erin 696
The Bridge of Snow 125
The Devil 689
The Fault of the Puppy 679
The Georgia Volunteer 116
The House of Clay 36
The Old Couple 192
The Sea 709
This Life is what we Make it 578
Treu uud Fest 161
Trust 232
Waiting 47
Whatever Is, is Best 237
When Shall We Three Meet Again? 117
Who Can Judge a Man from Manners? 577
A Literary Curiosity. Medley 712





Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Jan. 2009

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Wild-Flowers

Blossoms found
In woods and fields,
Where kindly Earth
Her treasures yields;

Along the purling rivulet,
In starry clusters thick they lie;
We bring the poor wild creatures home,
Away from brook and breeze and sky;
Reft from the soil wherein they grew,
They hang their weakling heads and die;

Again they bloom,
Ah, never!
The wild-flowers die
Forever!

·M·K·Davis·

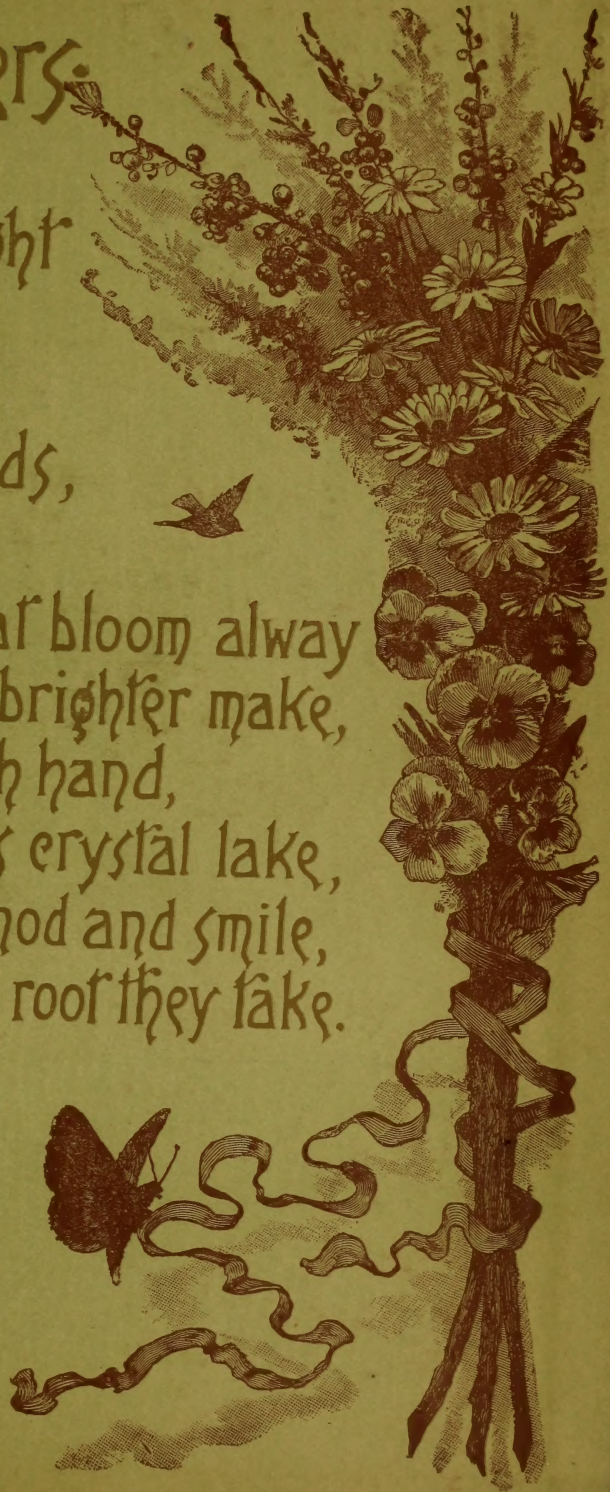
Thought-Flowers.

The flowers of thought
From many fields,
Wherever Song
Her treasures yields,

The Poet's flowers that bloom alway
And all our lives the brighter make,
We gather with a lavish hand,
And plant by Mem'ry's crystal lake,
Where double blossoms nod and smile,
And in our hearts deep root they take.

These blossoms die,
Ah, never!
But shall be fair
Forever!

·M·K·Davis·



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